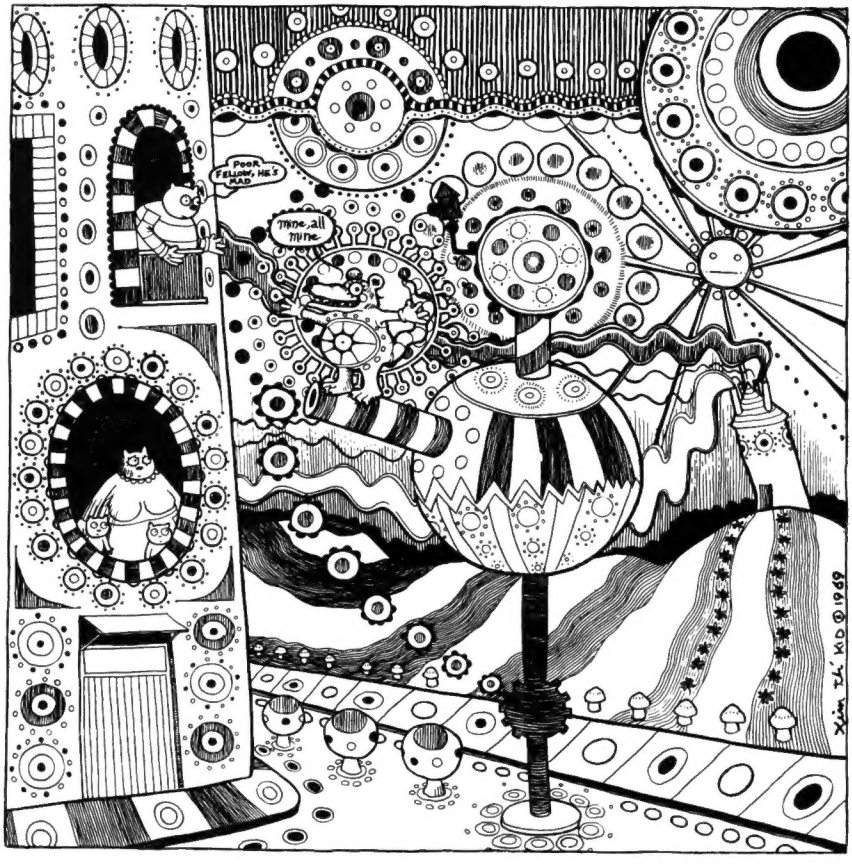
THE COLLECTED COMIX OF KIM DEITCH

Introduction



I guess you could say I've been doing art work with a certain amount of crazed commitment since 1965. There had been earlier stuff. Some of it was even quite ambitious. But the real calling came in '65 when I was working as an attendant in a strange, posh nut house in White Plains, New York.

It was strange in the sense that the moment you entered it, it was like stepping back in time. Nothing along the long, maroon-carpeted visitor's hall looked any more recent than 1930 in design or style, though nothing was particularly shabby. The place fascinated me. I was a good combination of things for the job: compassionate and physically strong. They both came in handy. I haven't even scratched the surface of what I saw there in my comics.

It was decidedly the most interesting of a string of jobs I'd gone through since getting out of the Norwegian Merchant Marine. I'd shipped out of Brooklyn in '64, after leaving art

school. I didn't fit in too well at art school. I was passing, but there wasn't any real commitment on my part. I felt a certain creative calling, but art school just wasn't feeding it.

Anyway, one day at the nut house I captured an escaping patient. I didn't feel particularly good about it, it was just one of those him-or-me situations. My supervisor saw it all and promoted me to the graveyard shift, something I'd been pushing for for a while. Now I had it made. Not much happened between midnight and seven a.m. Well. . . sometimes when a full moon was out all hell would break loose. And once in a while somebody in one of the geriatric wards would die, and I'd have to help lug the body down to the morgue in the basement. And what a morgue! Right out of Frankenstein! With substantial old oaken doors on twin refrigerated body compartments and a wall of shelves full of body parts in jars of liquid, mostly brains, with names of the former owners on peeling labels. Once while looking over these specimens I spotted a small, thin container about the size of an olive jar. In it was a perfectly formed human fetus, perfect except for an ugly gash on its forehead.

But mostly all I had to do was keep an eye on things. I sat in a big easy chair and read. . . and thought about things. I did plenty of thinking, all about the nowhere jobs I'd been going through and, more to the point, that big old lonesome road waiting out there for me. Out of all that reading and thinking eventually came a more focused sense of artistic commitment. The immediate catalyst seemed to be poetry, which was rather odd since, while I consider myself a cultured person, I've always had something approaching a tin ear for poetry. But, for a brief time on the nut house graveyard shift, I began reading it. My favorites were Poe, Rimbaud, Baudelaire, Longfellow, and particularly William Blake. Maybe I was ready for *anything* to light a fire under me, but while reading that stuff I suddenly became remotivated to give art another shot. A lot of years have gone by since then, but in a way I'm still blasting along on that same head of steam that started back at the nut house.

I started painting in oils during my off-duty hours. Considering my lack of skill, some of these paintings weren't too bad. They were at least interesting. In fact, it wasn't long before I was selling a few through a local gallery. I got a better job as a child care worker. Things were looking up.

Another significant contributing factor in my artistic development at this time was a reconciliation with my brother Simon. He was then living a rather reckless life as a sort of pre-hippie in Greenwich Village. One day we took a mescaline trip together which became a highly spiritual experience, turning us from volatile near-enemies (as we had been all our lives) to the best of friends (which we still are to this day). He became an artistic mentor to me.

Now Simon, unlike myself, had never stopped reading comic books, and at this time he was steeped in Marvel comics. Say what one will about these books, Simon knew their good points and could speak eloquently about them. Soon I was following the better work of Jack Kirby, Steve Ditko, and especially Bill Everett. Those books might not have been quote unquote art, but they did demonstrate to me a certain potential for the comic medium that I hadn't seriously considered before.

And there was one other influence. One night at the nut house I was paging through an issue of *Redbook* which reprinted two beautiful color *Little Nemo in Slumberland* Sunday pages by Winsor McCay, circa 1907. Boy! Did they ever knock my eyes out! About a year later, the Metropolitan Museum of Art did a whole show of McCay's stuff. It blew my mind, and in its own curious way began to influence my artwork. I qualify that statement because two of McCay's strong suits, good anatomy and striking perspective, were about as remote from my artistic bag of tricks as anything could possibly be. Nevertheless I was trying, by some odd form of osmosis, to get some of that McCay sense of wonder and magic in my work.

Over a period of months my artwork began to evolve into comic strips. It was an uncertain move to make. My paintings at that time were semi-abstract; expressionistic with a fairly strong sense of color and design. The fact is, as long as I stayed within that limited frame of reference my work looked fairly professional, but as my work got more and more into the comics arena, I was gradually exposed as a rank amateur for all to see. To cover this up, at least a little, most of my first strips featured a black cat who I later named Waldo. He was based on one of that vast army of anonymous cats that populated the old *Aesop's Fables* animated cartoons, a television mainstay of my childhood. Waldo was a lot easier to draw than a human character.

About this time I showed one of my co-workers some of these early comics. He said to me, "Hey, these are better than *Captain High!*" When I reacted blankly, he explained that *Captain High* was a comic strip running in a New York underground paper called *East Village Other,* or *EVO* for short. He was right. *Captain High* had its points, but neither it nor any of the other early *EVO* strips were drawn with any more skill than mine.

Not too many months later I quit my job and, with $500 I had saved, moved to a $38.50 a month slum apartment on New York's Lower East Side. One of the first things I did was visit *EVO* with my samples. The editor told me my comics weren't psychedelic enough. I went back to my apartment, smoked a bunch of marijuana, and came up with "Sunshine Girl." These strips were crudely drawn, vaguely Marvelesque (with a lot of other strange stuff thrown in), and, oh yes, psychedelic. They must have been, because when I showed them at the *EVO* office, they went over like gangbusters. I was in! Published! No pay, but what did I care? I had 500 dollars!

A few months later my luck and my money were wearing thin. My girlfriend, a lovely, bright, black girl, bailed out on me and it damn near killed me. I started living dangerously. Art went down the tubes and drugs and drink got way out of hand.

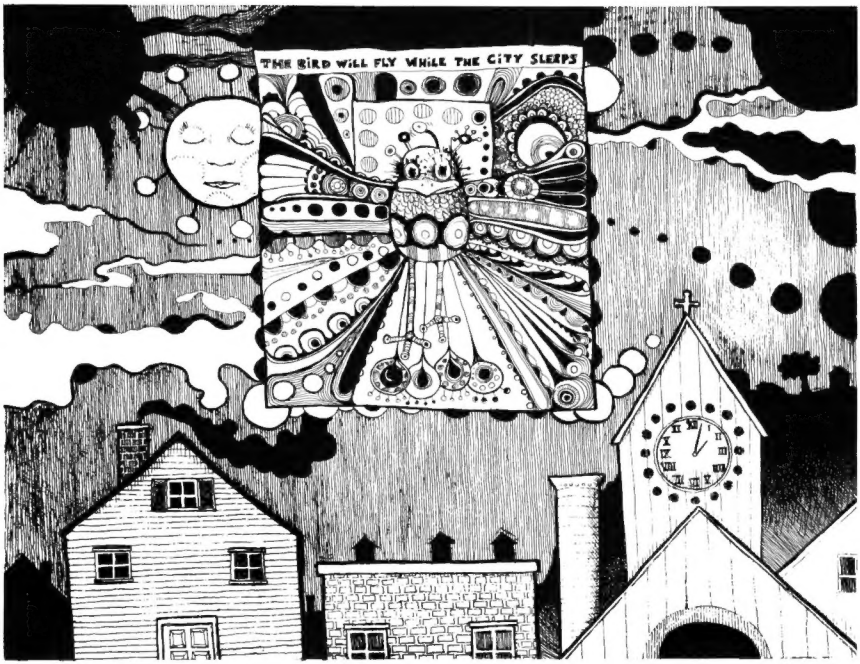
Then one day late in '67, I visited a place I'd heard about called the Integral Yoga Institute, run by Swami Sachidenanda. Maybe I was just overdue to return to sanity. Maybe there was more to it than that. In any event, the effect of that visit was startling, to say the least. From the moment I started chanting mantras there, I felt somehow profoundly redeemed. From that moment the desire for drink left me as easily as taking off an overcoat. For the next five months I was an enthusiastic, messianic devotee of Sachidenanda. I completely refurbished my life. I took a civil service test and got a good paying job with the post office. I started taking night courses at my old art school in Brooklyn. I felt sane, well-adjusted, and (dare I say it?) rather happy.

But at the same time all the fire went out of my artwork. I wasn't greatly concerned. I felt I was getting a clearer perspective about art's proper place in the grand scheme of things. Then a couple of things happened.

EVO had undergone its own transformation over this time also. Its publisher, Walter Bowart, met and married Andrew Mellon's granddaughter, a fabulously wealthy woman. Exit Walter Bowart. The initial result for *EVO* was a sharp decline in quality.

I never liked Walter, but he did have a certain flair for showmanship. His successor was a big, beefy ex-accountant named Joel Fabricant. A less likely successor would be hard to imagine. Joel was crude, obnoxious, and no hippie. He voted Republican and didn't even read *EVO.* If someone got on the wrong side of him he could and would kick ass. I saw him do just that on more than one occasion. But where Walter was a flower power kind of guy and basically jivey, I was soon to learn that Joel, whatever else he might have been, was a fundamentally decent man.

One day in 1968 I went over to *EVO* headquarters over Fillmore East on Second Avenue. I wasn't doing strips any more, but I had a classified ad selling Sunshine Girl buttons and I was in the habit of dropping by every couple of weeks to pick up orders. As I picked up my mail I was suddenly cornered by Joel. He ushered me into an office and offered me a cigarette. As I de-



clined Joel maniacally went into his spiel. He admitted he didn't read *EVO*, but he was nevertheless determined to upgrade its quality. To that end, he wanted me to do comics for it again. With a benevolently beatific smile, I started to politely decline, and got up to leave. Joel told me to sit down and again offered me a cigarette. He told someone to send Spain in.

I knew Spain only casually at the time. He'd been the paper's chief illustrator during my first era at *EVO*. Joel said, "Now Spain, don't I pay you forty dollars a week to do a weekly comic strip and other illustrations as needed?"

"Yeah, right," said Spain.

Joel looked my way with a penetrating stare. He wasn't flat out offering me the same deal, but the implication that it *could* be had was fairly clear. The encounter had me so rattled that I went right over to the Integral Yoga Institute to get a grip on things. Soon I was working on a new page for *EVO*, and boy what a stinker it was! But Joel took it and paid cash. I did a few more strips that were a little better. I quit my job at the post office and soon I too was making 40 a week at *EVO*. I realize that may not seem like much by today's standards, but I honestly think it was just about the greatest thing that ever happened to me. If I live to be a hundred I'll never forget Joel Fabricant. I loved that man.

The other event was the mugging described in "Two Jews From Yonkers." Virtually everything in that story is true, though the time sequence has been juggled around to make it a better yarn. Also, Spain, rather than my brother, was actually my roommate during that period. As much as I respected the Integral Yoga Institute, I just wasn't fitting into the scheme of things any longer. And so, I was soon a beer-drinking, dope-smoking, comic-drawing fool again. Except that now I was making 40 dollars a week!

It's been a long, rocky, albeit interesting, road since then. I was part of the great lemming-like mass exodus to California that so many cartoonists made during 1969 and '70. I guess we were all looking for the great underground comics El Dorado going on out there.

I found it. The next few years were hectic, but creative magic definitely seemed to be in the air.

When the initial marketplace novelty of underground comics wore off rather abruptly in the middle of 1972, I was just getting warmed up and in no mood to throw in the towel.

A lot of comics have crossed my board and some of the best of them are reprinted here. My feeling is that over the years my relationship to comics has undergone a slowly improving metamorphosis. I used to feel like they were driving me crazy. Now I think they help keep me sane. It took me ten years to reach the point where I felt as though I actually liked drawing them, and another ten to really love it. And why not? This is one *hell* of an exciting medium with a *lot* of untapped potential!

In spite of the fact that comics have been with us since slightly before the turn of the century, it's my feeling that they've generally been in *more* of a state of arrested development than other media that emerged around that time, like movies and

recorded music. Underground comics did much to change that situation for the better, and I'm very proud to have played a part in that. Twenty years later we see a whole new generation of comic artists building on this breakthrough. I kind of feel as though right now, we're in both the Golden Age and (possibly) the twilight of the comic strip medium. In twenty years people will probably be walking around with little video movie viewers. Anything could happen. So what?

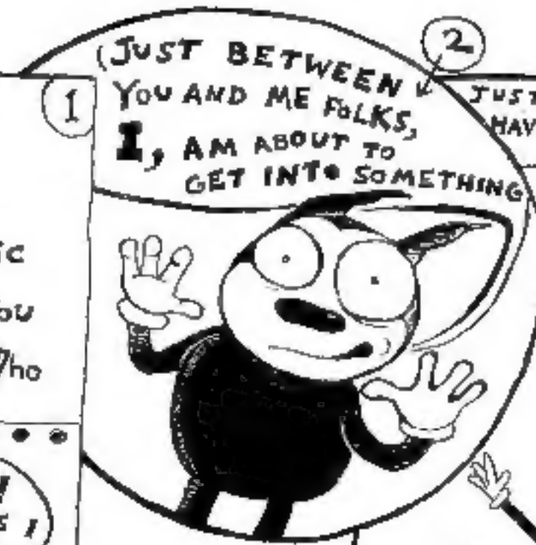
Right now is what concerns me. And right now there is a wonderful feeling of creativity in the air. The comic strip medium is blooming and I'm quite thrilled to still be a part of it all.

—KIM DEITCH '89

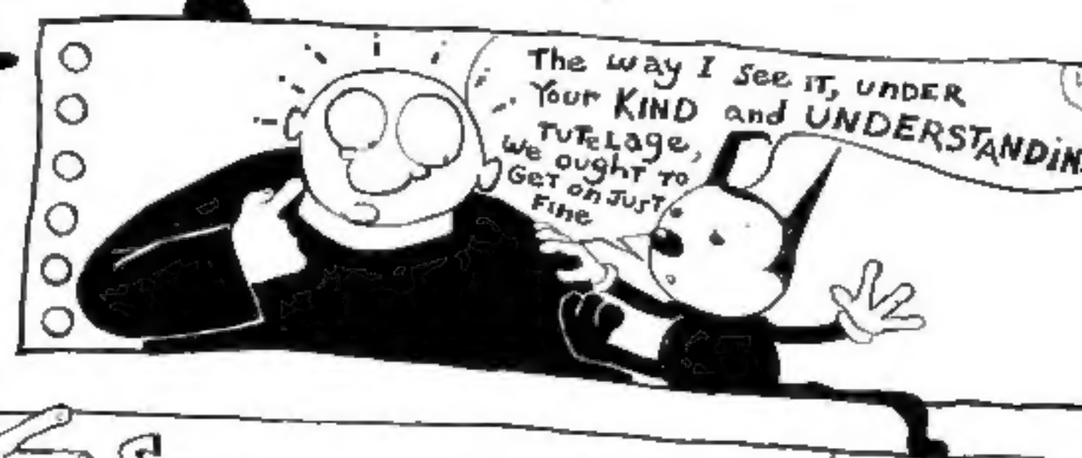
Ladies and Gentlemen, Your kindest attention is solicited. We are about to embark upon a brief foray into the WAGES OF SIN! (An explanation of idiomatic usage is I suppose a bit necessary.) Our hero greets you in the guise of a cat;.... Incognito if you will. What and Who he really is, is entirely up to you.

1

2



3



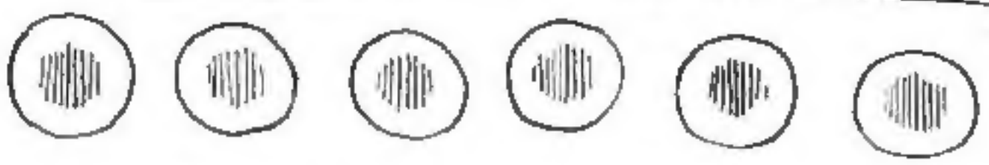
LATER 8

So, as the moon slowly fades into the sky and darkness envelopes the sun, Our incongruous pair have a mutual dialogue. Together, they indulge in infamies better left to your imagination.... than named.

5

6

7



©Kim Deitch 1966

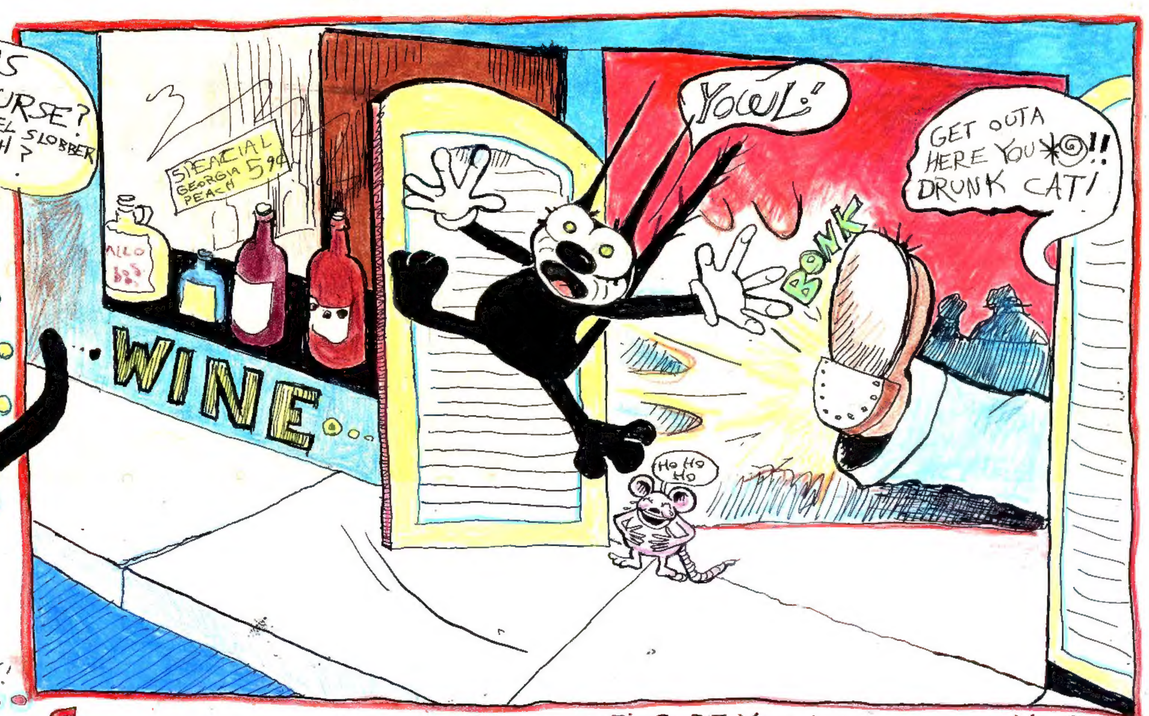
RUNNING FOR THE ONE YOU LOVE? Or is that too heavy? If so forget it, cause if that's the case, this story aint for you anyway.

For the rest of us romantic slobs, our story begins, (prosaicly enough,) with our hero running (though futilly) for the one he loves.

She's gone, he's down there he stands folks. Poised, a bit theatrically. Perhaps over the river. (He aint jumping though; Hell no.) No ladies and gentlemen, instead we witness that fatal cyclical moment in many a young fools life. He chooses the high road. You know, the funny one that runs downhill all of the way.

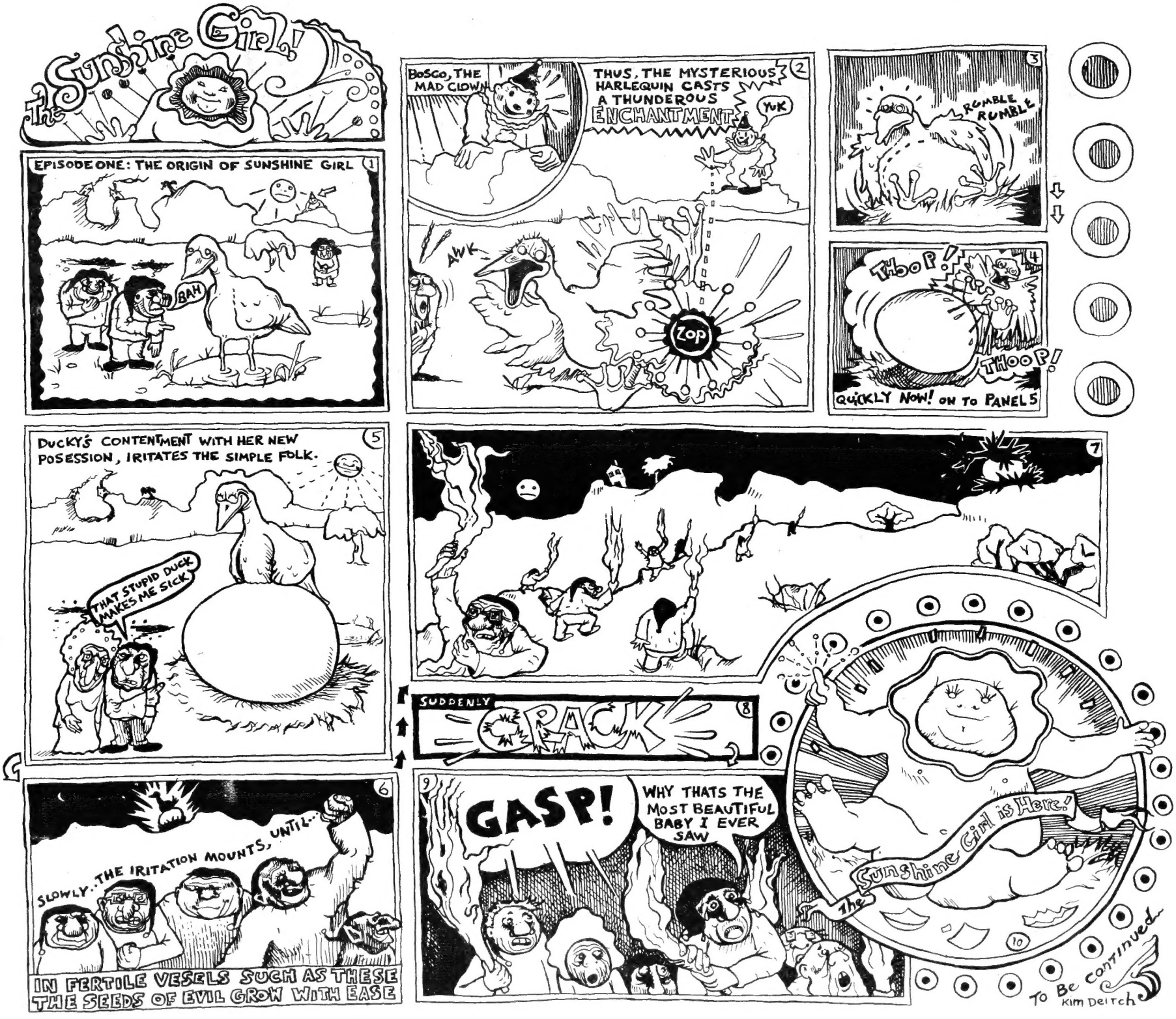
So we find our hero taking a rather inept stab at the wages of sin. Is he yet another victim for whom the word love has changed from sacred noun, to a rather casual verb?

BOOZE BRINGS ON A STRIKING REACTION



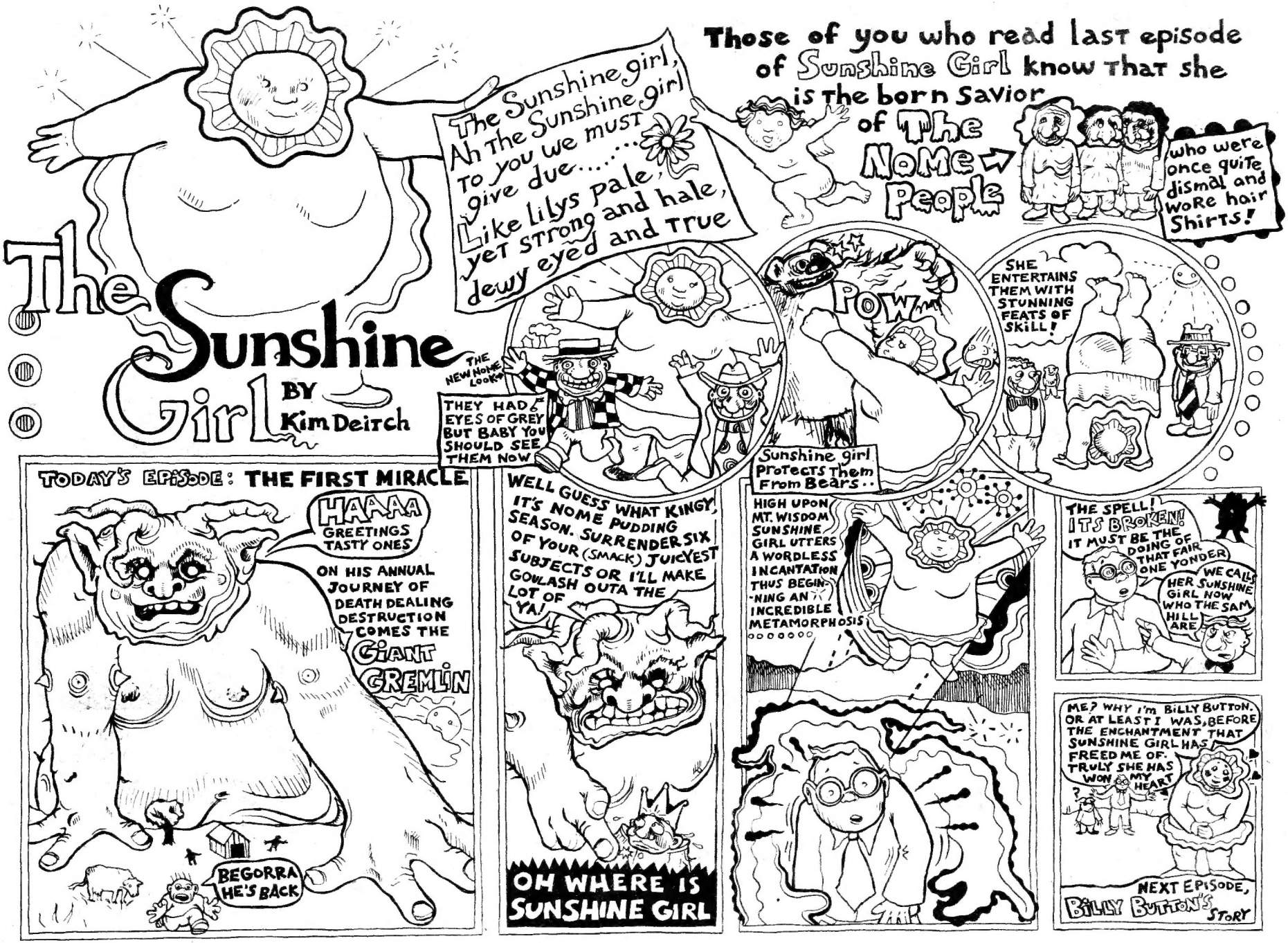
So take a lesson you drunken lotharios; if you like egg in your beer, bring your own chicken, and if you like salt in your beer use the salt shaker. Leave your tears on Wuthering Heights...

Kim Deitch July 16, 1966


The Sunshine Girl!
EPISODE ONE: THE ORIGIN OF SUNSHINE GIRL
1
BAH
BOSCO, THE MAD CLOWN
THUS, THE MYSTERIOUS HARLEQUIN CASTS A THUNDEROUS ENCHANTMENT
2
YUK
AWK
ZOP
3
RUMBLE RUMBLE
4
THOOP!
THOOP!
QUICKLY NOW! ON TO PANEL 5
DUCKY'S CONTENTMENT WITH HER NEW POSESSION, IRITATES THE SIMPLE FOLK.
5
THAT STUPID DUCK MAKES ME SICK
7
SUDDENLY
CRACK
8
6
SLOWLY..THE IRITATION MOUNTS, UNTIL..
IN FERTILE VESELS SUCH AS THESE THE SEEDS OF EVIL GROW WITH EASE
9
GASP!
WHY THATS THE MOST BEAUTIFUL BABY I EVER SAW
The Sunshine Girl is Here!
10
To Be continued
Kim Deitch

The Sunshine Girl

BY Kim Deirch



The Sunshine Girl by Kim Deitch
SINCE SUNSHINE GIRL MIRACULOUSLY FREED BILLY BUTTON FROM THE ENCHANTED SPELL, ARDENT LOVE HAS BLOOMED FIERCLY WITHIN HER MIGHTY BOSOM. WE OPEN TODAY'S STORY WITH OUR TWO LOVERS ON AN OUTING WHERE WE WILL LEARN..
I GUESS I'D BETTER START AT THE BEGINNING
SUNSHINE
EPISODE-3
"BILLY BUTTON'S STORY"...
WELL, IT STARTED EARLY IN 1942. THE STATESIDE WAR EFFORT WAS IN FULL SWING...
EXTRA · EXTRA
JAP ATTACK
GLOBE
NAZI M
I WAS JUST A PUNK KID. TOO YOUNG TO ENLIST.
THE GANG USED TO MAKE FUN OF ME CAUSE I ALWAYS HAD MY NOSE IN A BOOK
HAA LOOK A DA BOOK WOIM
YEAH, COME ON, LET'S SELL SOME WAR BONDS
NOW I GET IT. $C^2 = 5 \times \frac{4}{5}$ AMAZING!
PHYSICS
HOW COULD THEY POSSIBLY KNOW THAT ON NEVER ENDING NIGHT AFTER NIGHT, I TOO WAS DOING MY BIT!
PLAN FOR ROBOT
HIGH VOLTAGE POWER HOUSE
BULLET PROOF
OBSERVATION POINTS
YES IT WAS MY PLAN TO CREATE A MIGHTY ROBOT WARRIOR FASHIONED IN A FORM THAT WOULD DRAMATIZE TO THE WORLD THE MIGHT AND JUSTICE OF THE AMERICAN WAY OF LIFE.... AND STRIKE TERROR INTO THE HEARTS OF THOSE WHO WOULD SEEK TO DEYSTROY IT. WITH MYSELF AT THE CONTROLS OF UNCLE SAM I, A PHYSICAL WEAKLING, COULD HELP WIN THE WAR!
CRACK
POW
FULL POWER
FAST
NORMAL
HIMMEL
One DAY AFTER THREE YEARS I WAS READY. THE CREATURE'S BATTERY CELLS WERE SO POWERFUL THEY COULD ONLY BE CHARGED BY NATURAL LIGHTNING. I BROUGHT IT OUT TO THE LONG ISLAND SOUND WHERE A STORM WAS BREWING....
I WAS ABOUT TO POUR AN ENERGIZING SOLUTION INTO THE MAIN HATCH (A SOLUTION I developed FROM SIMPLE MUSHROOMS WHICH WOULD GREATLY INTENSIFY THE POWER OF ANYTHING IT CAME IN CONTACT WITH,) WHEN!
THE STORM! IT'S BREAKING FASTER THAN I EXPECTED
RUMBLE RUMBLE
HAD I NOT BEEN HOLDING THAT FLUID, I WOULD HAVE BEEN INSTANTLY KILLED. INSTEAD IT'S BOTTLE SHATTERED, DOUSING, AND TRANSFORMING ME INTO A FIERCFUL PARODY OF HUMANITY....
THOSE WERE THE LAST WORDS BILLY BUTTON WAS TO UTTER FOR 22 YEARS, FOR JUST THEN A CATACLYSMIC BOLT OF LIGHTNING STRUCK WITH SAVAGE FORCE
CRACK
The Giant Gremlin!
NEXT EPISODE* Curse of The TOAD MEN!

...Power Comics ...Present

Sunshine Girl ☆☆

TODAY'S EPISODE CURSE of the TOAD MEN

BILLY BUTTON HAS BEEN TELLING SUNSHINE GIRL ABOUT HIS AMAZING TRANSFORMATION INTO THE GIANT GREMLIN

DRUNK WITH POWER, THE GREMLIN JUMPS INTO THE LONG ISLAND SOUND AND SWIMS OUT TO SEA

SPLASH

SOMEWHERE IN THE LOWER ATLANTIC FAR BENEATH AFRICA AND THE AMERICAS LIES A HIDDEN ISLAND CONTINENT....

ATLANTIC

HIDDEN AS IF IN SHAME FROM THE EYES OF MORTALS, FOR IT IS INDEED A PLACE OF EVIL

IT WAS HERE THAT THE GREMLIN CAME

LAND! I SEE LAND

WHY THIS IS THE CRUDIEST LOOKING PLACE I EVER SAW

I AM SORRY MY HUMBLE REALM MEETS WITH SUCH DIM APPROVAL. I ONLY HOPE THE QUALITY OF MY HOSPITALITY WILL MEND THIS BREECH IN YOUR FEELINGS TOWARD TOADONIA

JUMPIN JUPITER! YER ALMOST BIG ENOUGH TO TAKE THE LIKE OF ME

NOT WISHING TO BANTER FURTHER WITH OUR PRIMITIVE BRUTE, THE STRANGE HOST LIFTS HIS CAPE

GZOT!

HOLY SMELLING SALTS

YOU SEE! YOU ARE NO MATCH FOR ME, BUT DO NOT WORRY

YOU HAVE BUT TO COOPERATE WITH ME AND I'LL NOT HARM YOU. THINGS, ARE LONELY ENOUGH AS IT IS SINCE I DEYSTROYED ALMOST EVERY LIVING THING IN TOADONIA. * THERE REMAINS ONLY MY TWO DEMENTED SONS AND MYSELF.

OH OF COURSE THERE ARE THE...

* THE OTHER SUBJECTS THAT ESCAPED WERE A RENEGADE CLOWN AND A DUCK (AS SEEN IN EPISODE #1)

NONE PEOPLE, A FEW OF WHOSE COLONIES I HAVE ALLOWED TO EXIST

ACTUALLY, THEY ARE LITTLE MORE THAN HUMAN BREEDING FARMS

IT IS A GIFT FROM THE DARK POWERS THAT BRING YOU HERE FOR NOW YOU SHALL DO MY BIDDING AND KEEP ORDER IN THE NOME COLONIES.

ACCEPT MY TERMS OR PERISH

YOU GOT YOURSELF A DEAL MISTER

FOR I WOULD HAVE WIPED THEM OUT LONG AGO WERE IT NOT FOR THEIR SUCCULENT TASTYNESS.

HAHA HA... IT IS COME. THE TIME. THE POT IS BOILING

AND SO I HAVE BEEN LACKEY TO THE TOAD KING FOR 22 YEARS UNTIL YOU SAVED ME

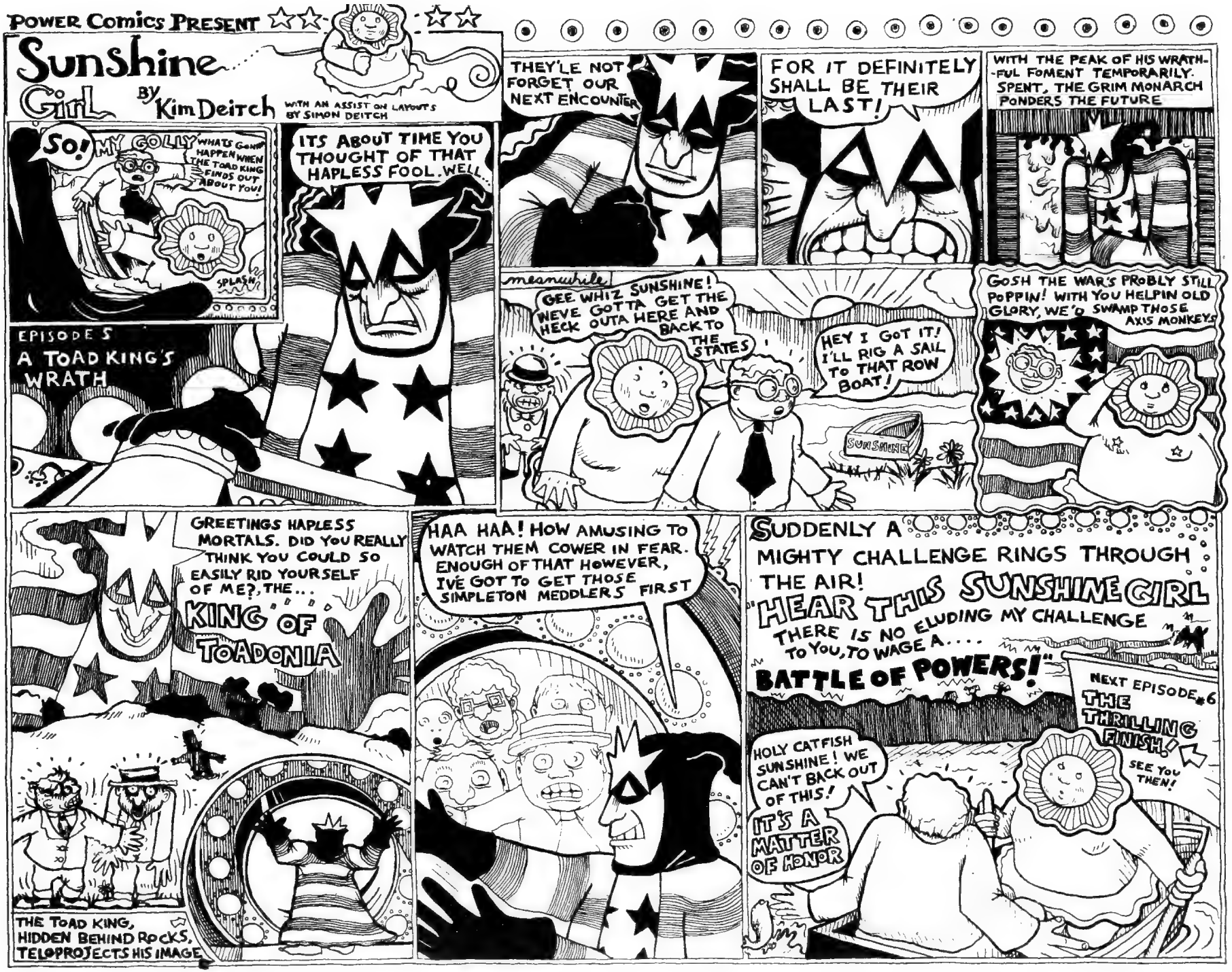
OH MY GOLLY!

WHATS GONNA HAPPEN WHEN THE TOAD KING FINDS OUT ABOUT YOU!

SPLASH

FIND OUT IN EPISODE 5 A TOAD KING'S WRATH!

KIM DEITCH 67

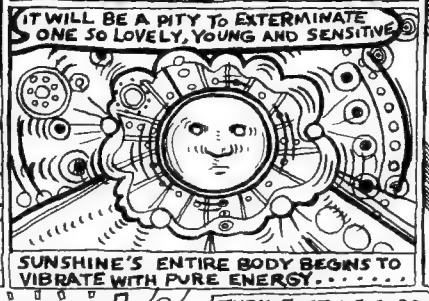

POWER COMICS PRESENT
Sunshine Girl
BY Kim Deitch
WITH AN ASSIST ON LAYOUTS BY SIMON DEITCH
SO!
MY GOLLY
WHAT'S GONNA HAPPEN WHEN THE TOAD KING FINDS OUT ABOUT YOU!
SPLASH
ITS ABOUT TIME YOU THOUGHT OF THAT HAPLESS FOOL. WELL...
EPISODE 5
A TOAD KING'S WRATH
THEY'LE NOT FORGET OUR NEXT ENCOUNTER
FOR IT DEFINITELY SHALL BE THEIR LAST!
WITH THE PEAK OF HIS WRATHFUL FOMENT TEMPORARILY SPENT, THE GRIM MONARCH PONDERS THE FUTURE
meanwhile
GEE WHIZ SUNSHINE! WEVE GOTTA GET THE HECK OUTA HERE AND BACK TO THE STATES
HEY I GOT IT! I'LL RIG A SAIL TO THAT ROW BOAT!
SUNSHINE
GOSH THE WAR'S PROBLY STILL POPPIN! WITH YOU HELPIN OLD GLORY, WE'O SWAMP THOSE AXIS MONKEYS
GREETINGS HAPLESS MORTALS. DID YOU REALLY THINK YOU COULD SO EASILY RID YOURSELF OF ME?, THE... KING OF TOADONIA
THE TOAD KING, HIDDEN BEHIND ROCKS, TELEPROJECTS HIS IMAGE
HAA HAA! HOW AMUSING TO WATCH THEM COWER IN FEAR. ENOUGH OF THAT HOWEVER, IVE GOT TO GET THOSE SIMPLETON MEDDLERS FIRST
SUDDENLY A MIGHTY CHALLENGE RINGS THROUGH THE AIR!
"HEAR THIS SUNSHINE GIRL THERE IS NO ELUDING MY CHALLENGE TO YOU, TO WAGE A.... BATTLE OF POWERS!"
NEXT EPISODE #6 THE THRILLING FINISH! SEE YOU THEN!
HOLY CATFISH SUNSHINE! WE CAN'T BACK OUT OF THIS!
IT'S A MATTER OF HONOR

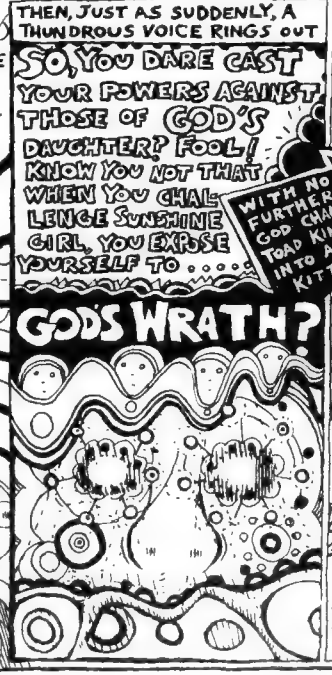
Sunshine Girl

BY KIM DEITCH

THIS IS IT! THE 6TH AND FINAL EPISODE,

A BATTLE..OF..POWERS!





Sunshine Girl

BY KIM DEITCH

THOSE OF YOU WHO'VE BEEN FOLLOWING THESE PAGES, ALLREADY KNOW JUST HOW DAZZLING OUR GIRL IS. YOU'VE **LAUGHED** WITH HER! YOUVE **CRIED** WITH HER! BUT **NEVER** HAVE YOU **GASPED** IN THE UTTER **AMAZEMENT** THAT WILL BE YOURS WHEN YOU FINISH THIS **ASTONISHING** TALE!

REALLY!

OUR STORY BEGINS IN THE DESERT SANDS OF **EGYPT!**

HERE, IN THE TOMB OF RAMA HOTEP, IS A SECRET ROOM WHERE, COVERED WITH THE DUST OF CENTURYS, IS THE LIVING SARCOFAGUS OF ZOROASTER, THE MAD MOUSE!

BAH, TO THINK THAT I, MASTER OF EVEN DEATH ITSELF, SHOULD SUFFER THIS MONUMENTAL INDIGNITY

"I WHO WAS BUT A MERE KITCHEN MOUSE IN THE HOUSE OF RAMA HOTEP'S CHIEF ALCHEMIST.....

AH, THE POTION IS READY. IMORTALITY IS BUT A MERE SIP AWAY!

...WHEN FATE STEPPED IN!

NOW TO DRINK.... MY HEART! NO! NO! NOT NOW.... **YAAAAGH!**

THE STRANGE LIQUID NOW LAY IN A POOL AT THE FOOT OF THE STRICKEN ALCHEMIST. I, WITH NO OTHER THOUGHT IN MY SIMPLE MIND THAN APPEASING MY APPETITE APPROACHED THE POTION, SNIFFED AT IT CURIOUSLY, AND DRANK.....

IN ONE INCREDIBLE MOMENT, A TIDAL WAVE OF POWER SURGED THROUGH ME!

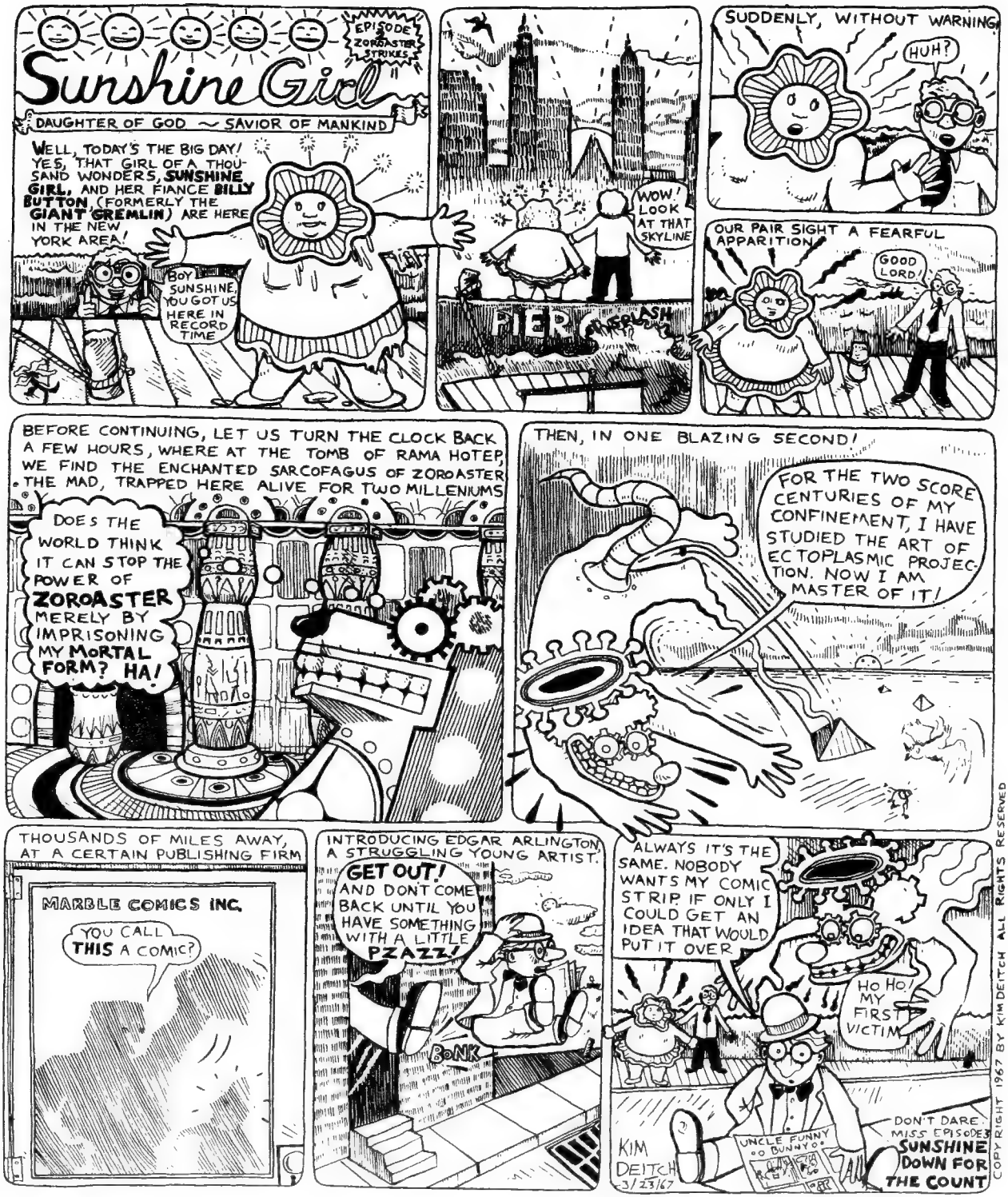
I LIVE AGAIN!

BUT, AS ZOROASTER REMINICES,.. FAR OFF IN THE ATLANTIC, SUNSHINE GIRL USES HER INCREDIBLE LUNGS TO SPEED BILLY BUTTON, HER FIANCE, AND HERSELF, FROM TOADONIA TO NEW YORK HARBOR, WHERE THE PAIR ARE PLANNING TO CONDUCT THEIR NEW YORK SOUL CRUSADE, LITTLE SUSPECT THE PERILS AWATING THEM IN EPISODE TWO WHEN

ZOROASTER STRIKES!

3/21/67

COPYRIGHT 1967 BY KIM DEITCH ALL RIGHTS RESERVED


EPISODE 2 ZOROASTER STRIKES
Sunshine Girl
DAUGHTER OF GOD ~ SAVIOR OF MANKIND
WELL, TODAY'S THE BIG DAY! YES, THAT GIRL OF A THOUSAND WONDERS, SUNSHINE GIRL, AND HER FIANCE BILLY BUTTON, (FORMERLY THE GIANT GREMLIN) ARE HERE IN THE NEW YORK AREA!
BOY SUNSHINE, YOU GOT US HERE IN RECORD TIME
WOW! LOOK AT THAT SKYLINE
PIER
SPLASH
SUDDENLY, WITHOUT WARNING
HUH?
OUR PAIR SIGHT A FEARFUL APPARITION
GOOD LORD!
BEFORE CONTINUING, LET US TURN THE CLOCK BACK A FEW HOURS, WHERE AT THE TOMB OF RAMA HOTEP, WE FIND THE ENCHANTED SARCOFAGUS OF ZOROASTER. THE MAD, TRAPPED HERE ALIVE FOR TWO MILLENIUMS
DOES THE WORLD THINK IT CAN STOP THE POWER OF ZOROASTER MERELY BY IMPRISONING MY MORTAL FORM? HA!
THEN, IN ONE BLAZING SECOND!
FOR THE TWO SCORE CENTURIES OF MY CONFINEMENT, I HAVE STUDIED THE ART OF ECTOPLASMIC PROJECTION. NOW I AM MASTER OF IT!
THOUSANDS OF MILES AWAY, AT A CERTAIN PUBLISHING FIRM
MARBLE COMICS INC.
YOU CALL THIS A COMIC?
INTRODUCING EDGAR ARLINGTON, A STRUGGLING YOUNG ARTIST.
GET OUT! AND DON'T COME BACK UNTIL YOU HAVE SOMETHING WITH A LITTLE PZAZZ!
BONK
ALWAYS IT'S THE SAME. NOBODY WANTS MY COMIC STRIP. IF ONLY I COULD GET AN IDEA THAT WOULD PUT IT OVER
HO HO! MY FIRST VICTIM
KIM DEITCH 3/23/67
UNCLE FUNNY BUNNY
DON'T DARE MISS EPISODE 3 SUNSHINE DOWN FOR THE COUNT
COPYRIGHT 1967 BY KIM DEITCH ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

Sunshine Girl

BY KIM DEITCH

COPYRIGHT 1967 BY K. DEITCH

EPISODE 3 IN WHICH THERE IS A RATHER STARTLING DEVELOPMENT

IN A FURY BEYOND THE KEN OF MORTAL COMPREHENSION, SUNSHINE GIRL INITIATES A SAVAGE ATTACK!

HAA! GO AHEAD FATTY DO YOUR WORS!

NOW FEEL THE WRATH OF ZOROASTER

TOO BAD YOU DIDN'T KNOW I WAS HERE ONLY IN SPIRIT FORM

WITH THE FIENDISH TAUNT OF ZOROASTER RINGING YET IN THEIR EARS, SUNSHINE GIRL AND BILLY, FIND THEMSELVES FOR NO APPARENT REASON, 53 MILES EAST OF THE SOUTH POLE!

YIPE!

MEANWHILE, BACK IN THE U.S.A.

FORGIVE THIS MOST UNSEEMLY INTRUSION MR ARLINGTON, BUT I OVER HEARD YOUR WIMPERINGS DO EXACTLY AS I SAY AND I WILL BRING YOU SUCCESS BEYOND YOUR WILDEST DREAMS

L-L-LISTEN MR A-ANY TH-THING YOU SAY IS OK WITH ME

SPLENDID NOW LOOK DEEPLY, DEEP INTO THE W... OF ZOROASTER

EDGAR ARLINGTON, NOW A MERE PAWN IN A DANGEROUS GAME, WORKS THROUGH THE NIGHT

HEE HEE

THE NEXT DAY

THE village THE

YOU MEAN TO SAY YOU'LL ACTUALLY TAKE IT?

SURE MAN

AND SO WE CLOSE ON A SCENE OF APPARENT DEFEAT A SCENE THAT WILL NO DOUBT BRING A TEAR TO THE EYE OF MANY A TRUE BELIEVER. IS SUNSHINE TO GO DOWN IN THE ANNALS OF HISTORY AS JUST ANOTHER ALSO RAN?..

DON'T YOU BELIEVE IT!

BE HERE FOR EPISODE 4.

HOLY SMOKE LOOK!

THE SNOW MAN!

ZOROASTER THE SUPREME!

BY EDGAR ARLINGTON

OUT OF MY WAY SO I CAN SIMPERING NONENTITY IN THIS COMIC STRIP OVER

GREETINGS, WITLESS FOOLS!

I AM ZOROASTER AND FROM NOW ON WE'LL HAVE SOME ACTION AROUND HERE

YAHA HA HA HA HA HA

NOW LOOK DEEPLY INTO MY EYES

FEEL THE W... OF ZOROASTER AS IT INVADES YOUR BRAIN!

THE RATHER DEVASTATING EFFECTS OF THIS LAST PANEL HAVE JUST COME TO OUR ATTENTION. WE CAN ONLY SAY, THAT IF YOU DEAR READER, LOOK AT IT, YOU DO SO AT YOUR OWN RISK!

COPYRIGHT 1967 BY KIM DEITCH ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

COPYRIGHT 1967 BY KIM DEITCH ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

Sunshine Girl

BY KIM DEITCH

EPISODE 4 THE SNOW MAN

TRANSPORTED BY **ZOROASTER** TO THE SOUTH POLE, **SUNSHINE** AND **BILLY**, AT THE EDGE OF DISPAIR, SHARE A SAD EMBRACE

SUDDENLY!

YOU ARE THE ONE I SEEK

WITH LIGHTNING SPEED RARELY SEEN IN ONE SO HUGE, THE STRANGE CREATURE RACES OFF

HELP!

WITH TEARS OF RAGE, FULL OF BITTER DISAPIONTMENT AND UTTERLY BEWILDERED, SUNSHINE BECOMES AIR BORN. OBVIOSLY TO SAVE BILLY YOU SAY? OR PERHAPS YOU BELONG TO THE SMALL BUT GROWING MINORITY THAT FEEL THAT THE IMPENDING THREAT OF ZOROASTER'S TAKE OVER HAS PRIORITY OVER ANY MERE PERSONAL MATTER.

I AM SORRY TO ANOUNCE THAT NONE OF YOU ARE CORRECT!

AS SUNSHINE RISES HEAVONWARD, SHE REASONS, "THIS WORLD IS OBVIOUSLY BEYOND MY HELP THERE MUST BE" SHE GOES ON TO THINK, "SOMEWHERE THAT NOT ONLY **NEEDS** ME, BUT **DESERVES** ME AS WELL" THIS LEAVES ME NO CHOICE BUT TO DISCONTINUE THIS STRIP UNTILL SUCH TIME AS SUNSHINE GIRL RETURNS. BUT TILL THEN REMEMBER,

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT

KEEP THE FAITH!

HERE'S WHAT YOU CAN DO TO HELP!

CUT OUT THE COUPON BELOW AND SEND IT TO **SUNSHINE GIRL** % **EVO** 147, AVE A, NYC., 10009

KEEP HER FLYING

JUST SIGN HERE!

DEAR SUNSHINE GIRL, I THE UNDERSIGNED SUPPORT THE HIGH IDEALS OF LOVE AND FAIR PLAY YOU ONCE SO NOBLY UPHELD. PLEASE SUNSHINE HAVE COMPASION. PLEASE, I ONE OF YOUR COUNTLESS ADMIRERS, HAVE GROWN TO KNOW AND LOVE YOU AS A FRIEND. SUNSHINE GIRL, PLEASE COME BACK

CUT ALONG THE DOTTED LINES

A FRIEND

DON'T BE A **MOON CALF!** DO IT **NOW!** **ALL** THE ABOVE AFFIDAVITS WILL BE CONVEYED TO SUNSHINE GIRL AT A **PRAY-IN**, MR. DEITCH WILL CONDUCT IN THE NEAR FUTURE.

ZOROASTER

THE SUPREME!

BY EDGAR ARLINGTON

GREETINGS **PUNY** MORTALS

FIRST OF ALL YOU MIGHT AS WELL FORGET THOSE FOOLS UP THERE AND THAT STUPID APPEAL:, I ALONE POSSES..... **WHAT!** WHO DARES INTERUPT **ZOROASTER?**

KNOCK KNOCK

OH IT'S YOU SNOW-MAN. YOU WILL BE WELL REWARDED FOR THIS

I SNATCHED HIM JUST LIKE YA SAID BOSS

AND AS FOR YOU **SWINE**, YOU WILL BE SHOT NEXT WEEK IN EPISODE 3

UNGH

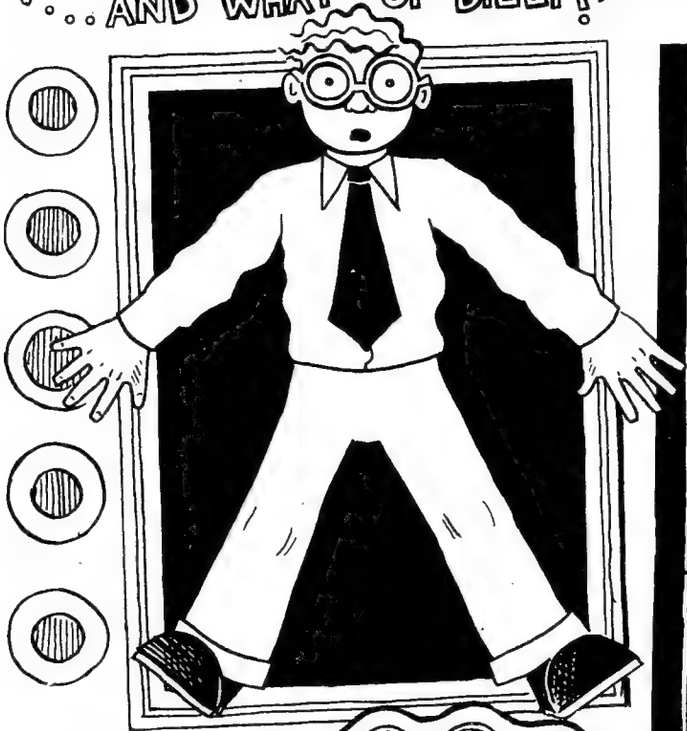
WHAP

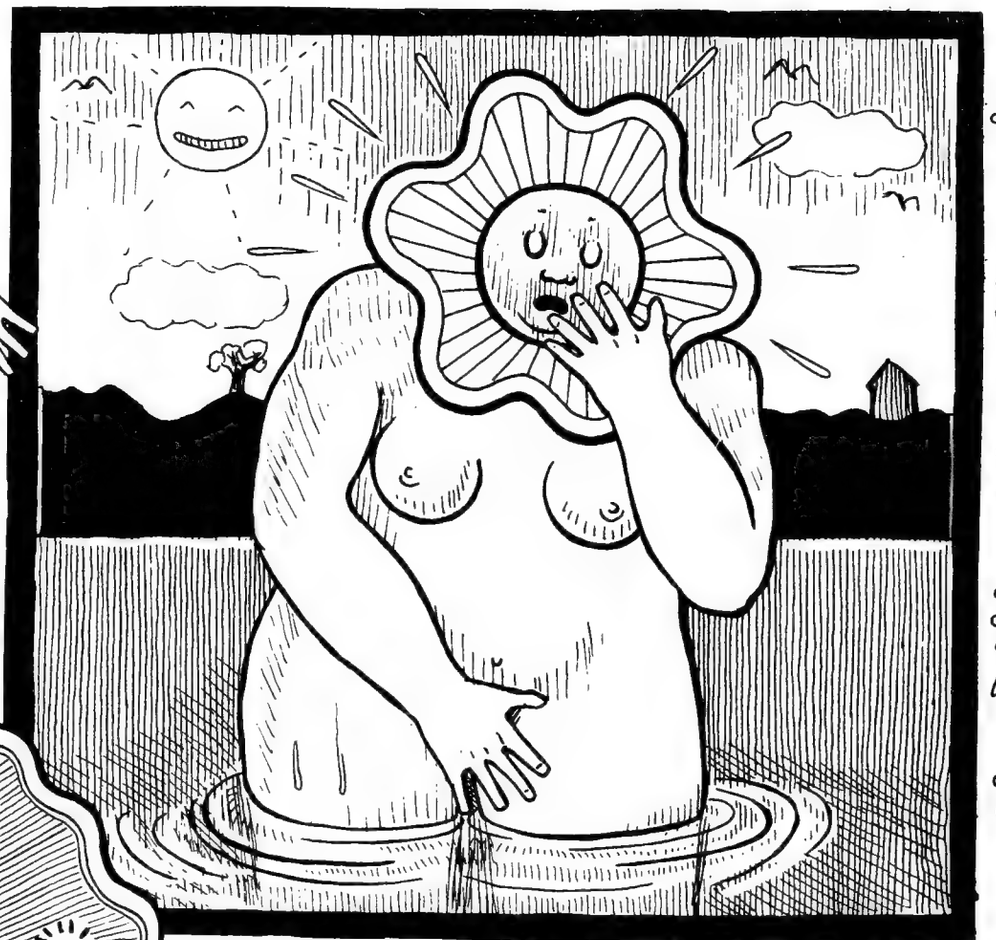
SLUM GODESS
AS WE REMEMBER HER
THE LITERALLY IMMORTAL

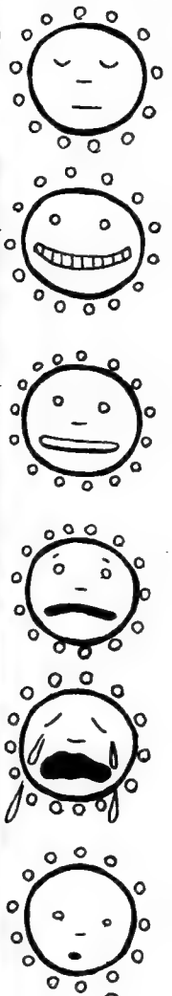
SUNSHINE GIRL

WHERE IS SHE NOW?

...AND WHAT OF BILLY?

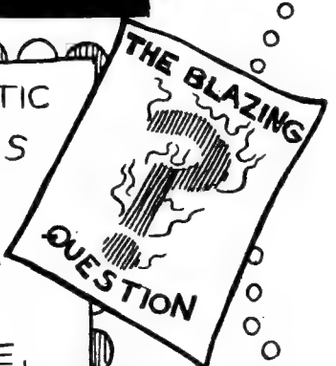






SEEN HERE IN TWO CHARACTERISTIC MOODS, (MODESTY AND WRATH), IS ONE WHO IS NO LONGER WITH US. HAVING BECOME, AMONG OTHER THINGS, A SORT OF EAST SIDE PATRON SAINT, SHE HAS OF LATE, FOR REASONS KNOWN TO HERSELF ALONE, SEEMINGLY ABANDONED US.

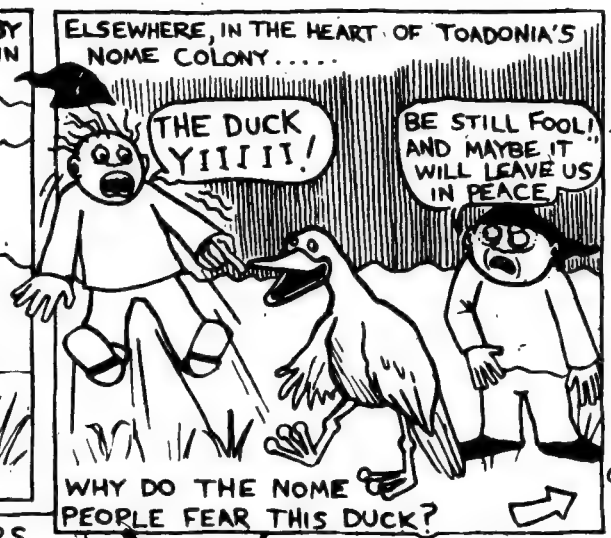
WILL APATHY DESTROY HER?



Kim Deitch

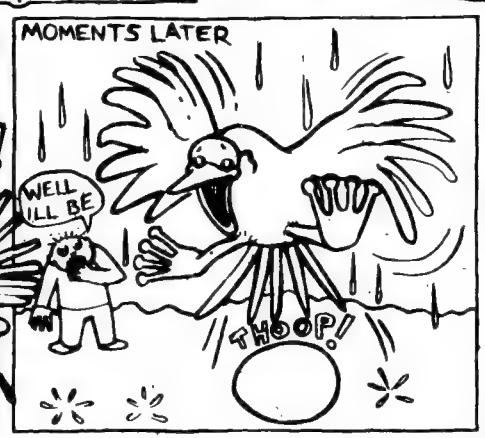
Tales of Sunshine Girl

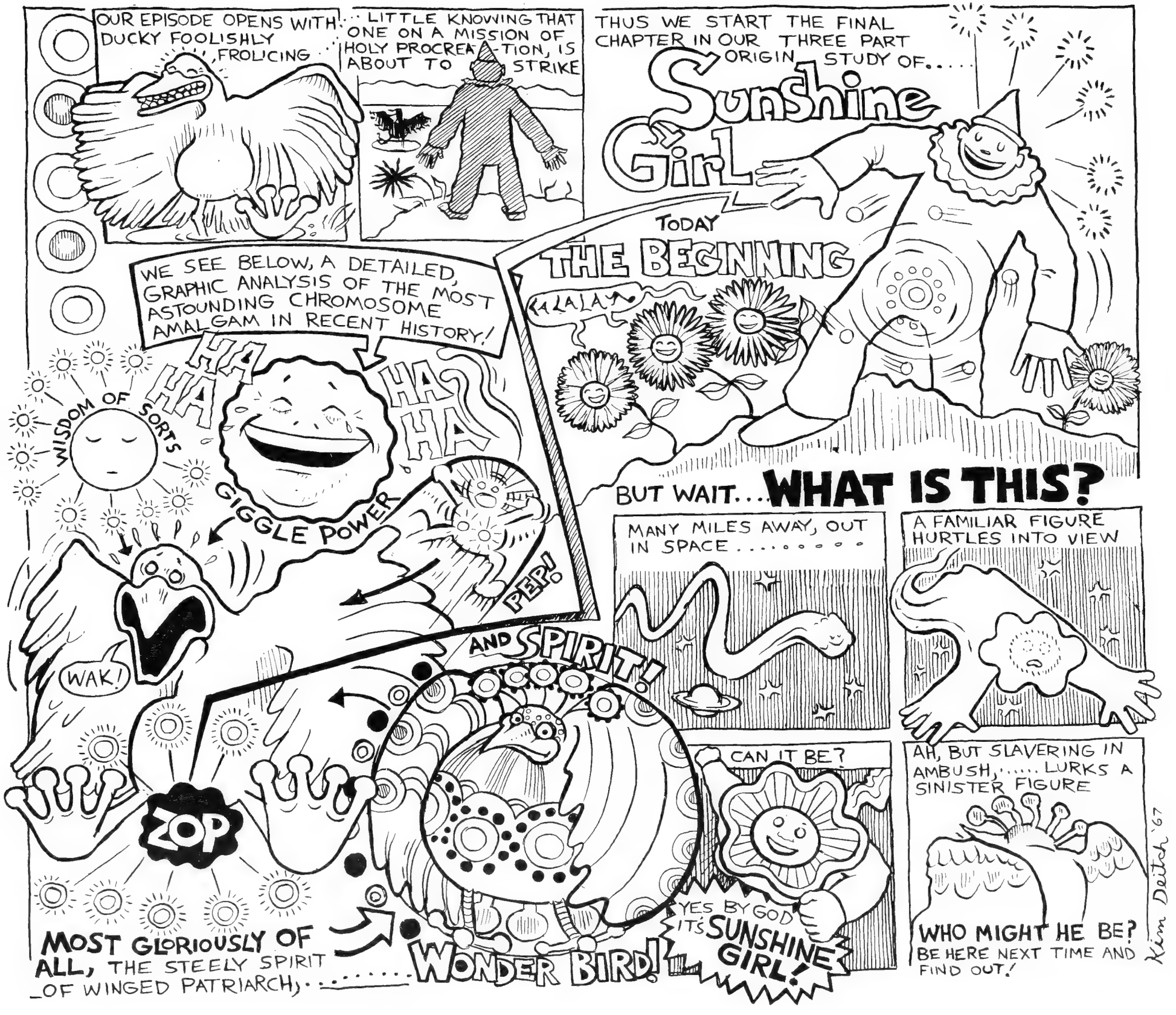
BY KIM DEITCH

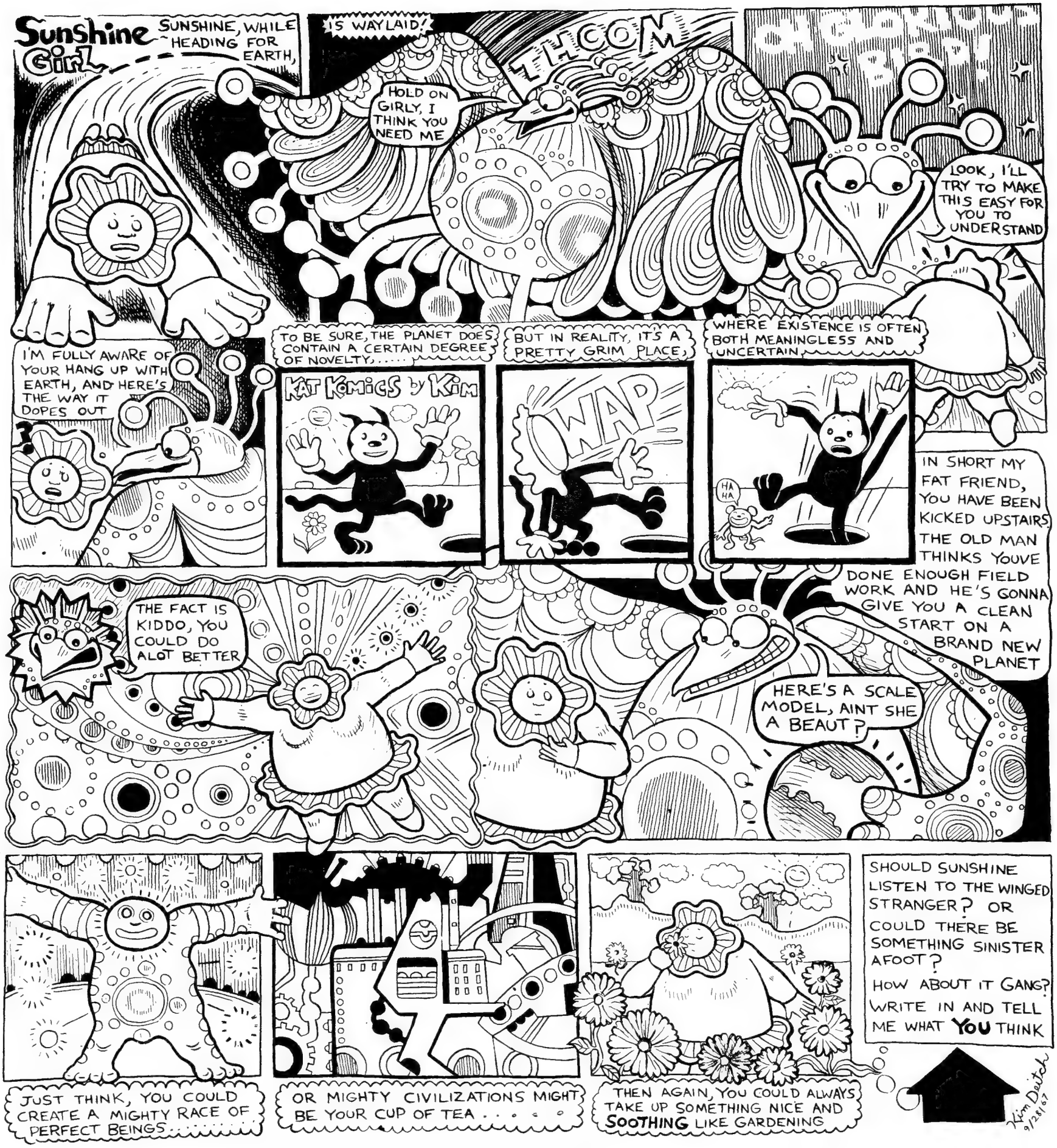


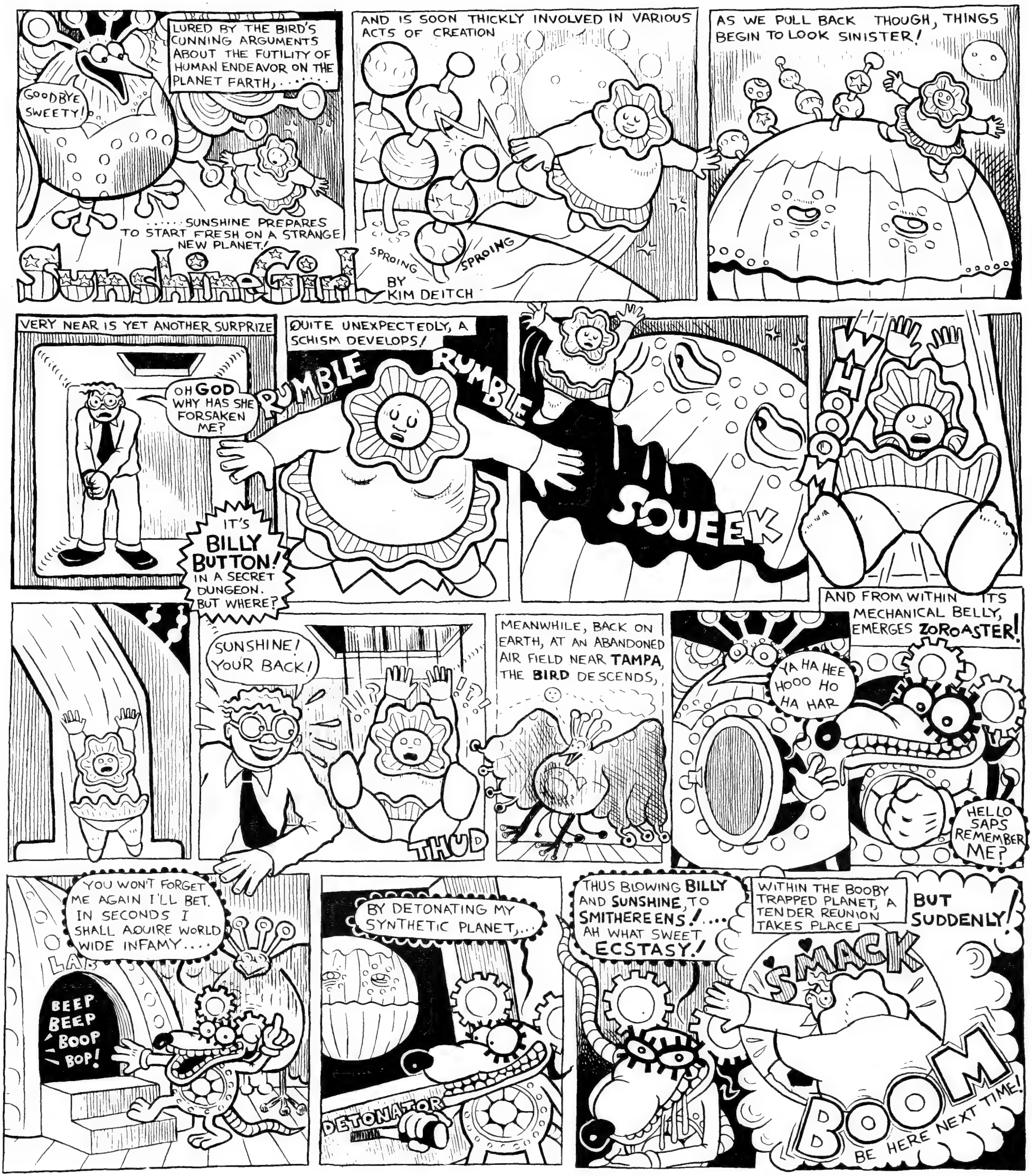
TALES OF Sunshine Girl

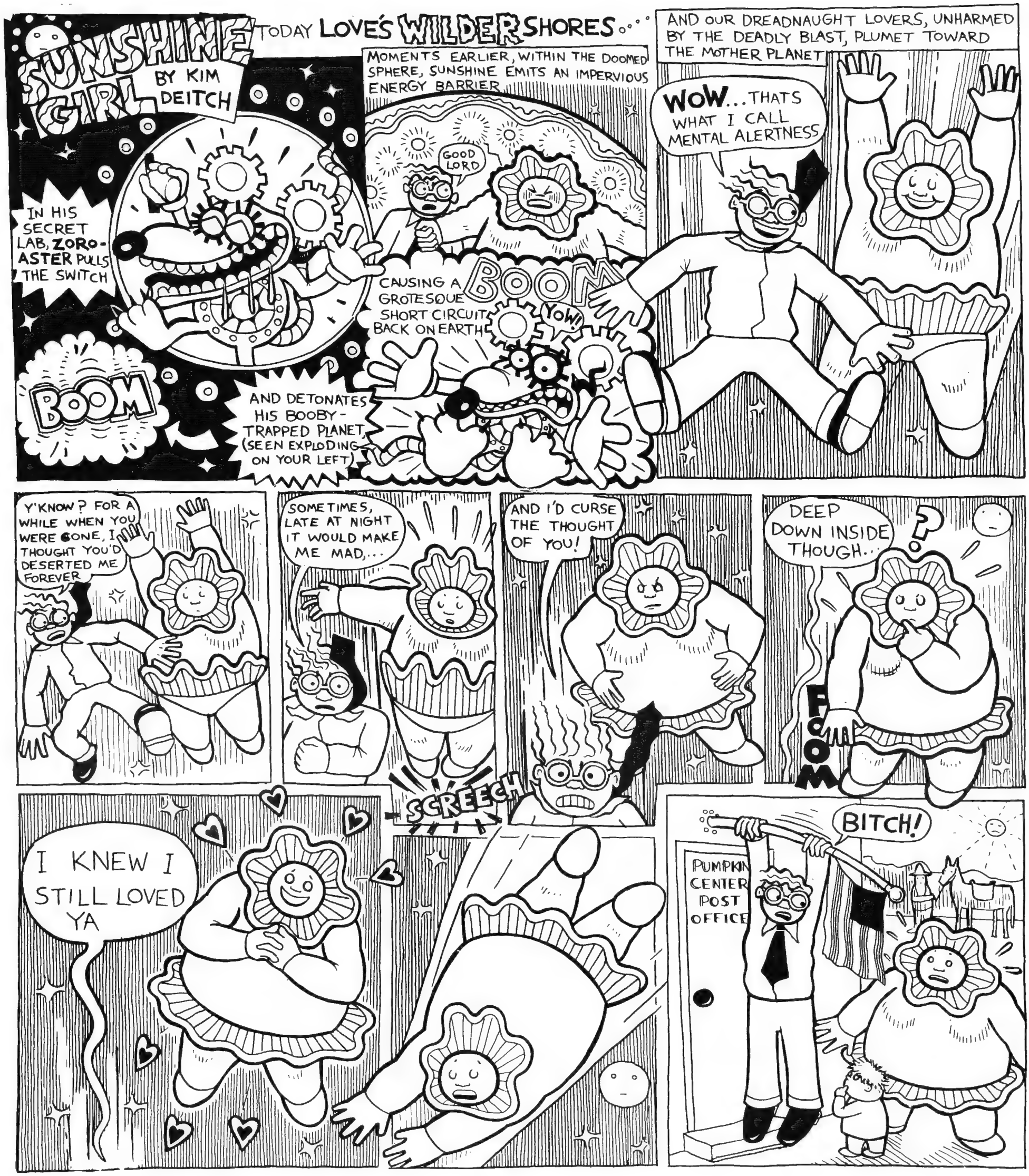
BY KIM DEITCH

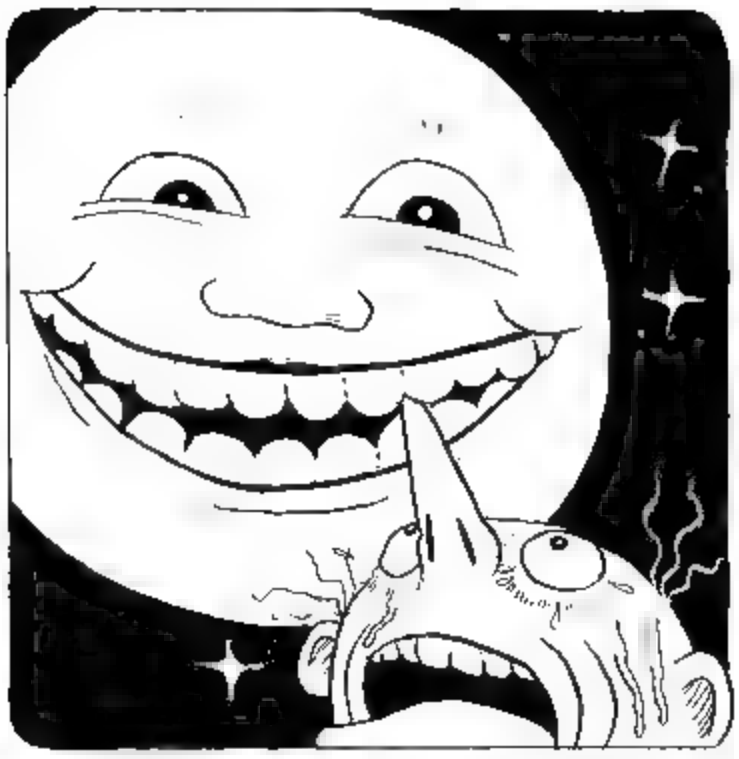


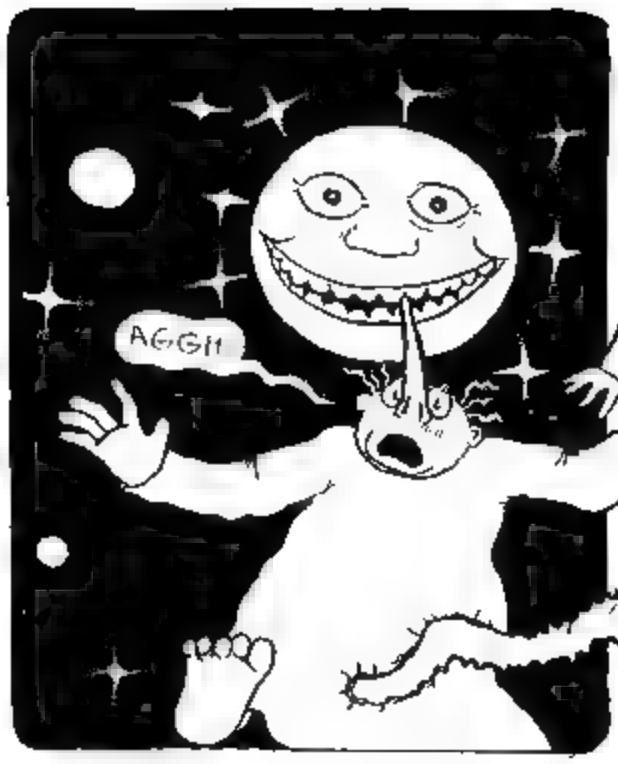

OUR EPISODE OPENS WITH DUCKY FOOLISHLY FROLICING
LITTLE KNOWING THAT ONE ON A MISSION OF HOLY PROCREATION, IS ABOUT TO STRIKE
THUS WE START THE FINAL CHAPTER IN OUR THREE PART ORIGIN STUDY OF....
Sunshine Girl
TODAY
THE BEGINNING
LALALA
WE SEE BELOW, A DETAILED, GRAPHIC ANALYSIS OF THE MOST ASTOUNDING CHROMOSOME AMALGAM IN RECENT HISTORY!
HA HA HA HA HA
WISDOM OF SORTS
GIGGLE POWER
PEP!
WAK!
ZOP
AND SPIRIT!
MOST GLORIOUSLY OF ALL, THE STEELY SPIRIT OF WINGED PATRIARCH,.....
WONDER BIRD!
BUT WAIT...WHAT IS THIS?
MANY MILES AWAY, OUT IN SPACE.....
A FAMILIAR FIGURE HURTLES INTO VIEW
CAN IT BE?
YES BY GOD IT'S SUNSHINE GIRL!
AH, BUT SLAVERING IN AMBUSH,..... LURKS A SINISTER FIGURE
WHO MIGHT HE BE?
BE HERE NEXT TIME AND FIND OUT!
Kim Deitch '67

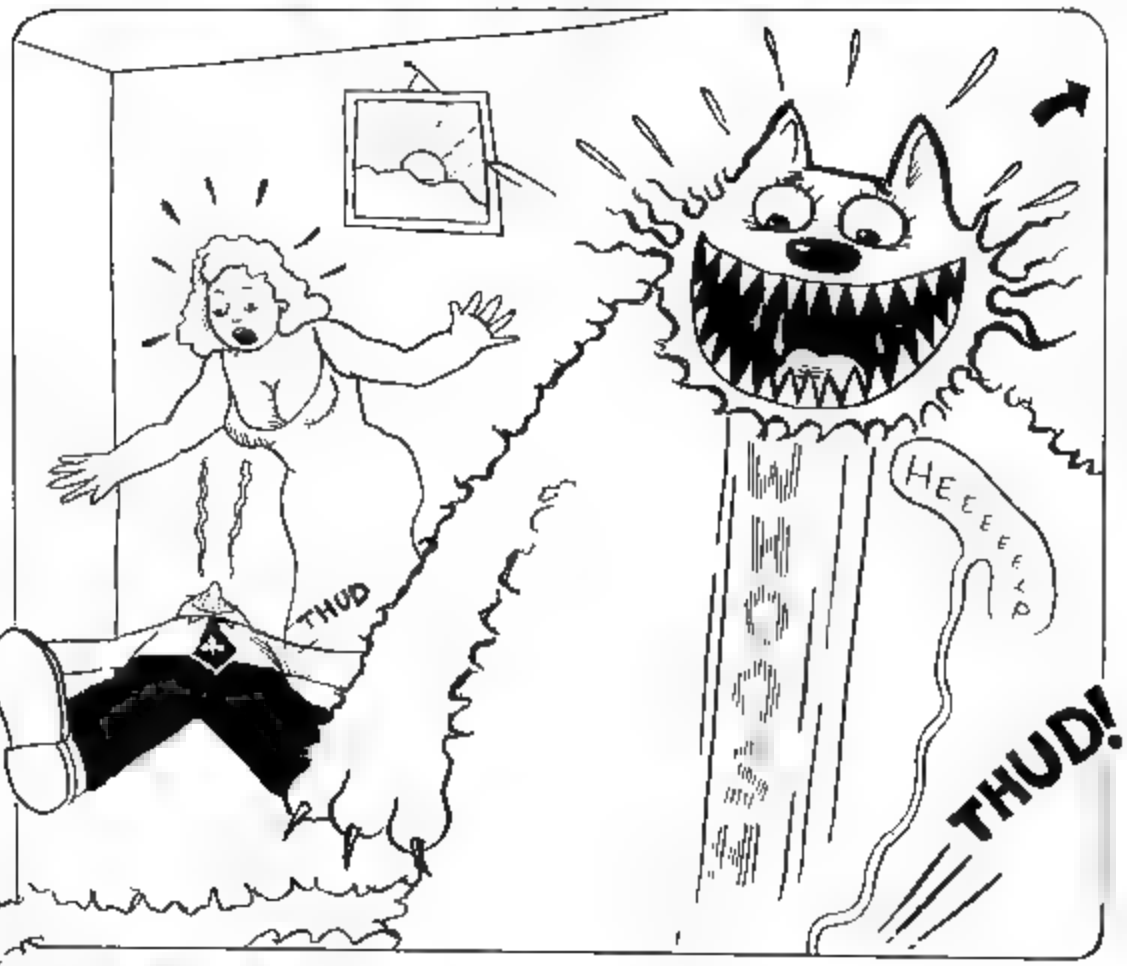

Sunshine Girl
SUNSHINE, WHILE HEADING FOR EARTH,
IS WAYLAID!
THOOM
HOLD ON GIRLY, I THINK YOU NEED ME
LOOK, I'LL TRY TO MAKE THIS EASY FOR YOU TO UNDERSTAND
I'M FULLY AWARE OF YOUR HANG UP WITH EARTH, AND HERE'S THE WAY IT DOPES OUT
TO BE SURE, THE PLANET DOES CONTAIN A CERTAIN DEGREE OF NOVELTY.....
BUT IN REALITY, IT'S A PRETTY GRIM PLACE,
WHERE EXISTENCE IS OFTEN BOTH MEANINGLESS AND UNCERTAIN.
KAT KOMICS by KIM
WAP
HA HA
IN SHORT MY FAT FRIEND, YOU HAVE BEEN KICKED UPSTAIRS. THE OLD MAN THINKS YOUVE DONE ENOUGH FIELD WORK AND HE'S GONNA GIVE YOU A CLEAN START ON A BRAND NEW PLANET
THE FACT IS KIDDO, YOU COULD DO ALOT BETTER
HERE'S A SCALE MODEL, AINT SHE A BEAUT?
JUST THINK, YOU COULD CREATE A MIGHTY RACE OF PERFECT BEINGS.....
OR MIGHTY CIVILIZATIONS MIGHT BE YOUR CUP OF TEA.....
THEN AGAIN, YOU COULD ALWAYS TAKE UP SOMETHING NICE AND SOOTHING LIKE GARDENING
SHOULD SUNSHINE LISTEN TO THE WINGED STRANGER? OR COULD THERE BE SOMETHING SINISTER AFOOT?
HOW ABOUT IT GANG? WRITE IN AND TELL ME WHAT YOU THINK
Kim Deitch 9/28/67

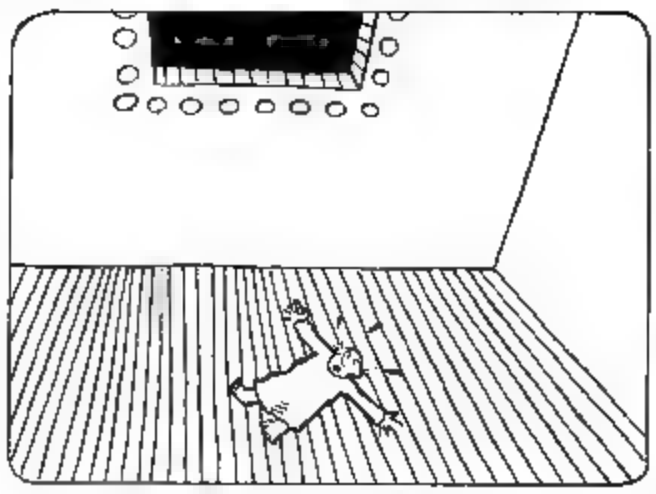

LURED BY THE BIRD'S CUNNING ARGUMENTS ABOUT THE FUTILITY OF HUMAN ENDEAVOR ON THE PLANET EARTH, ...
GOODBYE SWEETY!
.....SUNSHINE PREPARES TO START FRESH ON A STRANGE NEW PLANET!
Sunshine Girl
AND IS SOON THICKLY INVOLVED IN VARIOUS ACTS OF CREATION
SPROING
SPROING
BY KIM DEITCH
AS WE PULL BACK THOUGH, THINGS BEGIN TO LOOK SINISTER!
VERY NEAR IS YET ANOTHER SURPRIZE
OH GOD WHY HAS SHE FORSAKEN ME?
IT'S BILLY BUTTON! IN A SECRET DUNGEON. BUT WHERE?
QUITE UNEXPECTEDLY, A SCHISM DEVELOPS!
RUMBLE
RUMBLE
SQUEEK
WHOOOM
SUNSHINE! YOUR BACK!
THUD
MEANWHILE, BACK ON EARTH, AT AN ABANDONED AIR FIELD NEAR TAMPA, THE BIRD DESCENDS,
AND FROM WITHIN ITS MECHANICAL BELLY, EMERGES ZOROASTER!
HA HA HEE HOOO HO HA HAR
HELLO SAPS REMEMBER ME?
YOU WON'T FORGET ME AGAIN I'LL BET. IN SECONDS I SHALL ACQUIRE WORLD WIDE INFAMY....
LAB
BEEP BEEP BOOP BOP!
BY DETONATING MY SYNTHETIC PLANET,...
DETONATOR
THUS BLOWING BILLY AND SUNSHINE, TO SMITHEREENS!.... AH WHAT SWEET ECSTASY!
WITHIN THE BOOBY TRAPPED PLANET, A TENDER REUNION TAKES PLACE
BUT SUDDENLY!
SMACK
BOOM
BE HERE NEXT TIME!

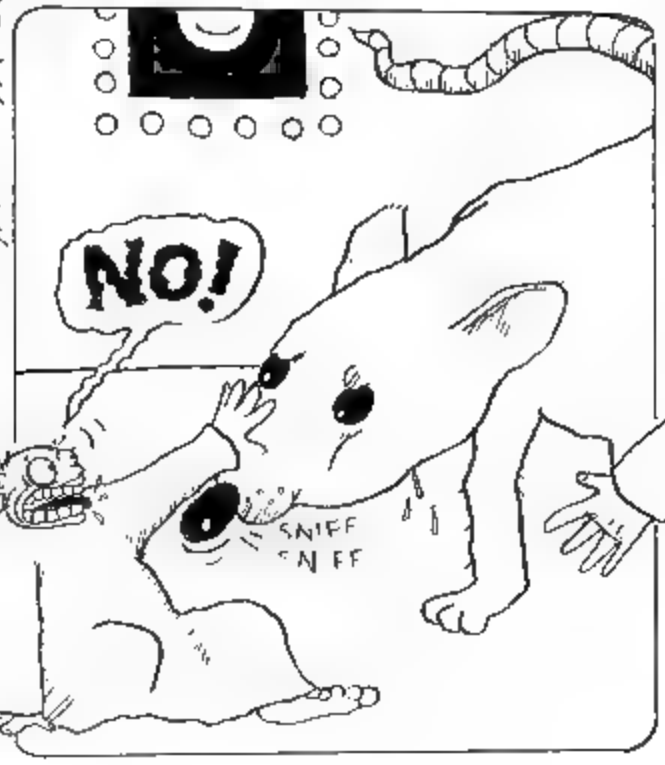

SUNSHINE GIRL
BY KIM DEITCH
TODAY LOVE'S WILDER SHORES...
IN HIS SECRET LAB, ZORO-ASTER PULLS THE SWITCH
BOOM
AND DETONATES HIS BOOBY-TRAPPED PLANET, (SEEN EXPLODING ON YOUR LEFT)
MOMENTS EARLIER, WITHIN THE DOOMED SPHERE, SUNSHINE EMITS AN IMPERVIOUS ENERGY BARRIER
GOOD LORD
CAUSING A GROTESQUE SHORT CIRCUIT BACK ON EARTH
BOOM
YOW!
AND OUR DREADNAUGHT LOVERS, UNHARMED BY THE DEADLY BLAST, PLUMET TOWARD THE MOTHER PLANET
WOW... THATS WHAT I CALL MENTAL ALERTNESS
Y'KNOW? FOR A WHILE WHEN YOU WERE GONE, I THOUGHT YOU'D DESERTED ME FOREVER
SOMETIMES, LATE AT NIGHT IT WOULD MAKE ME MAD,...
AND I'D CURSE THE THOUGHT OF YOU!
DEEP DOWN INSIDE THOUGH...
?
BOOM
SCREECH
I KNEW I STILL LOVED YA
PUMPKIN CENTER POST OFFICE
BITCH!











Kim Deitch ©1967

Sunshine Girl

BY KIM DEITCH

DAUGHTER OF GOD — SAVIOR OF MANKIND

WHAT'S THIS? SUNSHINE GIRL GIVING LUCIFER THE OLD ONE TWO? THE ANSWER TO THIS QUESTION ALONG WITH OTHER AMAZING REVELATIONS, FOLLOW!

POW

STRANGELY ENOUGH, OUR STORY BEGINS...

IN AN EAST SIDE TENEMENT ON TENTH STREET, SOMEWHERE BETWEEN AVENUES B, AND C.

TO LET

RAPES

HERE IS THE HEADQUARTERS OF A LITTLE KNOWN OUTFIT CALLED, "THE SUNSHINE SENTINALS OF AMERICA."

SUNSHINE SENTINALS OF AMERICA

WM BUTTON IMPERATOR

ACTUALLY, THERE'S MORE HERE THAN MEETS THE EYE. WE OPEN OUR TALE ON A TYPICAL MORNING. BILLY BUTTON,....

BYE DEAR

GRAND IMPERATOR OF THE SENTINALS, LEAVES FOR "WORK." BUT IT IS THE ORGANIZATION'S OTHER MEMBER,.....

..GOT AN IMPORTANT CONFERENCE TODAY

SUNSHINE GIRL, GOD'S OWN DAUGHTER, WHOSE VERY BEING IS THE TRUE ESSENSE OF THE SENTINAL'S MIGHT.

OUTSIDE

I'D LIKE TO TELL HER HOW IT REALLY IS, BUT IT WOULD BREAK HER HEART

BODEG

I TRIED TELLING FOLKS ABOUT SUNSHINE, BUT NOBODY WOULD ACCEPT IT. "TOO INCREDIBLE" THEY SAID, "TOO FANTASTIC." THE ONLY ONE WHO BELIEVES ME IS OLD MAN GRIMES, THE JANITOR, AT P.S.403

NO PARKING

PD

BUT, AT THAT VERY MOMENT, GALAXIES AWAY

JUMPIN' PLANETOIDS

IN THE OBSERVITORY OF ARCH ANGEL CRISPIAN
BY SOME FANTASTIC QUIRK OF FATE, TWO GAMMA-ENERGY FORCES, CONTAINING BOTH MATTER AND ANTIMATTER, ARE APPROACHING THE PLANET EARTH
IF THEY COLLIDE, ALL BUT THE TINIEST FORMS OF LIFE ON THAT PLANET, FACE CERTAIN DEATH!.... BUT, DARE I TELL GOD?
HE IS SO CHANGED OF LATE, SO STRANGELY CYNICAL.
HA CRISPIAN DO YOU NOT LIKE THE PRETTY DEATH FLOWERS THOSE FOOLS MAKE?
BOOM
(GULP) YES SIRE
WERE IT NOT FOR EARTH'S PROTECTOR, SUNSHINE GIRL, I WOULD HOLD LITTLE HOPE FOR THAT SORRY WORLD.
AND IT IS HER I SHALL TELL. SHE ALONE HAS COMPASSION ENOUGH FOR THE HAPLESS FOOLS SHE PROTECTS.
FOR YEARS I HAVE STUDIED EARTH BEINGS
NOW MY BEING MOLECULAR CHANGING DEVICE WILL COSMICALLY ARRANGE ME INTO THE FORM OF AN EARTH BEING
A COMMON SPIDER
IN MINUTES CRISPIAN RACES TOW--ARD EARTH IN HIS GYRO GALACTIPLANE HIS DESTINATION? SENTINAL HEADQUARTERS IN NEW YORK!
I HOPE I'M NOT TOO LATE

MOMENTS LATER, CRISPIAN FLIES THROUGH AN OPEN WINDOW AT SENTINAL HEADQUARTERS . . . . . .

BUT AS HE EMERGES FROM HIS CRAFT

MY GOD THEY'LL KILL ME

DON'T MOVE MR. CRISPIAN

YOU KNOW MY NAME?

OF COURSE FOOL, DID YOU THINK US ORDINARY INSECTS

YOU WERE SORELY MISTAKEN IF YOU DID. WE TAKE OUR ORDERS FROM A GREATER BEING

MEANWHILE, DEEP IN THE CHURNING HOT BOILER ROOM OF P.S. 403, BILLY PLAYS HIS DAILY GAME OF CHESS WITH OLD MAN GRIMES, THE SCHOOL CUSTODIAN.

GOSH MR. GRIMES, AT LEAST YOU BELIEVE I'M TELLING THE TRUTH ABOUT SUNSHINE GIRL

SURE I BELIEVE YOU

MASTER, WE HAVE TRAPPED THE ONE CALLED CRISPIAN

CHECK MATE

SO YOU TRIED TO INTERFERE. YOU MAY AS WELL KNOW ALL. THE ONE WE SERVE IS CAUSING THE ENERGY FORCES TO COLLIDE. ALL LIFE WILL BE DESTROYED. ALL, THAT IS, BUT THE SMALL ONES, THE FAITHFUL ONES, WE, . . . THE COCKROACHES

RATHER FITTING DON'T YOU THINK? THAT WE, THE SCAPEGOATS OF ALL MANKIND, WE WHO FOR MILLENIUMS HAVE BEEN THE VICTIMS OF MASS GENOCIDE, SHOULD NOW INHERIT THE EARTH!

KILL BOMB

THAT WHICH MAN HAS SOWN HE SHALL NOW REAP
AND NOW FOR YOU
HELP
BUT, WITHIN THE SAME WALLS..
HELP
CRISPIAN'S CRY OF ANGUISH IS HEARD..
AND JUSTICE SWIFTLY METED OUT
WHEW
SPLAT
BACK AT THE BOILER ROOM!
SPLAT
THE CONTACT IS BROKEN! WHAT HAPPENED?
GRIMES
HAGGARD CRISPIAN RESTS IN SUNSHINE'S HAND AS HE TELLS HER THE SHOCKING NEWS
SUNSHINE GIRL GOES INTO AN ETHERIAL COMA LETTING HER COSMIC SELF FIND THE ONE SHE SEEKS.
A DEJECTED BILLY BUTTON WEARILY STARTS FOR HOME.
HECK, I'M SUCH A FLOP, I CAN'T EVEN BEAT DUMB OLD GRIMES AT CHESS
AT THAT VERY MOMENT INSIDE.....
THAT LIGHT! GOOD GRIEF STOP IT. I'LL DO ANYTHING PLEEZE!
GRIMES
THOSE WITH EVIL IN THEIR HEARTS NEVER CAN STAND FOR LONG, THE LIGHT OF VALOR AND PURITY. SUNSHINE GIRL WATCHES OVER A GRIM LUCIFER AS HE CALLS OFF THE DEATH DEALING FORCES.
BEGONE FROM THIS ACCURSED SPHERE, I COMMAND IT
LATER, A HASTY GOODBYE
THE EARTH PEOPLE WILL NEVER BE AWARE OF THE AWESOME DEBT THEY OWE YOU
THAT EVENING
HI DEAR. I MADE SOME PROGRESS AT THAT MEETING. IT MAY TAKE TIME, BUT THE SENTINALS WILL HELP THE WORLD OUT YET.

THE (WORLD WEARY) ADVENTURES OF

Sunshine Girl

BY KIM (THE GRIM) DEITCH

OY WHAT A SUMMER IS COMING. ITS GONNA GET BAD. OOH I GOTTA GET OUT OF THIS CITY

FUCK MAN, WE GONNA BURN IT DOWN ANYHOW

WOW! WHAT A COUPLE OF BAD TRIPS. BEEN HEARIN THE SAME SHIT ALL OVER. GOSH, YOU DON'T SUPPOSE, THEY'RE RIGHT!

PURR PURR

MORE HIPPY MURDERS

BLOODSHED!

BUSTOS

MAN, WHAT A BUMMER

HEY! I GOT A BITE!

SUNSHINE! HOLY SMOKE I HAVEN'T SEEN YOU SINCE YA SPLIT FOR ATLANTIS

LEAVING NOT EVEN THE GROSSEST OF DETAILS TO HER IMAGINATION, BILLY ENUMERATES UPON NEW YORKS **ELEPHANTINE PARANIOA**. EVERYTHING! **SPICS, NIGGERS, NARCS**, EVEN THE (**SECRET**) CONCENTRATION CAMPS THEY'RE BUILDING ON **AVENUE D!**

NOT ONLY THAT I'M HORNY

WHAT A BUMMER

OM

OM? WHAT'S THIS OM? WE STAND ON THE EDGE OF **APOCALYPTIC ABYSS** AND ALL YOU CAN SAY IS **OM?**

OM

WOW! WHAT A HIT!

WHOA YEAH! NOW I GET IT!

LATER

SO WHAT IT ALL BOILS DOWN TO KIDS, IS THIS; THE ONLY THING GONNA SAVE NEW YORK, THIS SUMMER, IS A **WHOLE LOT OF CLEAN KARMA**.... WHICH MEANS WE'VE **ALL** GOT SOME CLEANIN TO DO

SO LETS GET GOING

AND REMEMBER ALL YOU FOLKS CLEANING UP YOUR KARMA, ME AND SUNSHINE ARE WITH YOU **ALL THE WAY!**

AND THOSE OF YOU WHO NEED JUST A LITTLE MORE HELP THAN THE REST, (**AND YOU KNOW WHO YOU ARE**,) BETTER

WATCH OUT!

BOY OH BOY! BE HERE FOR THE BIG PURGE!

KIM DEITCH ©19..

The KABLITZEN GAZETTE

By Krazy Kim

YIPPIE
YIPPIE
YIPPIE
YIPPIE
IT MUST BE A BE IN SUNSHINE, EVERYBODY'S TANKED
BURP
YIPPIE

Todays true Kablitzen Tale began when P.Marshall Tooty,
YEAH I'M THE GUY!

Looked out his Window Pane!

AHEM
HUH!
POONG!

OH BABY
THE RE... IS HISTORY!

ZOOO . ZOOO ZOOO!
THUD
THUD
WHOOSH

SNIFF SNIFF

YAAGH

No!

AW BALONY
HA HA HA

THE KABLITZEN FOLLIES

BY KIM DEITCH

...WITH THAT SAUCY WONDER...

SANTA!

OH HERE COMES THAT SWEET LITTLE MAN

HELLO SANTA

I SAY, IS THAT SANTA?

YES DADDY

HELLO GIRLS

AH ME

OH SANTA, I'M SO GLAD YOU'RE BACK. BABY I WORRIED ABOUT YOU

SAY WHO'S THAT?

SIGH

HUBBA HUBBA

CARA MIA

OH DEAR

TOGETHER WE SHALL CREATE A MIGHTY SYMPHONY OF PASSION,...

OH SANTA

CLINGING AS ONE IN TIMELESS MOMENTS OF SHARED ECSTASY

OOOOH

NO...PLEASE..OOH OH SHIT OOOOH AAH OH DON'T STOP...AAAAH

SANTA! DON'T LEAVE ME!

AH THERE HE IS! I'LL JUST DIVE DOWN AND...

I'D LIKE TO STAY DOLL, BUT I'VE GOT TO SEE SOME BIG SHOTS DOWN TOWN

CANDIES

TOYS

HELP!

GOTCHA

SWOOP

THIS CAN'T BE HAPPENING TO ME

HA THATS WHAT THEY ALL SAY

©1968 BY KIM DEITCH

THE FOLKS BACK HOME

BY Kim Deitch

SALIENT SAGA OF THE UNIVERSAL FLIP OUT!

ETHEL FORREST, SUBURBAN MENEPAUSAL HOUSEWIFE WAS TAKING A BATH;

OUT OF AN IDLE MOMENT IN TIME COMES...

PLANET MAN!

BY Kim Deitch

IN OUR PRESENT ERA OF UNCERTAINTY, WITH TREASON AND SEDITION TEARING AT OUR VITALS, NEW THREATS TO AMERICA'S SANCTITY APPEAR DAILY!

YA HA HEE (SLOBBER) HOOOOW!

LUDWIG KEESLER; FORMERLY OF GOERING'S LUFTWAFA, MOVES AS AN EAGLE..... SLAVERING IN ANTICIPATION OF **THE KILL!**

DER MASTER RACE SHALL TRIUMPH

BELOW **WALDEN FROND**, REVILED AMERICAN ISOLATIONIST, COMES UP WITH A SHREWD DEDUCTION!

HEY I BET ITS A SPY

VAT IN DER HELL?

PLZAAAATS!

HAW

ITS A UFO

ITS GOD

ITS THE APOCALIPS

HYA FRITZ

INSIDE

DE VILL NEVER TAKE ME ALIVE!

AH! WHAT A CATCH

PATOOO...

HIMMEL

POONG

POOONG

BONK

YOU SWINE!

*@!!! CREEP

POW

ACH

HEY LOOK FELLAS. ITS PLANET MAN

GEE CAN I HAVE YOUR AUTOGRAPH?

SURE KIDS

ME TOO

WHEEEE

THE COPS!

SORRY KIDS I GOTTA GO

BUT WHAT IF THERE'S A REWARD?

BUY YOURSELF A NINE POUND BAG OF JELLY BEANS

GOSH

LATER

BRR-R THIS LONLINESS CHILLS MY VERY SOUL

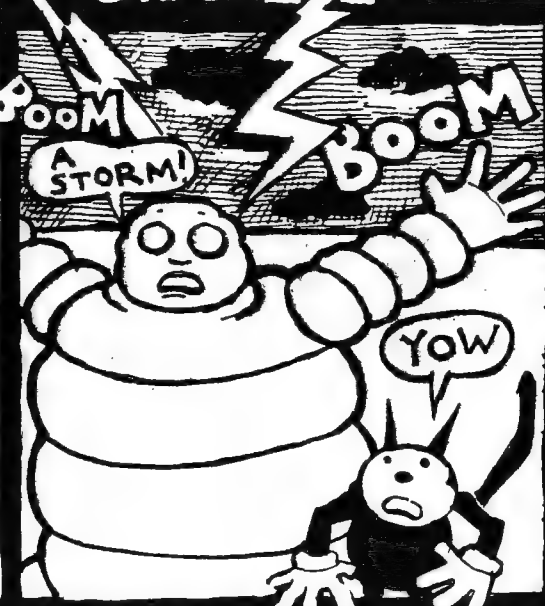
THE END

COPYRIGHT 1968 BY K DEITCH

THE INSUSIENT ADVENTURES OF....
WILLIE WUNDERBUCKLE
BOY MASTER OF ALCHEMY
HEH HEH
YIKES
GRUMBLE GRUMBLE
WHOOOO!
WHO ARE YOU
GOSH
BONK!
BEATS ME LADY
ME MIND'S A TOTAL BLANK!
OH HIS MINDS A TOTAL BLANK
OH WILLIE
WAIT A MINUTE
WILLIE WUNDER-BUCKLE
COME BACK TO THE FLOCK
COME BACK TO THE FLOCK
COME BACK TO THE FLOCK!
GREAT BALLS IM BACK IN THE FLOCK!
BACK IN THE FLOCK
BACK IN THE FLOCK
BACK IN THE FLOCK
GROAN
PING
IT HAPPENED AGAIN!
ALL WEEK THE SAME BLOODY DREAM!
IM GONNA FIGHT THIS THING
FIRST ILL BEGIN BY THOROUGHLY VERSING MYSELF IN MODERN PSYCHOANALITIC TECHNIQUE
THEN PERHAPS ILL PHAZE INTO SOME OF THE MORE ESOTERIC INTERP-RETATIONS OF EASTERN KARMIC THEORY
QUACK
IT WILL TAKE YEARS OF COURSE BUT.....
QUACK
...COSMIC EQUILIBRIUM MAY YET BE MINE!
Kim Deitch 5/21/68

HAW HEE HOOOOOW HAR HAR HAR!

FEATURING WALDO AND UNCLE ED (THE INDIA RUBBER MAN)



Kim Deitch 68

FEAR COMICS
BY KIM DEITCH
PEARL LOOKED OUT HER WINDOW AND DIDN'T SEE ANYTHING TO EVEN SIGH ABOUT;
BESIDES HER MIND WAS A MILLION MILES AWAY
IN THE NEXT APARTMENT, HARVEY TRIMBLE WAS HAVING THOUGHTS OF A MORE.....
...OMINOUS NATURE!
AND WITHIN MINUTES HARVEY TRIMBLE HIMSELF
UNDERWENT A RATHER ODD SERIES OF CHANGES
MEANWHILE PEARL, (SULLENLY CONTRITE), DREAMT ON
ENOUGH!
HARVEY TRIMBLE!!
EH?
HNNNNGH!
YOU SCUM!
AT LAST I AM CLEANSED
SIGH
HA
HA
HAOOOOOOOW!!

HEY KIDS, IT'S TIME FOR

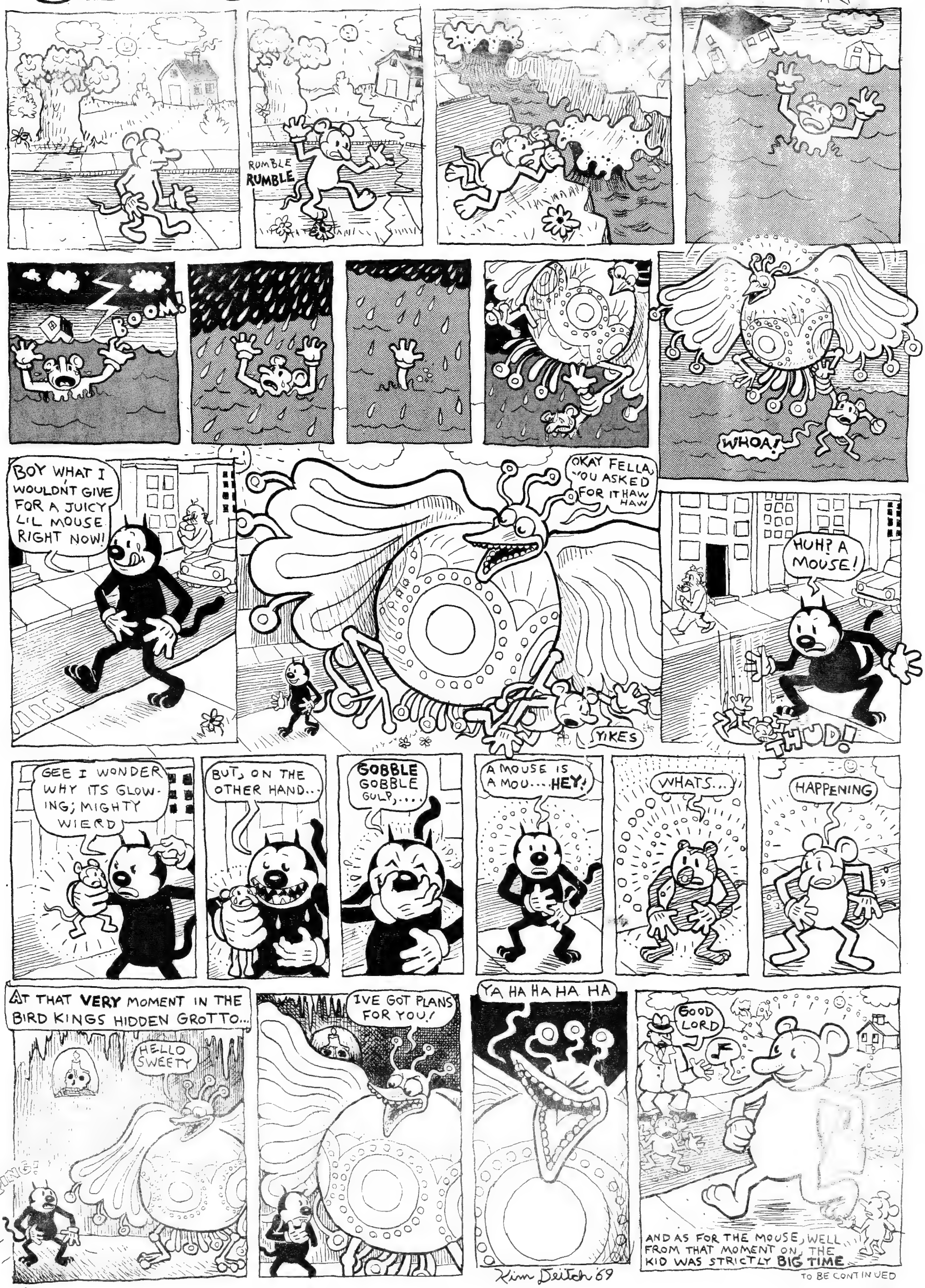
INSIDE STUFF!

NO MATTER
GOOD LORD!
EEEE!
CRASH
HI THERE!
BANG!
ONE SIDE DAY I'LL HANDLE THIS
IN NO TIME AT ALL
OH HOW CAN I EVER THANK YOU
DON'T MOVE
I'M SURE WE CAN WORK SOMETHING OUT, MEN WE'LL
WHY YOU MUST BE M-601 QUEENS!
.....OH YES THEY OFTEN CALL ME THAT, CHARMING
SO YOU TAKE LIBERTIES
M-M-M SAY, EVERY TIME
MACK
BUT I WON'T LET YOU!
THEN MY DEAR, I'M AFRAID I MUST TAKE YOU!
THUS THE NIGHT FAILED PUNCTUATED THROUGHOUT BY THE TRAINED MOANS OF SENSUAL GRATIFICATION
PANT
6 A.M.
BRING!
ZZZ
NOW WHO THAT?
HI IT'S ME MAGOO FROM MY FRIENDS
GREAT JAY
THE THRILLING CONTINUOUS YOUR CUT!
HUH?
SORRY I'M LATE BUT I GOT SNAGGED FOR A MOON IN ANY DOWN ARE
WHAT A MINUTE IF YOU'RE M-601 QUEENS, THEN
WHO
GOOD LORD!
I'M SORRY YOU'VE JUST BEEN FUCKED BY THE PRINCE OF SMALL UNCLE ED!
TALLEY HO
WHAT AN ANTAGONIST! I'M OVER THE FIRST SHOT!
Ken Dalton

FUTURE COMICS

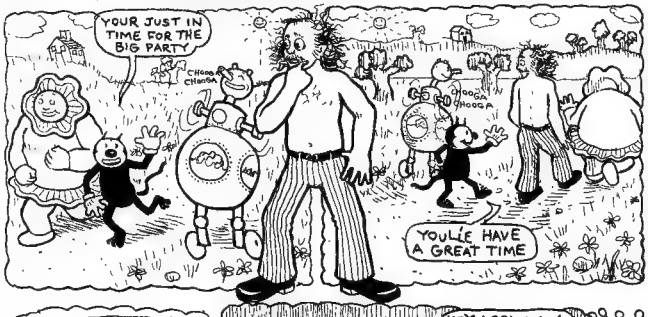
NOW FOR SOME VERY

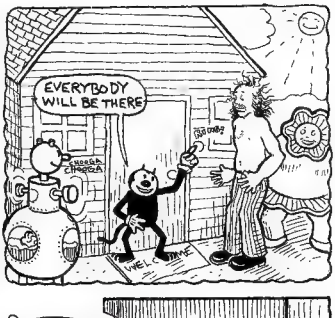
UNUSUAL COMICS

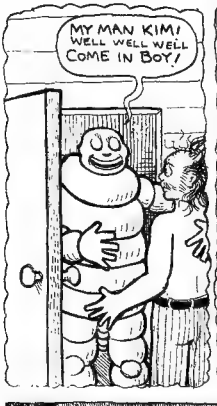


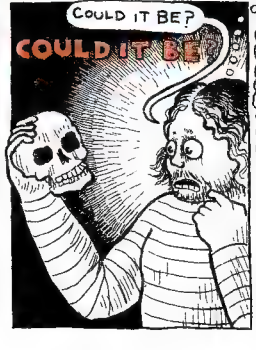
TO BE CONTINUED

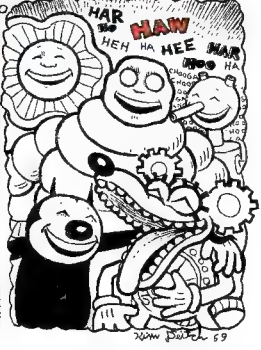
★★★A DAY IN THE COMIC LIFE!







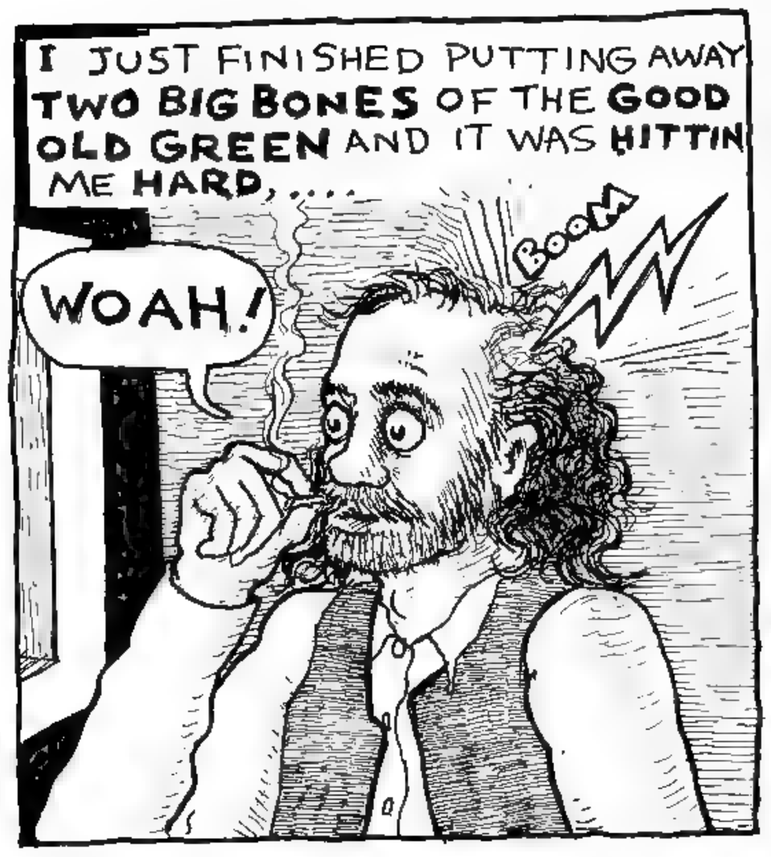


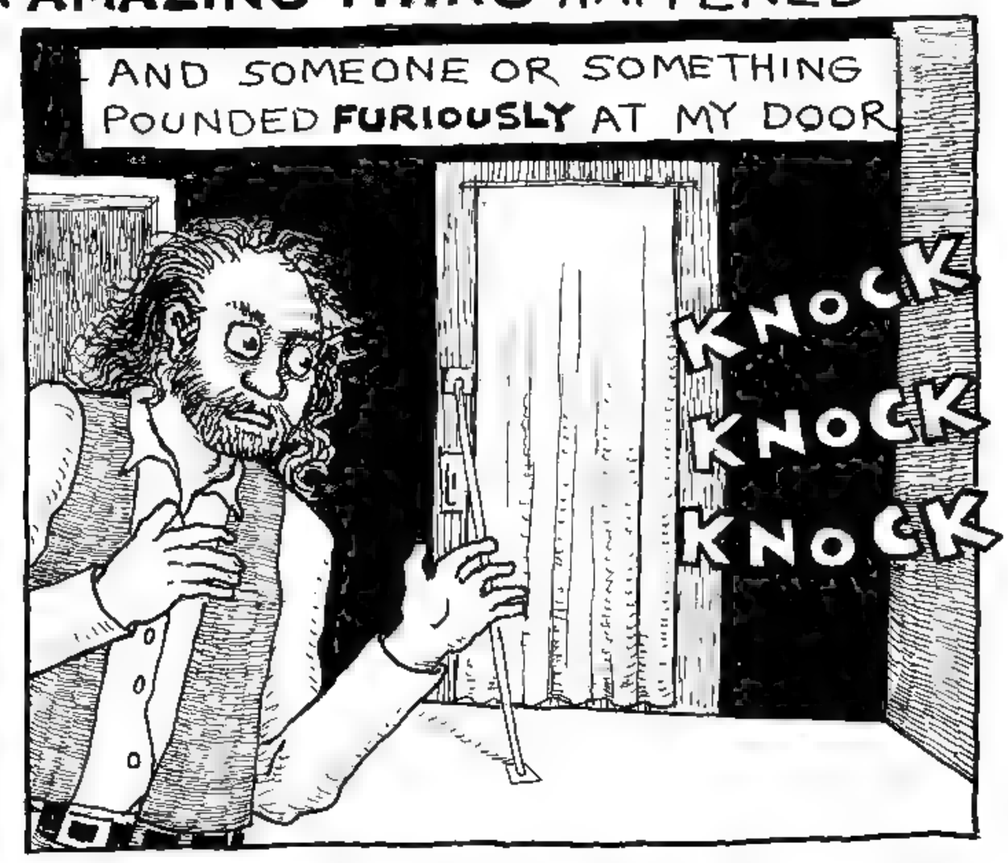


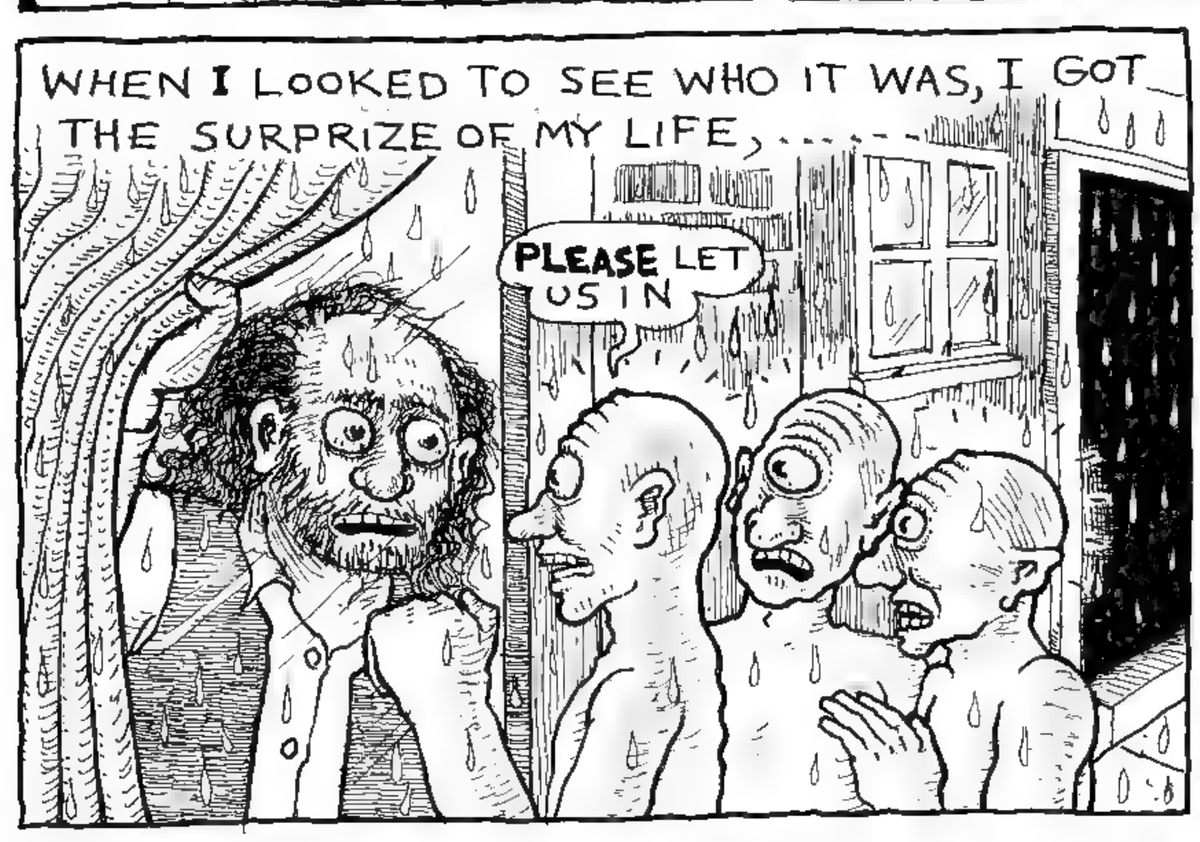
NOW, FOR AN AMAZING TRUE LIFE ADVENTURE.....,

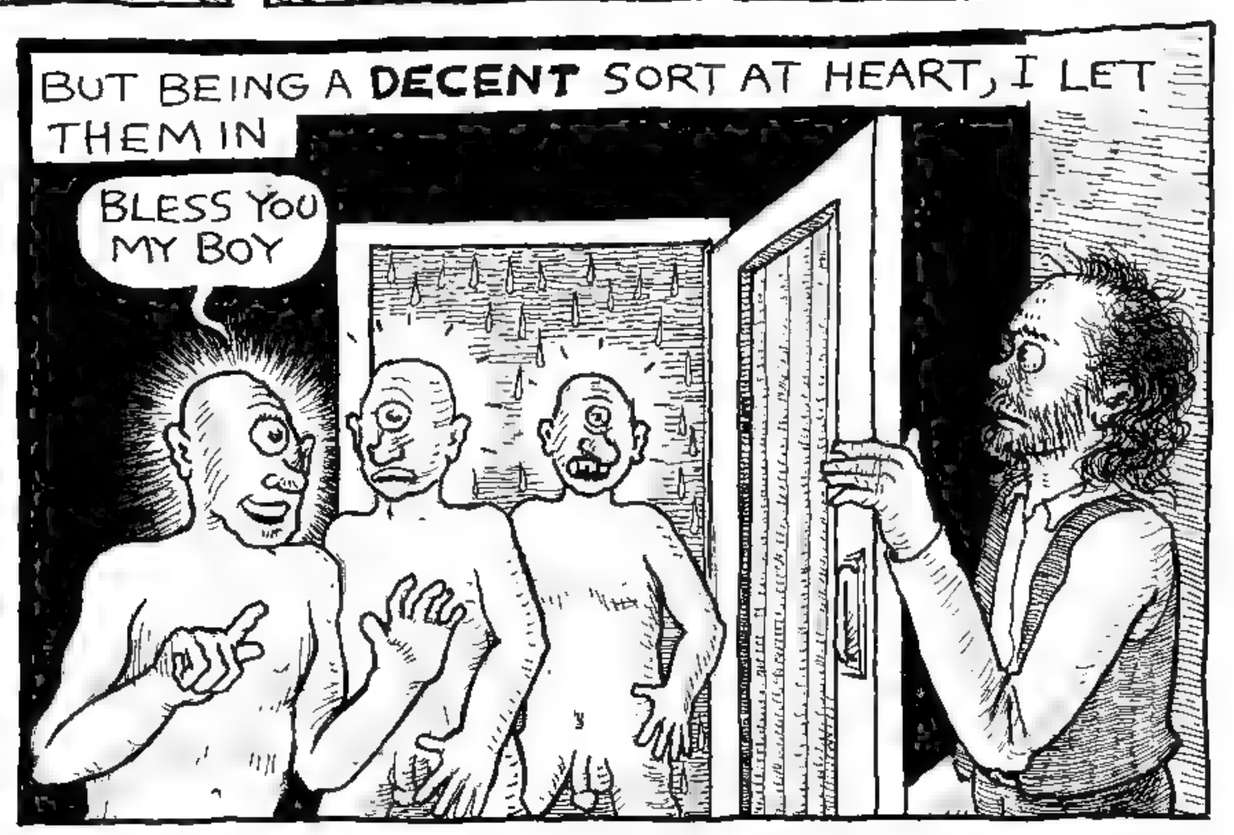
THE BIG LAUGH

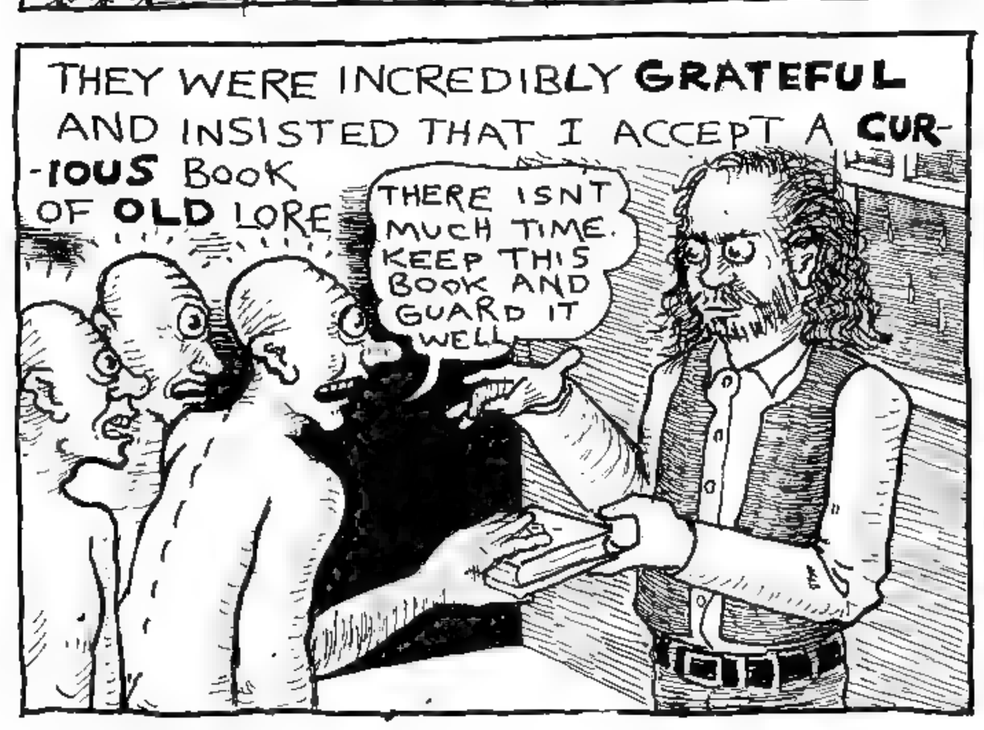
WHY DO WE HUMANS WORRY SO MUCH? WE'RE **ALL** GONNA **DROP DEAD** ONE OF THESE DAYS AND WE **WON'T REMEMBER** A **THING**. TAKE **ME**; SURE, **I** WAS AN OLD **WORRY WART** TOO.... THEN, AN **AMAZING THING** HAPPENED

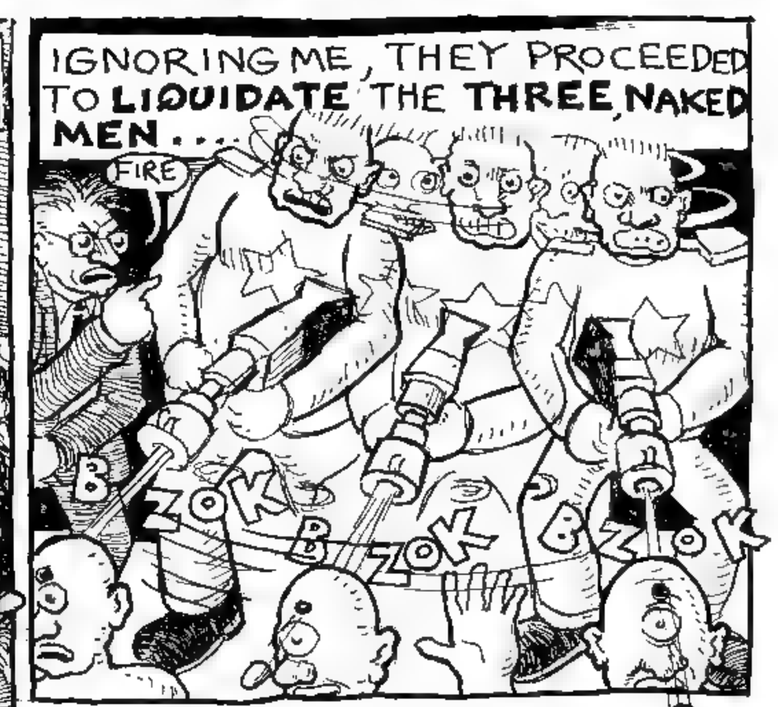


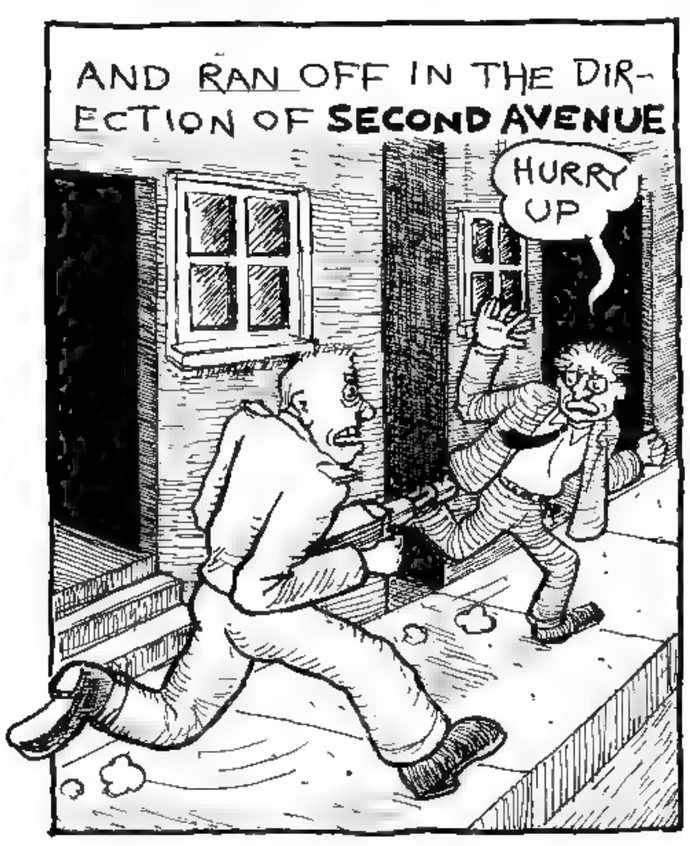


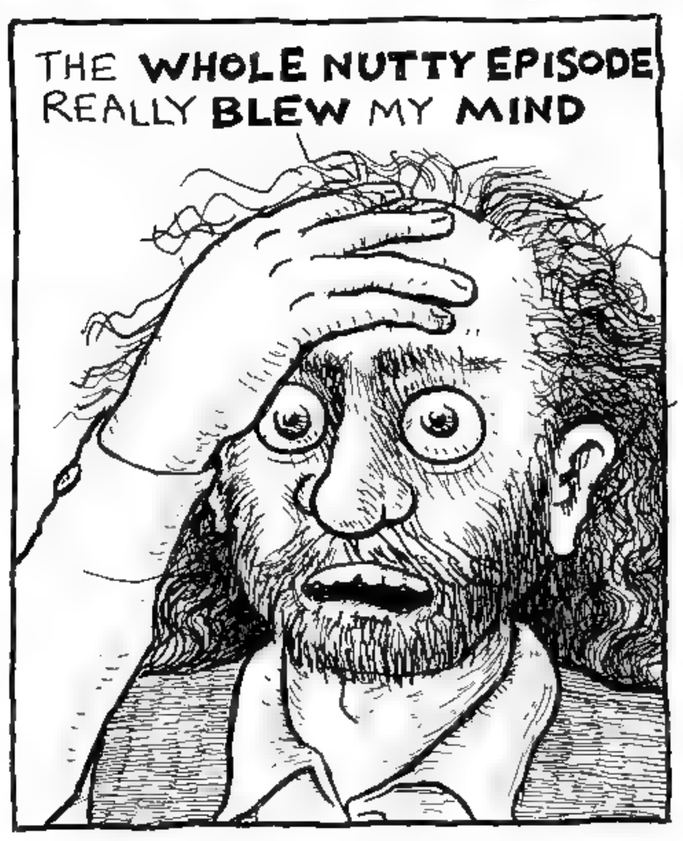


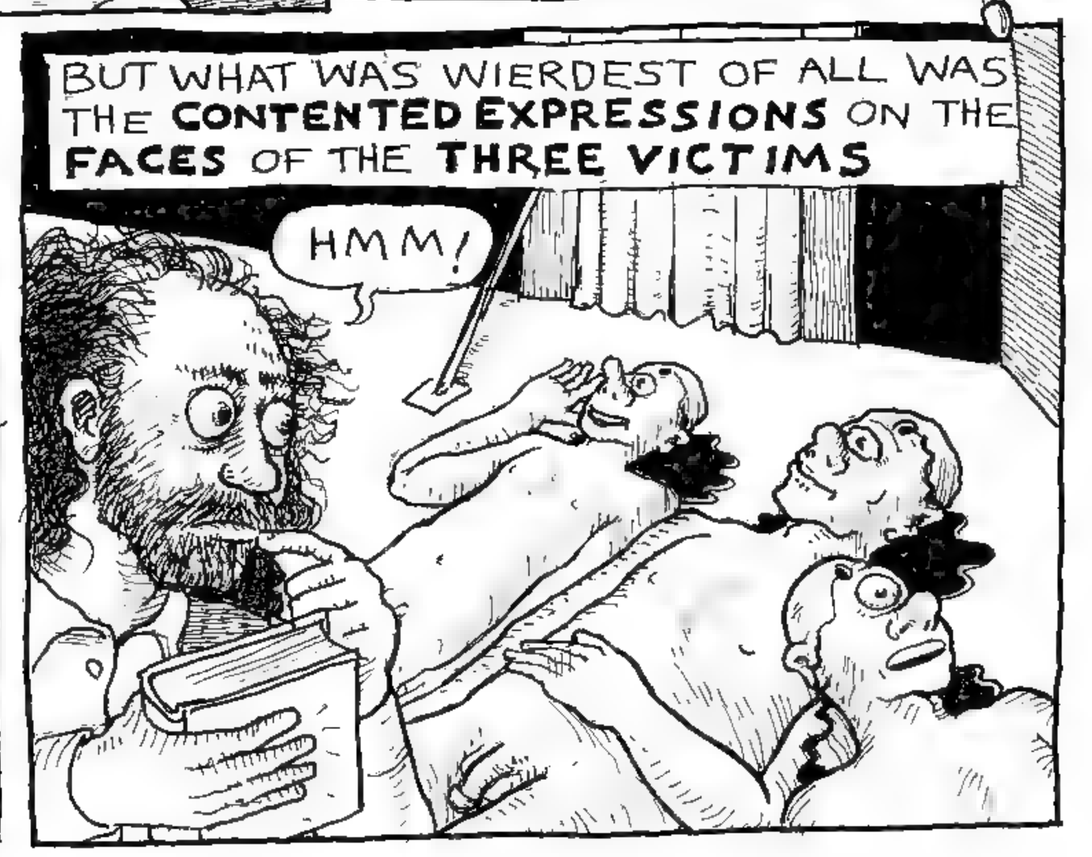


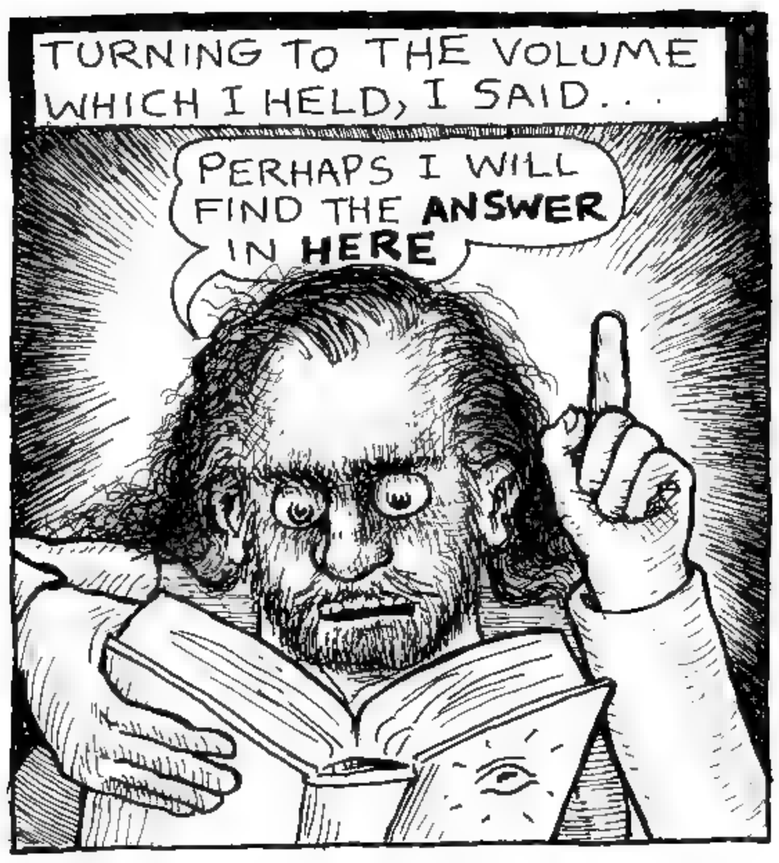


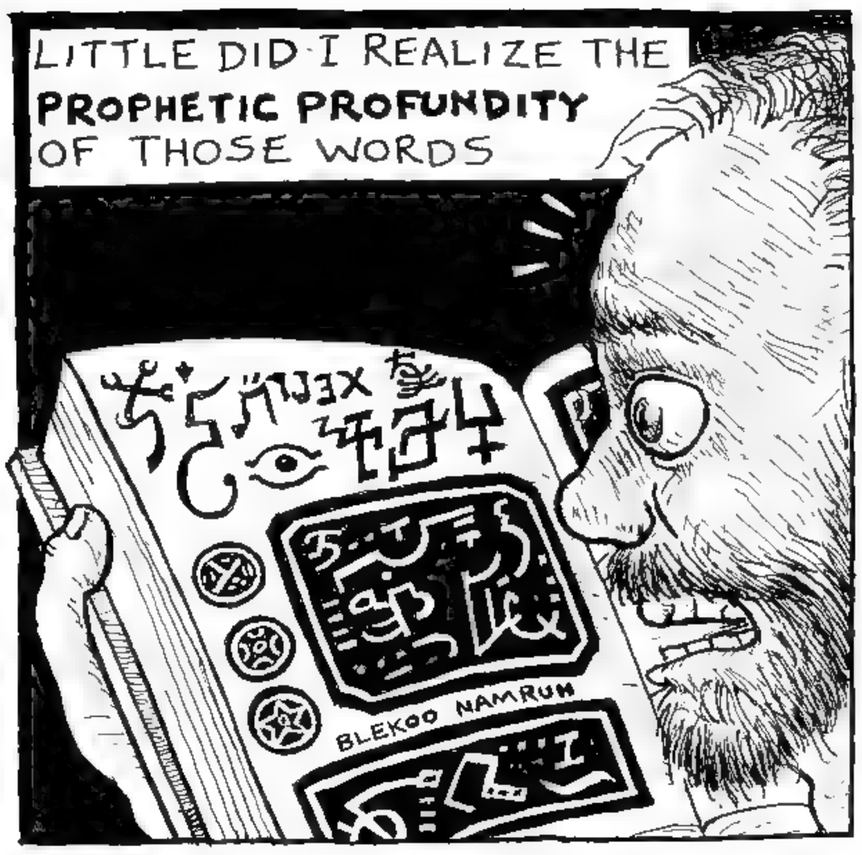


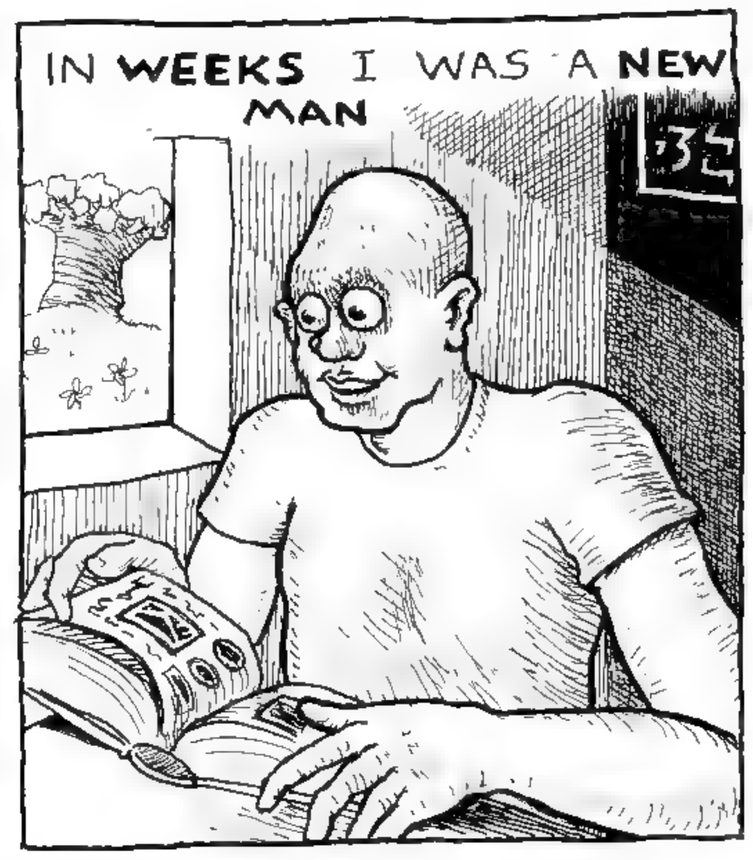


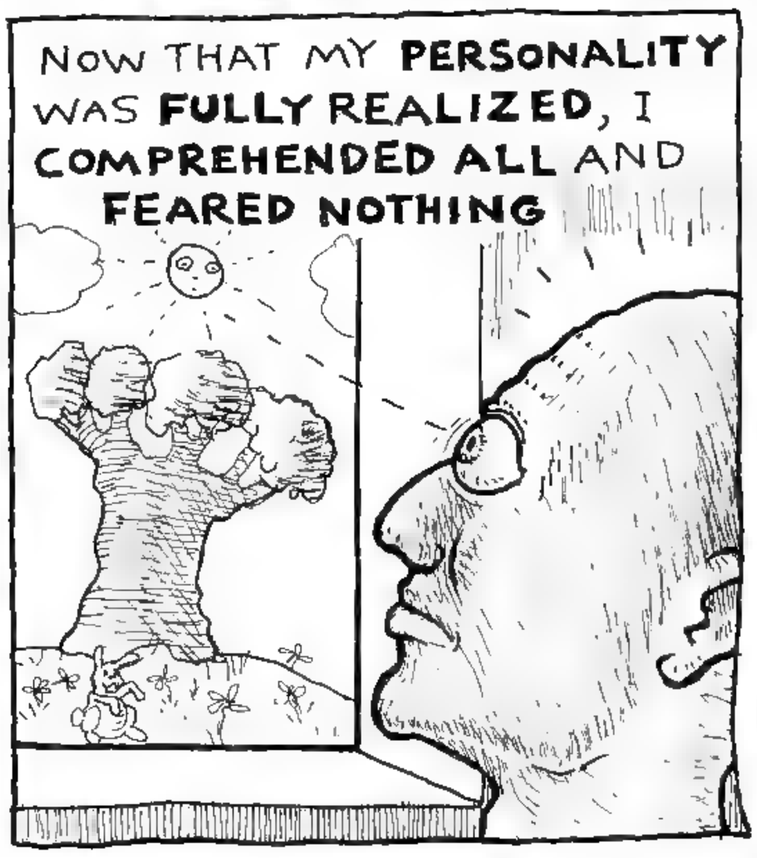


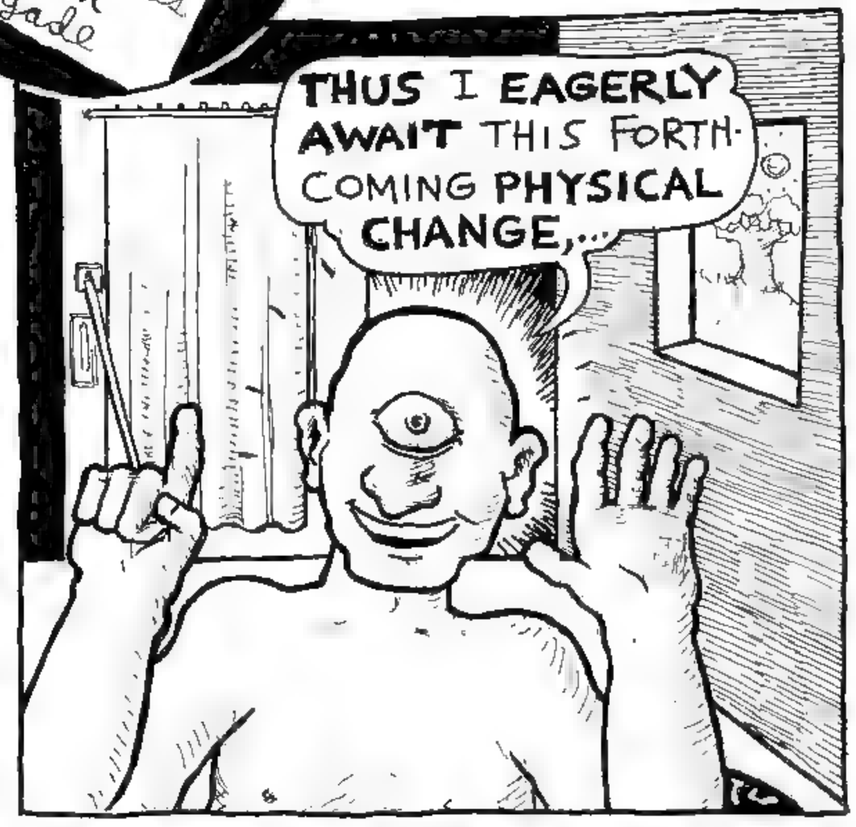


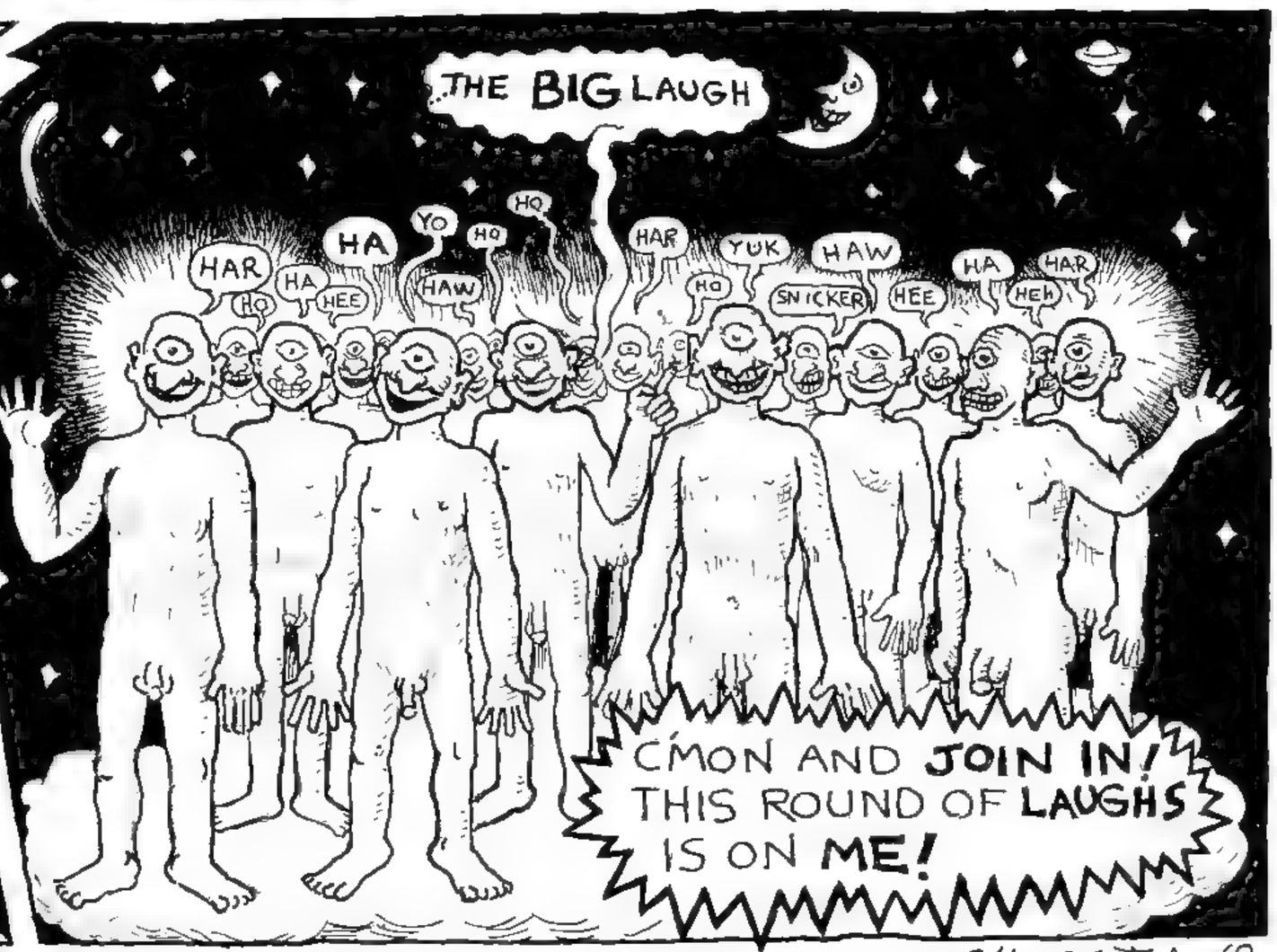












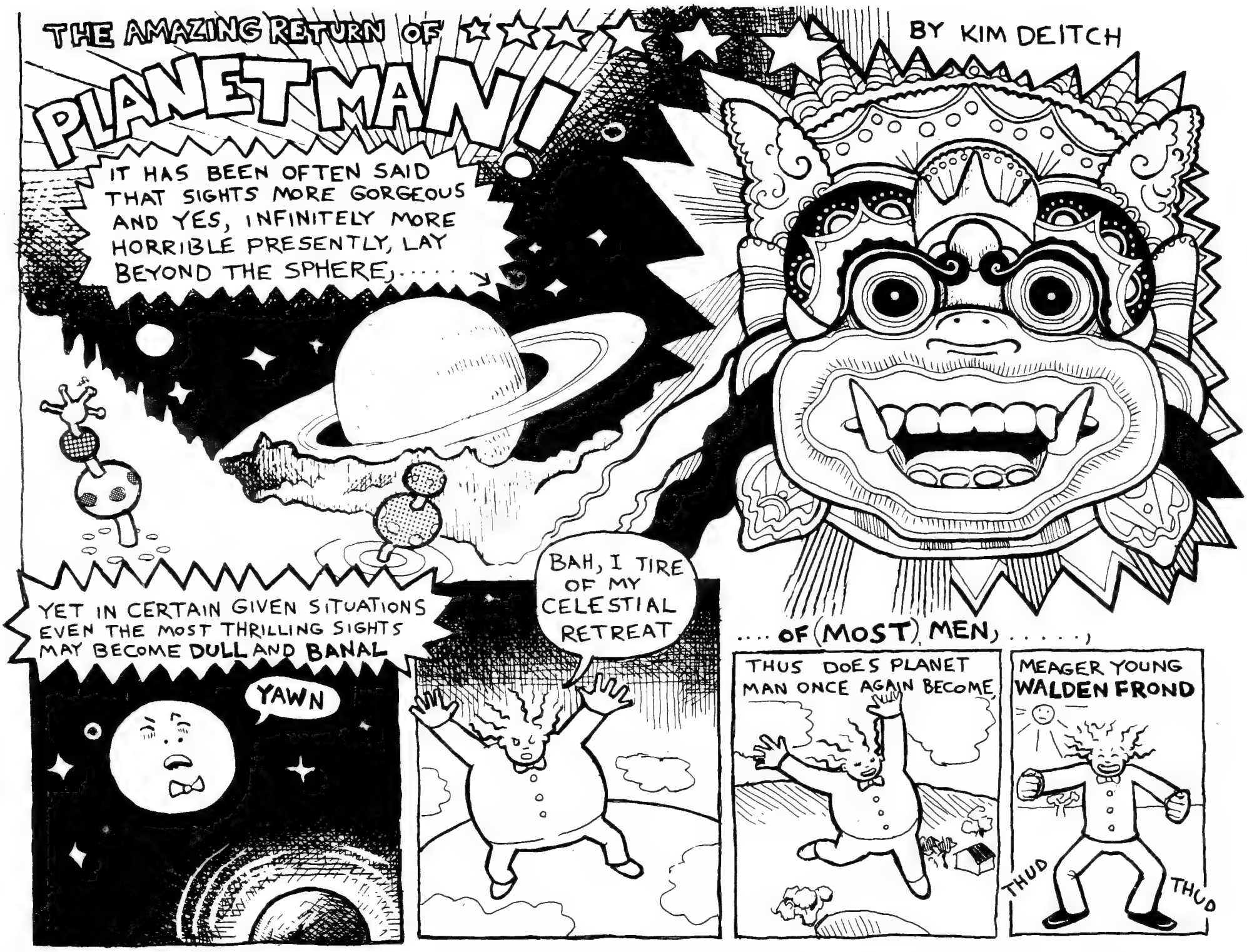
Kim Deitch 69

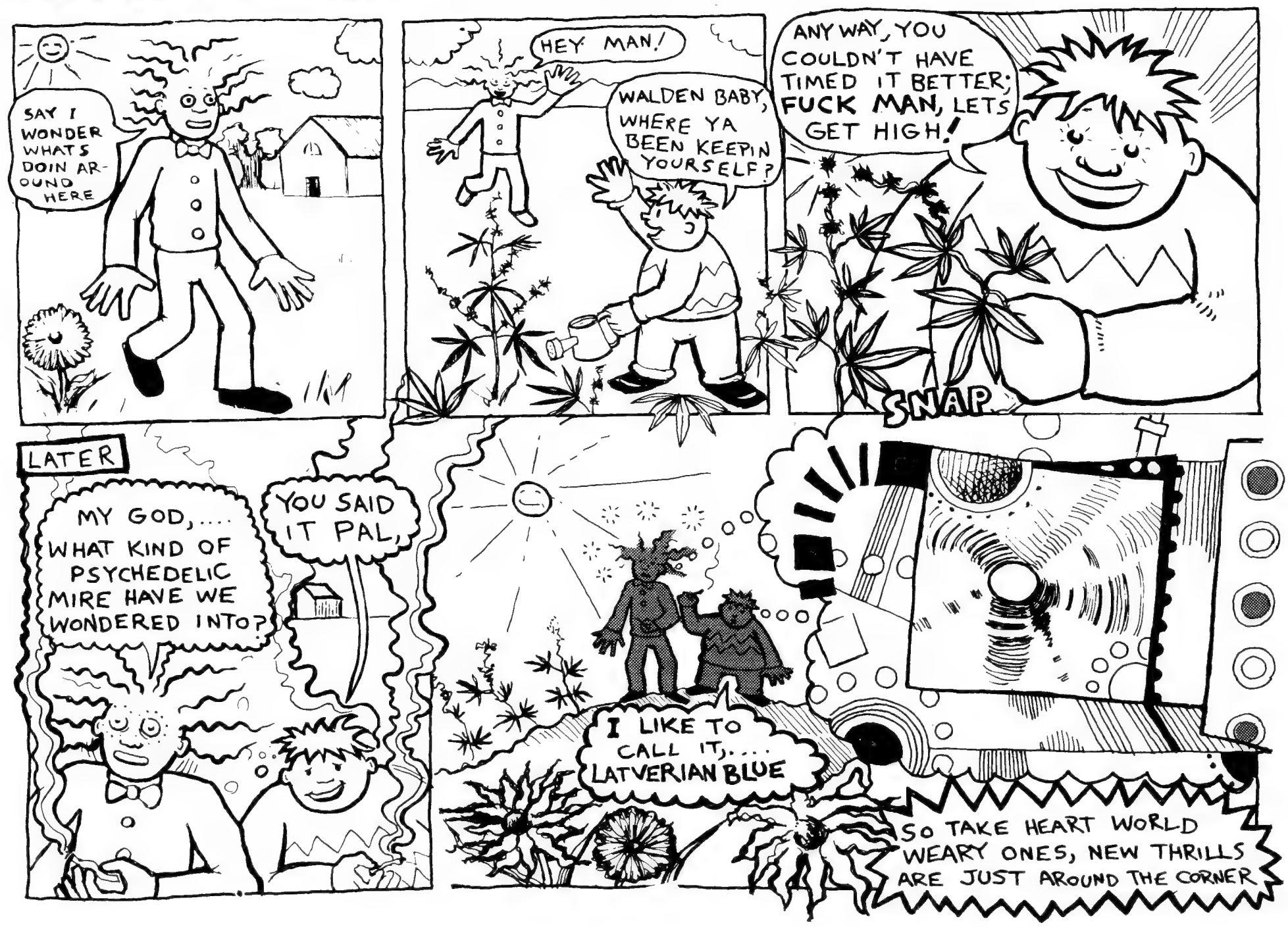
ETERNAL COMICS
BY EDGAR ARLINGTON
HMM!
THE COSMIC TIMES
FATTY ARBUCKLE TO BE EXHUMED
THOUGHTS OF SERVILE INSURRECTION RARELY OCCURED TO ILLIANA
HER IDIOLOGY, (THE LITTLE THERE WAS OF IT), WAS CONTROLLED BY THE EVER CHANGING FACE OF THE MOON
RESULTINGLY, THERE WERE MANY WHO CONSIDERED HER.....
SHE'S A WEIRDY ALL RIGHT
LESS THAN SANE
WEIRDY NOTHIN! SHE'S THE NUTTIEST LITTLE COCKATOO I EVER SEEN
AND PERCHANCE THEY WERE CORRECT;.... FOR ONCE A MONTH.....
ILLIANA
I COME
SACRED DAUGHTER
SUCCULENT FUCK
"AN OPIATE VAPOR, DEWY,....DIM EXHALES FROM OUT HER GOLDEN RIM AND SOFTLY DRIPPING DROP BY DROP UPON THE QUIET MOUNTAIN TOP,... STEALS DROWSILY AND MUSICALLY... INTO THE UNIVERSAL VALLEY"
MIND YOU WE DON'T FULLY CONDONE THIS SORT OF THING
AND WILL SOON PRESENT IN REBUTTAL, SOME OF THE MORE MILITANT DISSENTING VIEWS
Z Z Z
© 1968 BY K. DEITCH

NO MAN, REALLY WORTHY OF THE NAME
HMM
BUT WITHIN HIS HELPLESS HEART ALIVE... HARBORS A YELLOW TALKATIVE SERPENT HE CAN NEITHER HUSH OR TAME.....
THE FANG!
..... THUS ON MIDNIGHT IN THE MONTH OF JUNE, STANDING BENEATH A MYSTIC MOON,... ONE HARVEY HEPPLEWHITE BEHELD A.....
HEH HEH HEH
RAPTURIOUS SIGHT
ZOUNDS
OOOOH
MEANWHILE IN ANOTHER PART OF THE FOREST,.....
I KNOW THIS HAT LOOKS FUNNY, BUT DIG.
BENT ON SUIC- -IDE!.....
SOONER OR LATER LIGHTNING WILL STRIKE,
...LURKED PHILIP FLOTSUM
AND I, SHALL GO OUT IN A BLAZE OF GLORY
WOW!
CRACK
HO HUM GUESS I'LL GO HOME 'N WATCH THE TUBE
ZOW!
SEE YA NEXT JUNE FOLKS
© 1969 BY KIM (THE KID) DEITCH

THE AMAZING RETURN OF PLANET MAN!

BY KIM DEITCH





SCIENCE by Kim Deitch

GOT THE HEEBEE JEEBEES?

BANISH THEM IN MINUTES, THIS EASY NEW WAY!

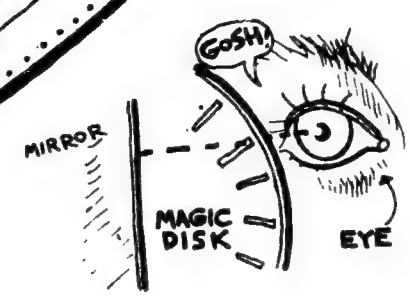
INSTRUCTIONS

1. CUT OUT THE MANDALA LIKE DRAWING BELOW, AND PASTE IT ON **STURDY** CARD BOARD.
2. USING RAZOR, OR AN EXACTO KNIFE, CUT OUT THE **EIGHT** EVENLY SPACED SLITS
3. **PIERCE** THE CENTER HOLE AND FIRMLY ATTACH TO A PENCIL OR SOME SIMILAR OBJECT THAT MAY SERVE AS ITS AXIS
4. STAND BEFORE A MIRROR. LINE EYE UP WITH ONE OF THE EIGHT SLITS;... **SPIN!**

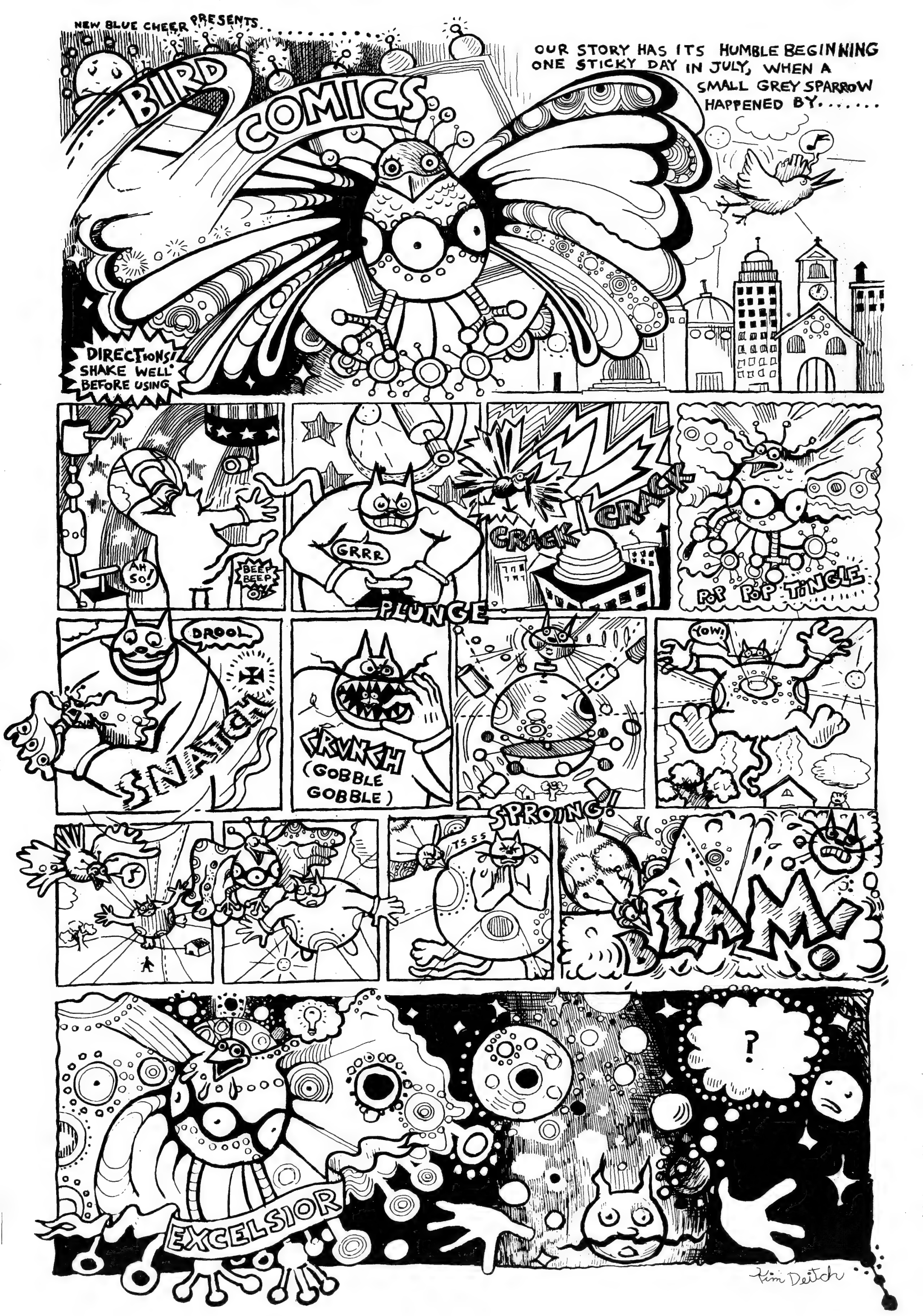
CUT OUT, MOUNT, SPIN, MARVEL, YUK IT UP AND SO ON

DONT WAIT! DO IT NOW!

5. THEN **THRILL** TO **MIND BLOWING SENSATIONS!**



©1968 BY K. DEITCH


NEW BLUE CHEER PRESENTS.....
BIRD COMICS
OUR STORY HAS ITS HUMBLE BEGINNING ONE STICKY DAY IN JULY, WHEN A SMALL GREY SPARROW HAPPENED BY.....
DIRECTIONS: SHAKE WELL BEFORE USING
AH SO!
BEEP BEEP
GRRR
CRACK
CRACK
POP POP TINGLE
PLUNGE
DROOL
SNATCH
CRUNCH (GOBBLE GOBBLE)
YOW!
SPROING!
TSSS
SLAM
?
EXCELSIOR
Kim Deitch

THE KABLITZEN gazette

BY FUNGO FERRIS

BLUE BIRD Comics

BY KIM DEITCH

YOU LOSE BOY!

(CLICK) (CLICK)

TSK TSK, A PITY, A PITY, BUT A DEALS A DEAL. VINCE, CUT HIS HEART OUT!

MY PLEASURE

MEANWHILE

GROAN KOFF KOFF

NO! PLEASE!

HELP

BETTY! GOOD LORD!

LATER

HEY RUBE!

C'MON YA MUGS, PUT SOME MOXIE IN IT!

HEY LOOK! I DIDNT CRAP OUT; ITS A SEVEN!

MY HERO SMACK

AW SHUCKS

SUDDENLY, A CELESTIAL OUTBURST OF RARE BEAUTY!!

GOSH

DROP

SORRY GENTLEMEN. I WANT HIM ALIVE! THIS BEING THE CASE CUTTING HIS HEART OUT, WOULD NEVER DO. NO, I'M VERY MUCH AFRAID THAT THE ONLY DYING TO BE DONE JUST NOW, WILL HAVE TO BE DONE BY YOU BOYS. CHOW.....

GZOT

GZOT

AND AS FOR YOU, (YOU BLUNDERING SHMO), DO NOTHING TILL YOU HEAR IT FROM ME!

AH, THERE YOU ARE WELL DONE SIR! TIS OBVIOUS YOU'RE MADE OF GOOD STUFF

WHO, ME?

TUT, TUT, TUT, NO NEED TO BE MODEST. I GUESS AN OLD BOLT LIKE ME KNOWS A TROOPER WHEN HE SEES ONE. I COULD USE A LAD LIKE YOU! WHY YOU WOULD BE A CREDIT TO YOUR RACE!

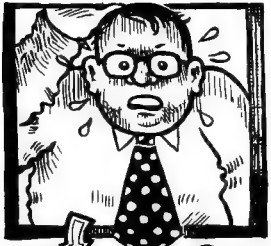
?

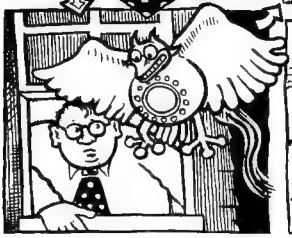
DON'T YOU BELIEVE IT KID! STICK WITH ME TILL YA CAN DO BETTER. I'LL TREAT YOU RIGHT

NEXT WEEK A STRANGE ALLIANCE!

FLAMING FUNNIES

BY KIM DEITCH





FUNKY FUNNIES

STARRING WALDO AND UNCLE ED (THE INDIA RUBBER MAN!)

BY KIM DEITCH

DOCTOR ZOTS! THE MECHANICAL BRAIN

THINGS HAVE BEEN REALLY POPPING SINCE LAST WEEK

BUT ENOUGH; WALDO AND UNCLE ED FRONT AND CENTER!

YOU CALLED SIRE?

S-T-R-E-E-CH

SPROING

WHOOOSH!

GREETINGS WITLESS VICTIM TYPES

WARM UP THE ENSEPHALONIT-ROGIZER WILL YOU BOYS?

IT SHALL BE DONE

AS FOR THOSE TWO

SUFFICE TO SAY, THEY HAVE BECOME YET ANOTHER FEW IN MY EVER GROWING ARMY OF MINIONS

STEADY AS SHE GOES ON NUMBER THREE

CHECK

GOOD MORN-ING WENDEL! HOW GOES IT OLD BOY

PRETTY GOOD DR ZOTS.

ACCORDING TO ALL CALCULATIONS WE SHOULD BE LOCATING HER JUST ABOUT...

NOW! HUH! !!!

CAN THIS WEARY AND BEATEN BROW BE TRULY THAT OF SUNSHINE GIRL?

IS THIS BLOATED SHADOW OF SORROW, MY VICTIM?

SURELY THERE MUST BE SOME MISTAKE

AH BUT IT IS NO MISTAKE FOR WHERE IS SUNSHINE GIRL? GALAXYS AWAY? NAY! TIS OUR DUTY TO REPORT HER CLOSER AFOOT AS CLOSE AS SAY 22nd AND 3rd WHERE

EQUITY BAR

EQUITY BAR

AN AGING RELIC OF THE FLOWER ERA, LANGUISHES

YTIU

IT ISNT THAT I WOULDNT LIKE TO HELP

REFILL LADY?

AGAINST THE WALL MOTHER FUCKER

I'D JUST RATHER WATCH THE TUBE

THAT IS ALL GENTLEMEN YOU MAY PICK UP YOUR CHECK ON THE WAY OUT

SAY DOC YER A SWELL GUY AFTER ALL

ENOUGH LEAVE ME!

YOU SEE I WANT

TO BE ALONE

Ken Deitch

TO-JOY KOMIX
ACME LAUNDRY
BOY I SURE WAS LUCKY TO SNAG THIS JOB
BY KIM & SPAIN

GOSH MY FIRST DELIVERY! HOPE I DON'T MUFF IT
RING!

GOOD AFTER-NOON MAM, ACME LAUNDRY AT YOUR SERVICE
OH MY, I LEFT MY CHANGE PURSE IN THE HOUSE
ACME LAUNDR

NOW WHERE DID I PUT MY PURSE?
HEH! HEH! HEH!

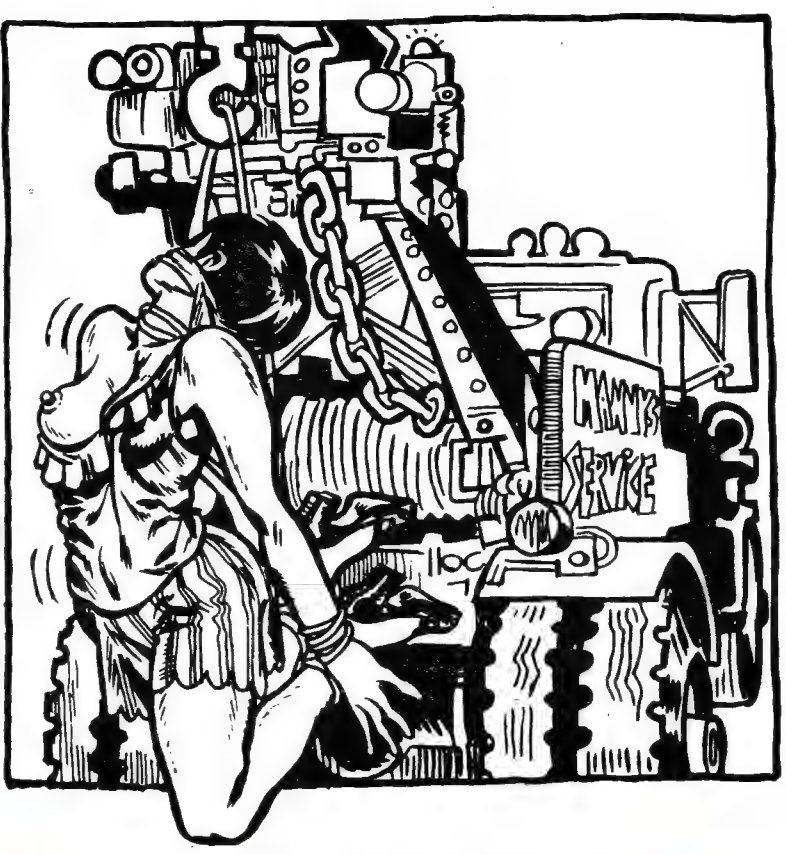
HOWDY MISS WANNA FROZEN GOODIE POP? HEH! HEH!
OH MY GOODNESS, WHO ARE YOU?
WHY I'M YOUR FROZEN GOODIE POP MAN, HAW!

HEH HEH HEH, FROZEN CREAMY GOODNESS M'AM
OH YOU NASTY MAN!

M-M-M DELICIOUS YUMMY SCRUMCHIE WUNCHIE
STOP! OH PLEESE EEEEK

GET 'IM MANNY
THWAK
UNH!

THANX BOYS YOU SURE CAME IN THE NICK OF TIME
DONT THANK US TOO SOON LADY


MANNY'S SERVICE

ACME LAUNDRY
HEY LADY! YA FORGOT YOUR PACKAGE!

!
PUFF GASP WHEEZE

WHAA!

DA PROFESSOR WILL PAY A NKE PRICE FOR THIS
YA BOSS
MANNY'S SERVICE

YES JANOS SOON MY MENIALS WILL ARIVE WITH THE GIRL. THEN I CAN MAKE PLANS FOR THE GREATEST TRANSPLANT IN HISTORY. I ALONE SHALL SAVE THE GENERAL!
JA BOSS
NIHILISTIC RESEARCH LAB
MEANWHILE

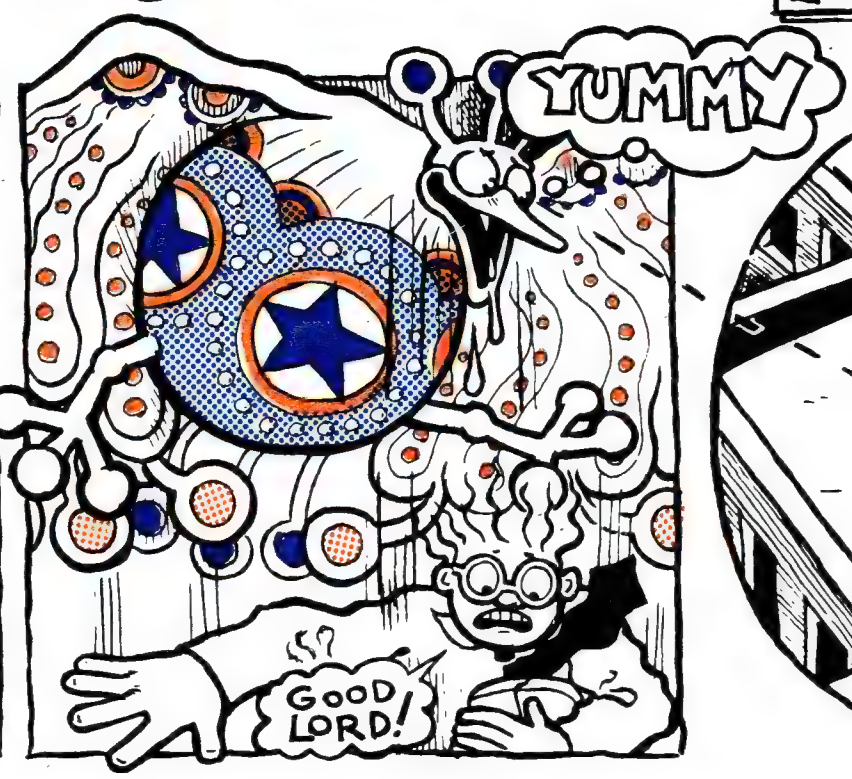
EXCELLENT, JANOS; BE SURE TO LOCK UP THE NILWORM. YOU KNOW HOW HE GETS WHEN HE SMELLS WOMAN
HERE Y'ARE PROFESOR NIL, JUST AS YOU ORDERED
JA BOSS

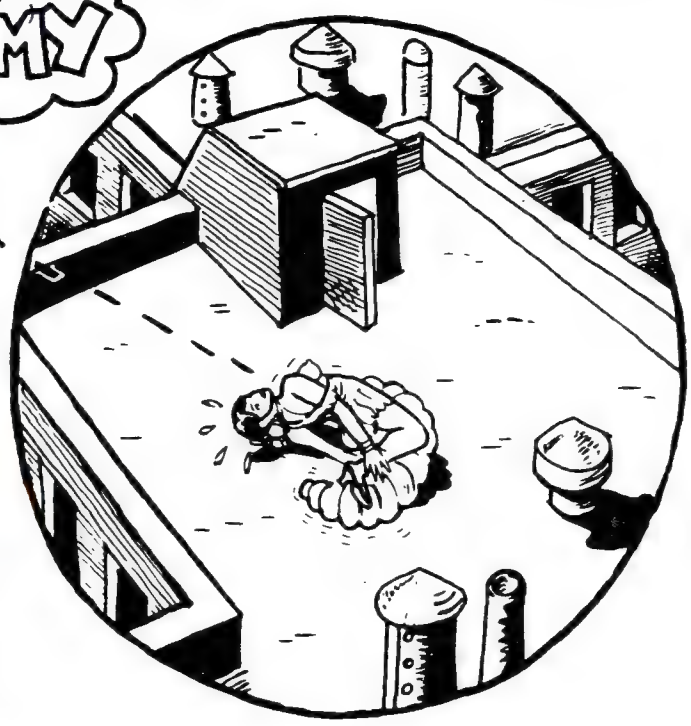
AND YOU MY DEAR, SHALL FURNISH THE HEART FOR THE TRANSPLANT THAT WILL SAVE THE LIFE OF EX-PRESIDENT EISENHOWER!
NIHILISTIC RESEARCH LABS
GULP!

THIS SHALL INDEED BE THE GREATEST TRIUMPH OF MY CAREER. NEXT STEP SHALL BE TO KIDNAP IKE!
UGMNF
SLITHER
SLITHER

SHE'S GONE! THE NILWORM MUST HAVE GOTTEN LOOSE AND TAKEN HER UP ON THE ROOF!
GATER
NIHILISTIC RESEARCH LABS

OH MY GOODNESS GRACIOUS
SLURGUL
SLERSH

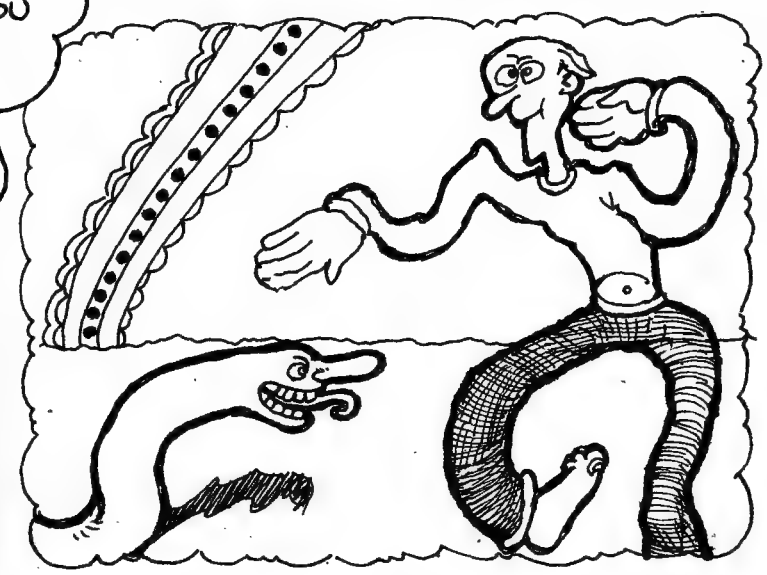

YUMMY
GOOD LORD!



DROOL
UGH
THONK

HERE'S YOUR LAUNDRY LADY
LAUNDRY! UNTIE ME YOU IMBECILE!
GOSH, WHAT A GROUCH!

DEITCH BROS.
Present
Comic Life
STARRING WALDO AND THE LAUGHING COW!
SHE-E-IT! SEEMS LIKE NOTHIN'S GOING RIGHT FOR ME
GOT 'TH FUCKIN CRABS OFF OLD MAN DITHER'S DAUGHTER
CLEAN OUTA DOPE...
AND NOW I FIND OUT MY BEST GIRL'S BEEN SPAYED!
WHOA!
SAY! JUST WHAT'S SO DAMN FUNNY?
SPROING
WELL I'LL BE
TOO MUCH!
LATER
AIN'T LIFE GRAND!
MORAL
TAKE WHAT GOD HAS GIVEN YOU
© 1968 BY KIM & SIMON DEITCH



I GUESS YA COULD CALL ME FATES' CLEAN UP MAN. YOU SEE, I'M THE...

ConquerorWorm

THERE ARE THOSE HOWEVER WHO WOULD CHEAT FATE OF IT'S DUES! SUCH A MAN WAS ANDRE VESTINE!

A PAMPERED, YOUNG DECADENT, WHO OUT OF BOREDOM, MADE A DEADLY MOCKERY OF LAW & ORDER

ANDRE VESTINE WHO LAUGHED AT HIS PRESCRIBED DEMISE.

AND CONTINUED TO LAUGH

...ALL THE WAY TO THE SEAT!

KIM DIETCH and Hoke

FLAMING funnies

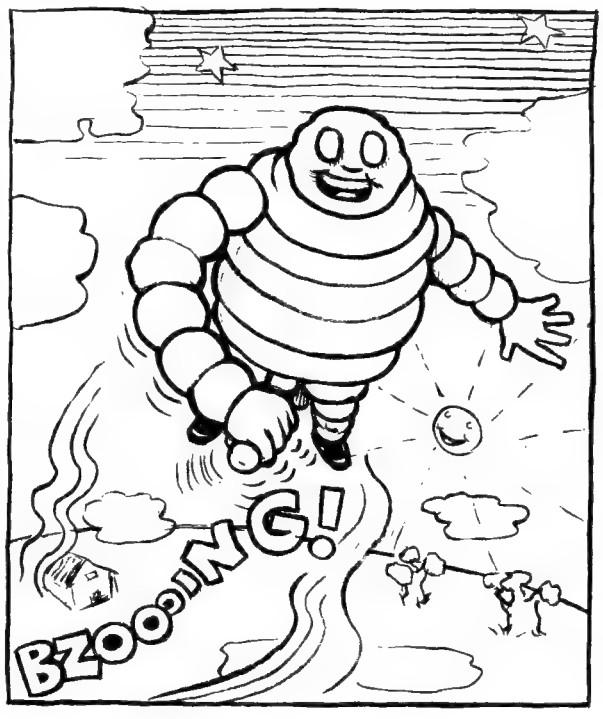
RUNNING FOR THE ONE YOU LOVE? OR IS THAT TOO HEAVY FOR YOU? IF IT IS, WELL THEN FORGET IT CAUSE THIS STORY AINT FOR YOU!!

FOR WE REMAINING ROMANTIC FOOLS, OUR STORY BEGINS, PROSAICALLY ENOUGH WITH OUR HERO RUNNING, (THOUGH FUTILEY) FOR THE ONE HE LOVES

SHE'S GONE, HE'S DOWN THERE HE STANDS FOLKS (A BIT THEATRICALLY PERHAPS) OVER THE RIVER! (HE AINT JUMPIN THOUGH, HELL NO) NO FOLKS INSTEAD WE ARE ABOUT TO WITNESS THAT FATAL MOMENT IN MANY A YOUNG DUDE'S LIFE. HE CHOOSES THE HIGH ROAD YOU KNOW, THE FUNNY ONE THAT RUNS DOWN HILL!

THUS WE FIND OUR HERO TAKING A RATHER INEPT PLUNGE INTO THE WAGES OF SIN! IS HE YET ANOTHER FOR WHOM THE WORD LOVE, HAS CHANGED FROM A SACRED NOUN TO AN ALL TOO CASUAL VERB?

SO TAKE A LESSON YOU DRUNKEN LOTHARIOS IF YA LIKE EGG IN YOUR BEER, BRING YOUR OWN CHICKEN; LEAVE YOUR TEARS ON WUTHERING HEIGHTS

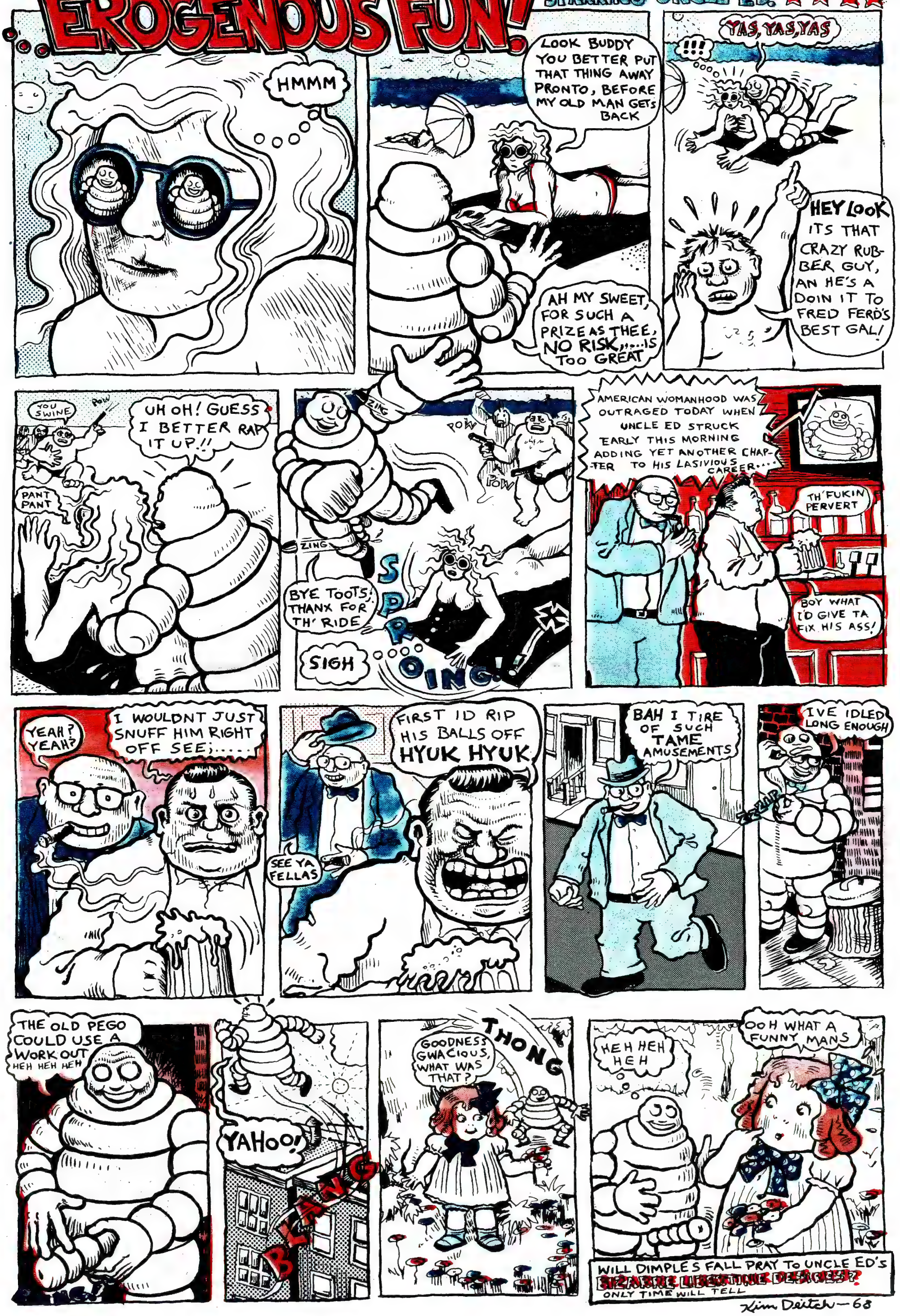


Kim Deitch 1968

THE ALBATROSS
PING
WHEE
SNAP!
THONK
SO REMEMBER GANG, EAT THAT ALBATROSS BEFORE IT EATS YOU!
© 9/16/68 BY Kim Deitch

EROGENOUS FUN!

STARRING UNCLE ED! ★★★★



Kim Deitch—68

UNCLE ED THE RUBBER WONDERMAN BLUNDERS IN,....

SHAKE IT BUT DONT BREAK IT

MY MY MY WHATS A SWEET LITTLE CHILD LIKE YOU DOING SO FAR FROM MOMMY?

HA WHAT A CINCH!

OOOH I'M SCARED

THERE'S NO NEED TO BE MY CHILD,

THOUGH I MAY SEEM BIZAARE, I AM ACTUALLY AN INSTRUMENT OF UNIQUE PRECISION

AN INSTRUMENT I MIGHT ADD,

OF MATCHLESS TECHNIQUE AS WELL

BOY YOU AIN'T KIDDIN

QUACK

RIP

GIMME

LATER

SAY, I WONDER WHAT'S DOIN UP ED'S WAY

OPEN UP YA BIG GAS BAG ITS ME, WALDO?

UNCLE ED

ZZZAP!

HOLD UP A SEC WILL YA? IM BUSY!

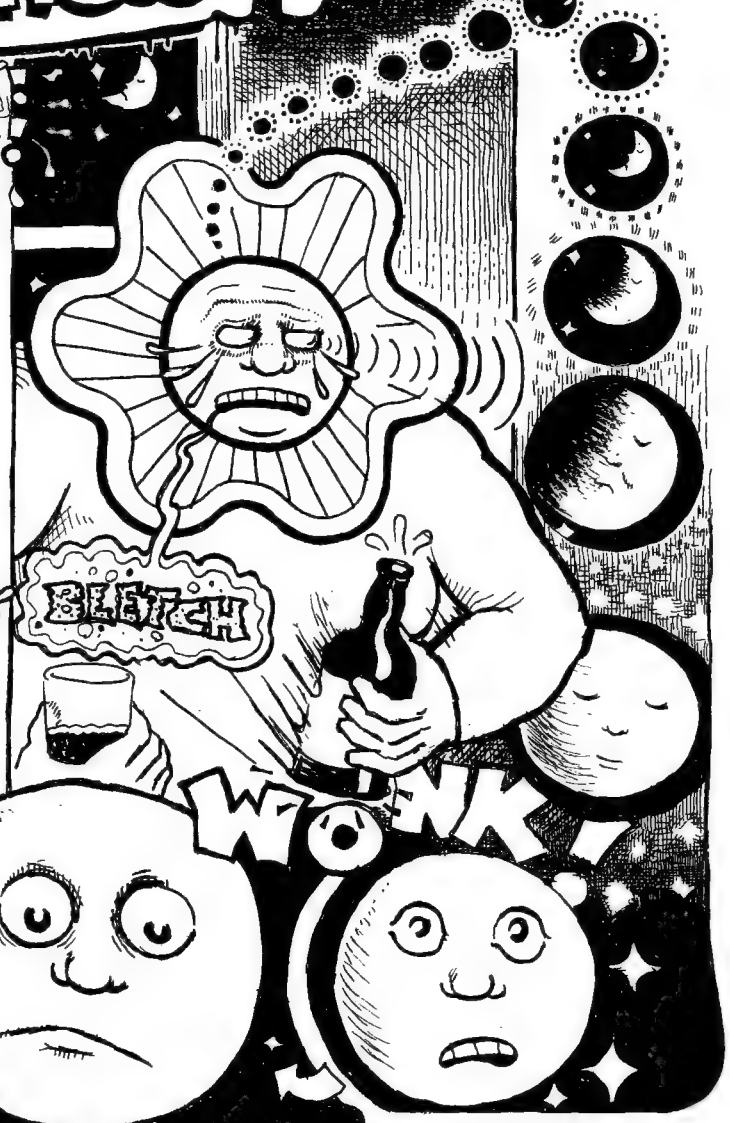
©1964 Kim & Simon Deitch

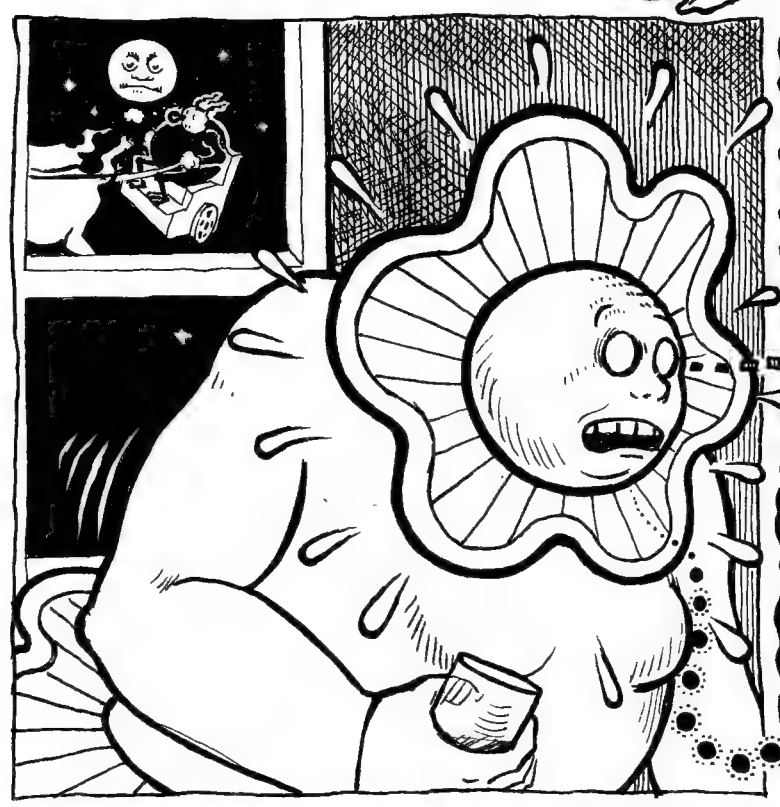
PEP COMICS

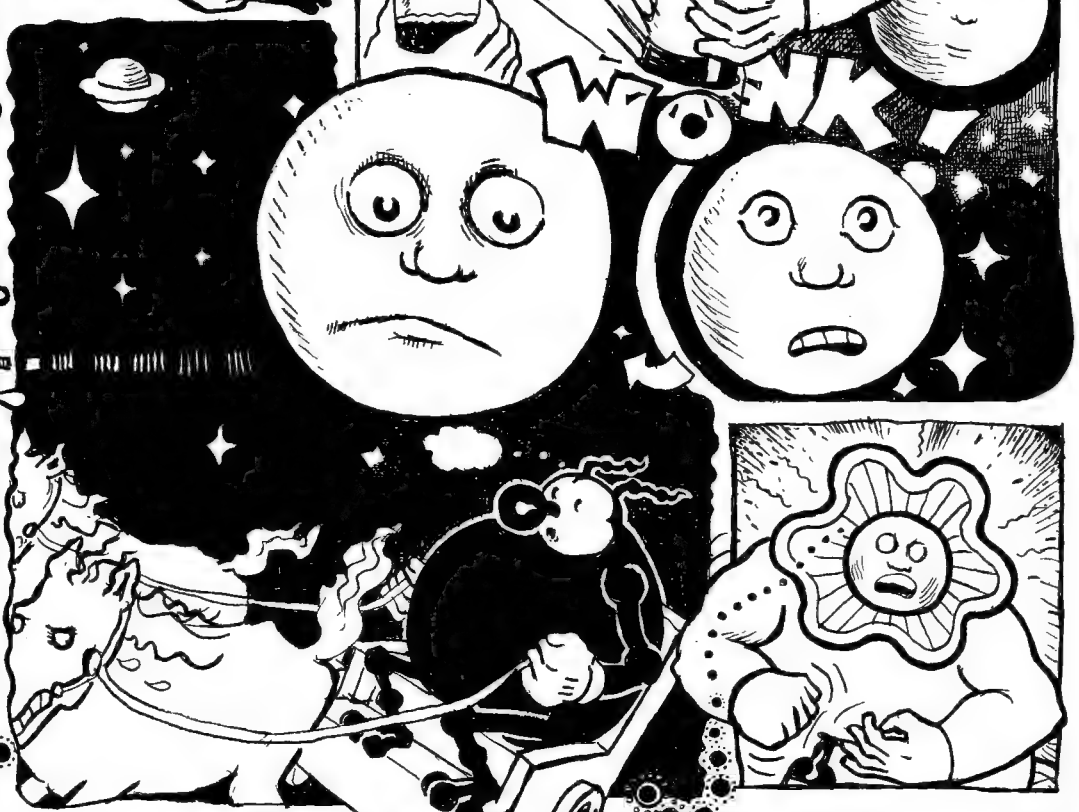
MOO
CHOOO!
KLONK!
KRASH
ETOYE!
GZOT!
TSSSSSS
YAGHH!
GRRRR
MIMES IN THE FORM OF GOD ON HIGH, MUTTER AND MUMBLE LOW; MERE PUPPETS WHO COME AND GO, FLAPPING FROM OUT THEIR CORDON WINGS, INVISIBLE WOE!
Kim Deitch

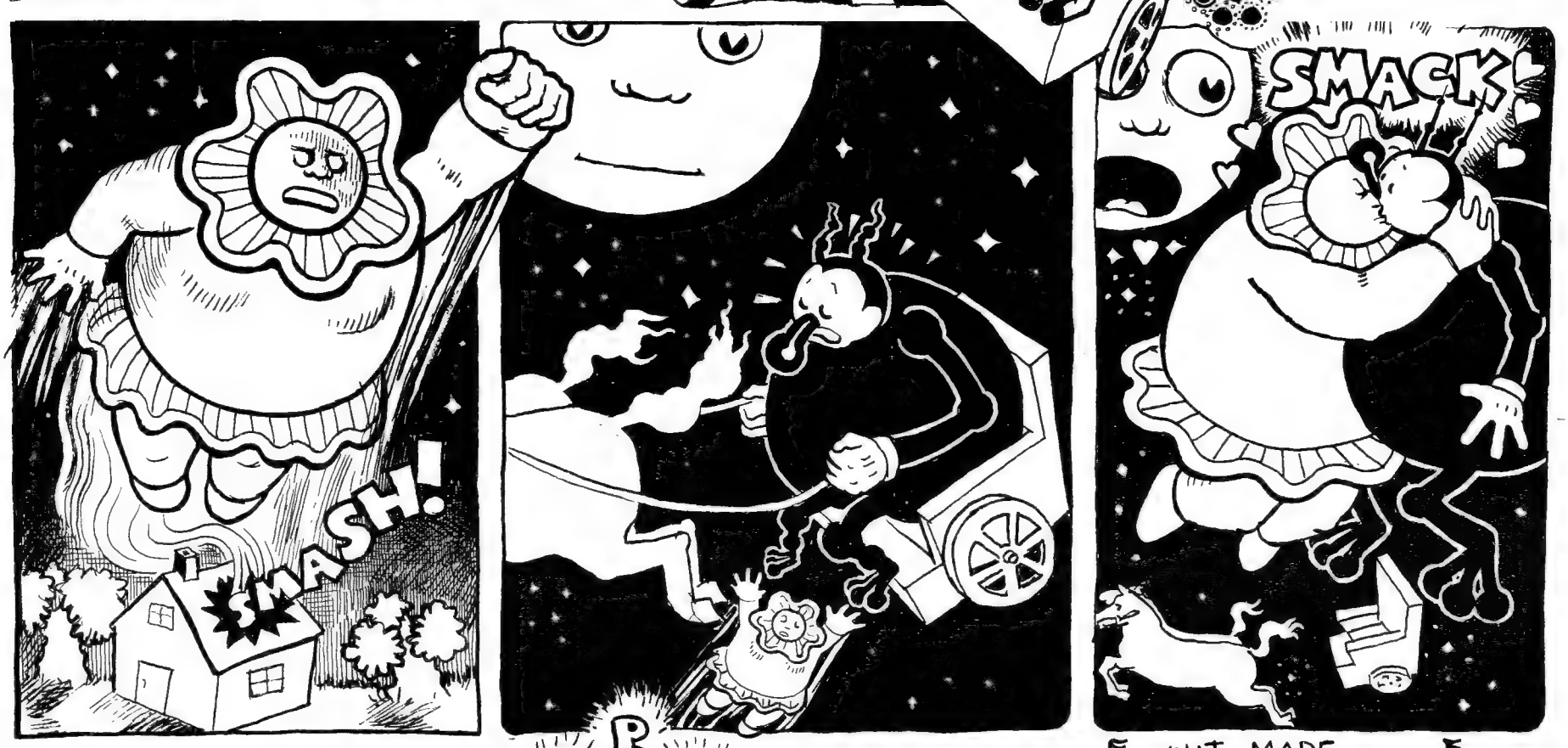
Chemical Madness!

By Kim Deitch....

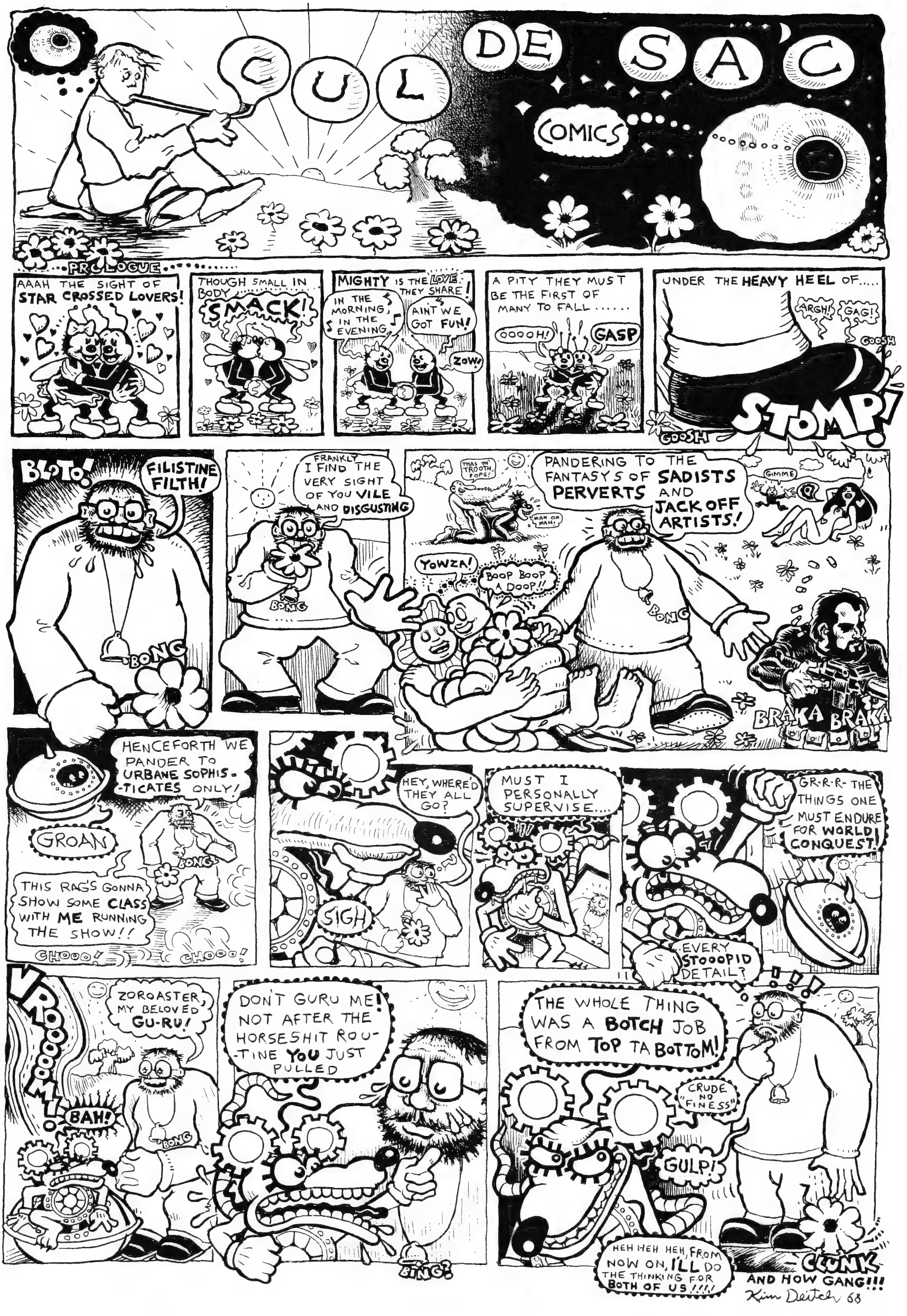








©DOOMSDAY 1968

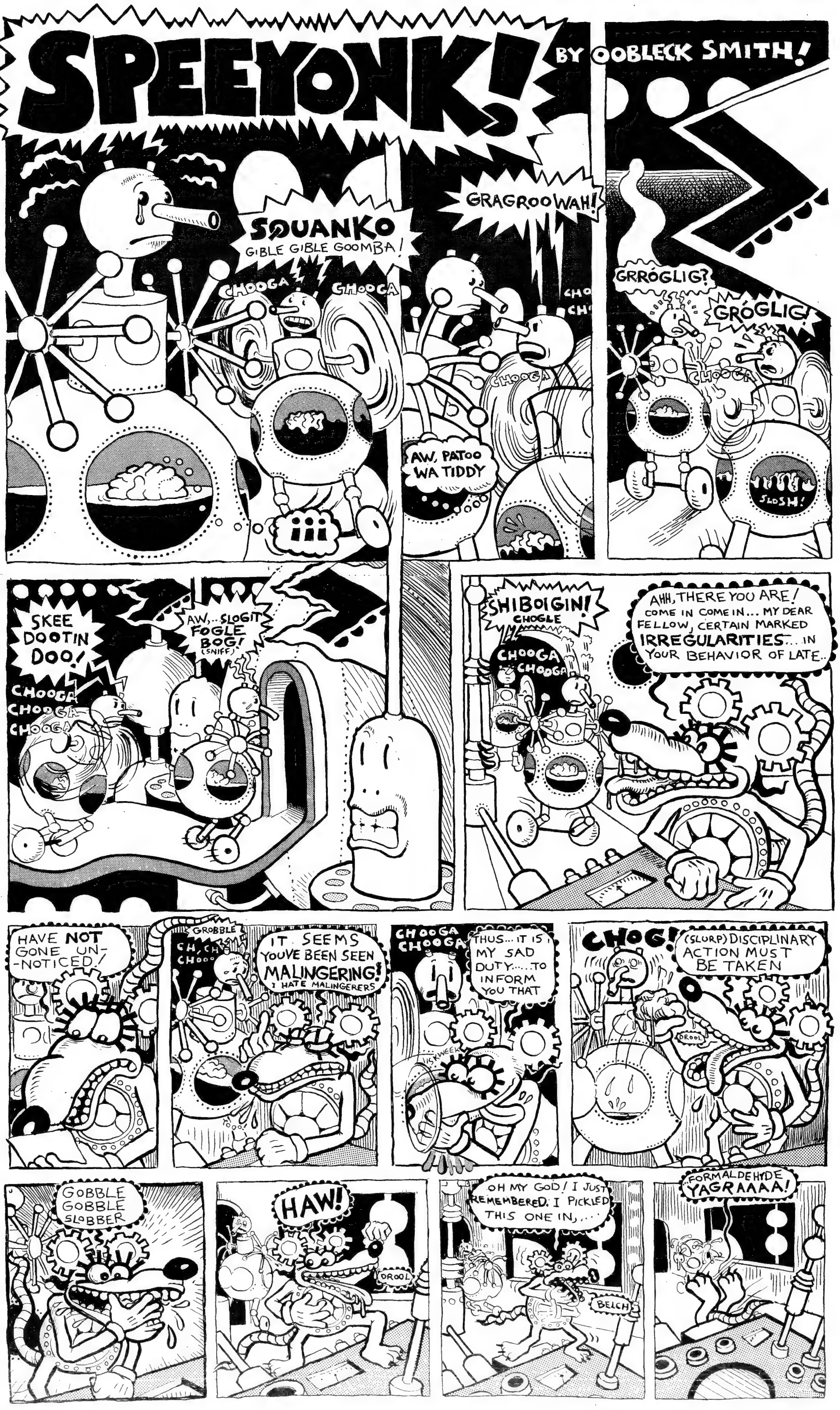

CUL DE SAC
COMICS
PROLOGUE
AAAH THE SIGHT OF STAR CROSSED LOVERS!
THOUGH SMALL IN BODY
SMACK!
MIGHTY IS THE LOVE THEY SHARE!
IN THE MORNING, IN THE EVENING,
AINT WE GOT FUN!
ZOW!
A PITY THEY MUST BE THE FIRST OF MANY TO FALL.....
OOOOH!
GASP
UNDER THE HEAVY HEEL OF.....
ARGH!
GAG!
GOOSH
GOOSH
STOMP!
BLOTO!
FILISTINE FILTH!
BONG
FRANKLY I FIND THE VERY SIGHT OF YOU VILE AND DISGUSTING
BONG
THAS TH' TROOTH, POPS!
MAH OH MAH!
PANDERING TO THE FANTASYS OF SADISTS PERVERTS AND JACK OFF ARTISTS!
GIMME
YOWZA!
BOOP BOOP A DOOP!!
BONG
BRAKA BRAKA
HENCEFORTH WE PANDER TO URBANE SOPHIS-TICATES ONLY!
GROAN
BONG
THIS RAG'S GONNA SHOW SOME CLASS WITH ME RUNNING THE SHOW!!
CHOOO!
CHOOO!
HEY, WHERE'D THEY ALL GO?
SIGH
MUST I PERSONALLY SUPERVISE....
GR-R-R- THE THINGS ONE MUST ENDURE FOR WORLD CONQUEST!
EVERY STOOOPID DETAIL?
VROOOOOM
ZOROASTER, MY BELOVED GU-RU!
BAH!
BONG
DON'T GURU ME! NOT AFTER THE HORSESHIT ROU-TINE YOU JUST PULLED
BING!
THE WHOLE THING WAS A BOTCH JOB FROM TOP TA BOTTOM!
CRUDE NO "FINESS"
GULP!
HEH HEH HEH, FROM NOW ON, I'LL DO THE THINKING FOR BOTH OF US!!!!
CLUNK
AND HOW GANG!!!
Kim Deitch 68

CRYIN (AIN'T LYIN) HIGH FLYIN FUNNIES

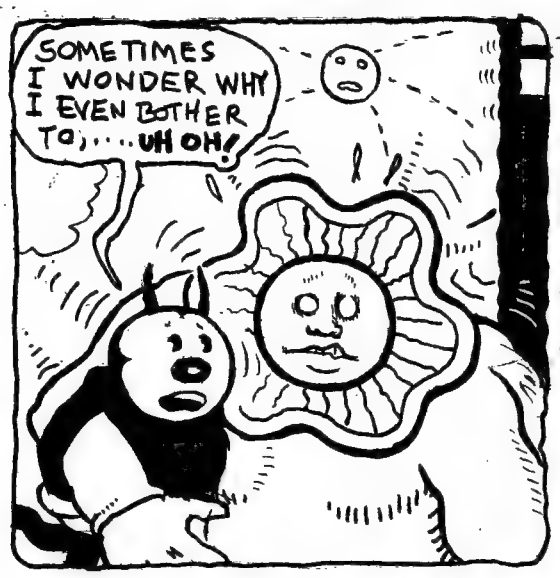
©1968 BY Kim Deitch L.A.M.F.....

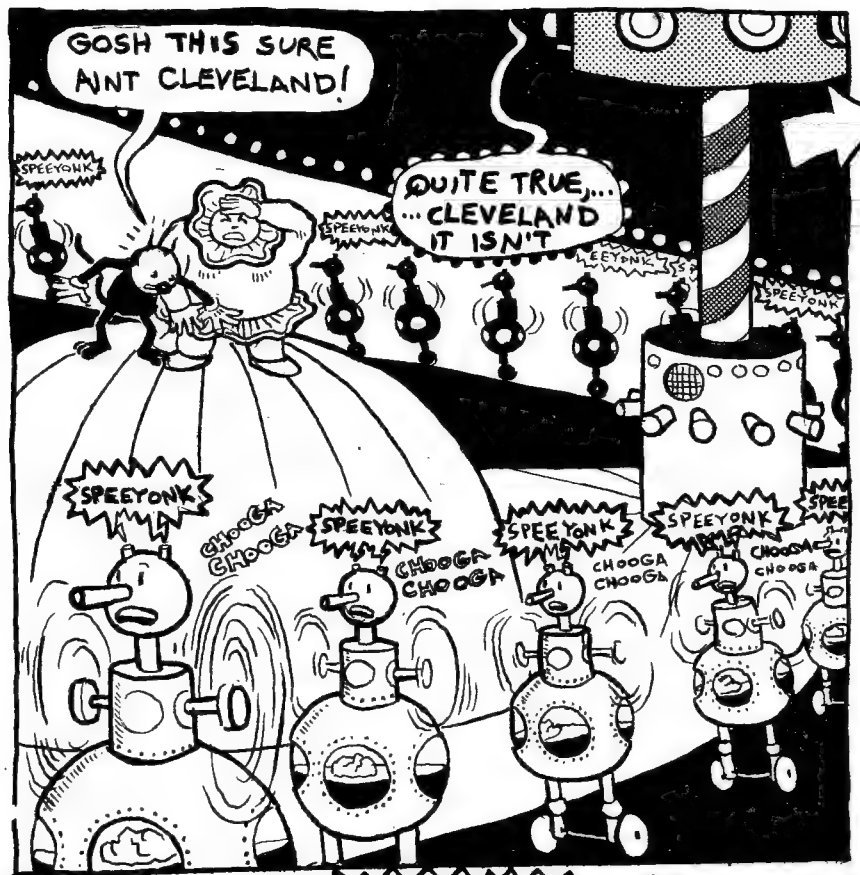
SPEEYONK!

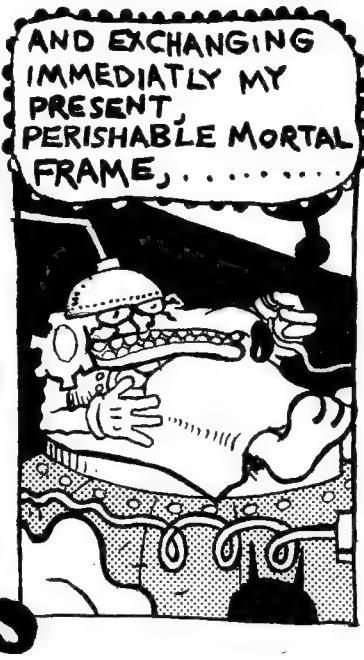
BY OOBLECK SMITH!

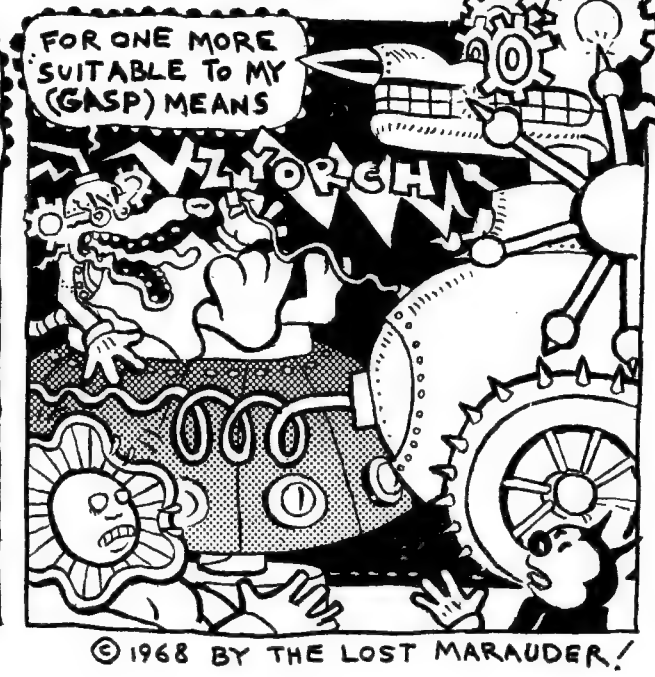


Worlds Favorite Comics starring Sunshine Girl and Waldo





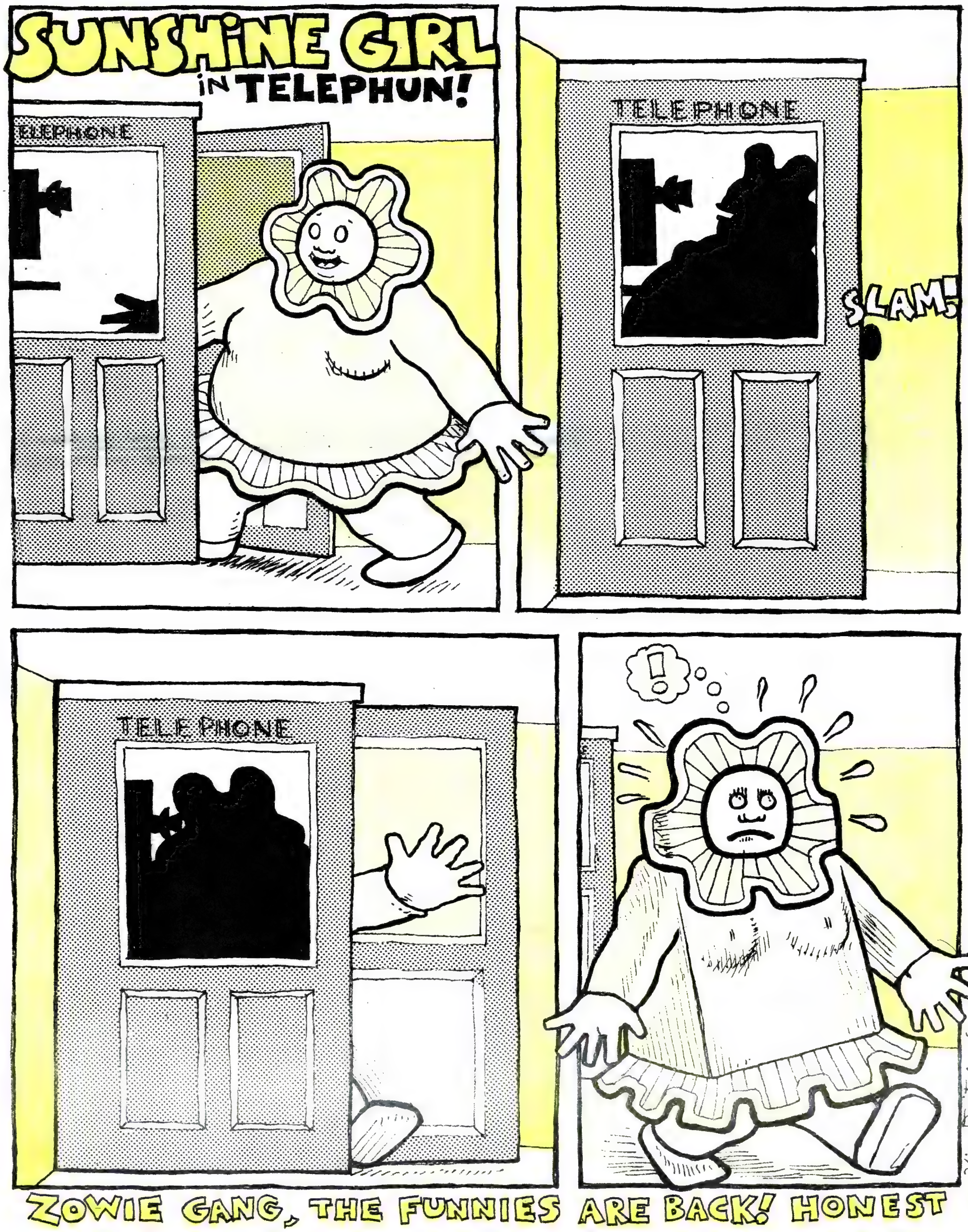




© 1968 BY THE LOST MARAUDER!

THE east village OTHER

VOL. 4, NO. 2 METROPOLITAN 15¢ DEC. 13, 1968



KRYPTIC KAPERS

WELL!
HMMMM
HERR KLAUS, MAY I SPEAK FRANKLY?
OUT WITH IT!
HERR KLAUS, WHEN VE BECOME (ER)MORE MATURE, DEY ISS SOME TINGS VE MUST LIFF MIT OUT
DOC! WHAT ARE YA SAYIN?
FACE IT HERR KLAUS, YOU AINT DER MAN YOU VASS!

CAN IT BE? NO MORE TINGLING WINTER TRYSTS? ARE MY DEEP DIPPED DAYS OF DECEMBER REV-ELRY TO BE MERE MEMORIES?
FOR YOU DEY IS KAPUT HERR KLAUS;..... THAT IS UNLESS....
YES, YES
IN MY SPARE TIME HERR KLAUS, I HAFF SYNTHESIZED, A RATHER UNIQUE PRERARATION
I TINK YOU VILL FIND IT SATISFA-CTORY

LATER
WRRRR
WON'T BE HOME FOR DINNER DEAR, SOMETHING CAME UP (HAW HAW) OH BOY!!!!
AT LAST!
SAY!

I BETTER HURRY AND CHANGE
CLUNK
OOOBOP SHIBAM!
HELLO TOOTS
SAY I GOTTA SNAPPY JALOPY JUST DOWN THE ROAD

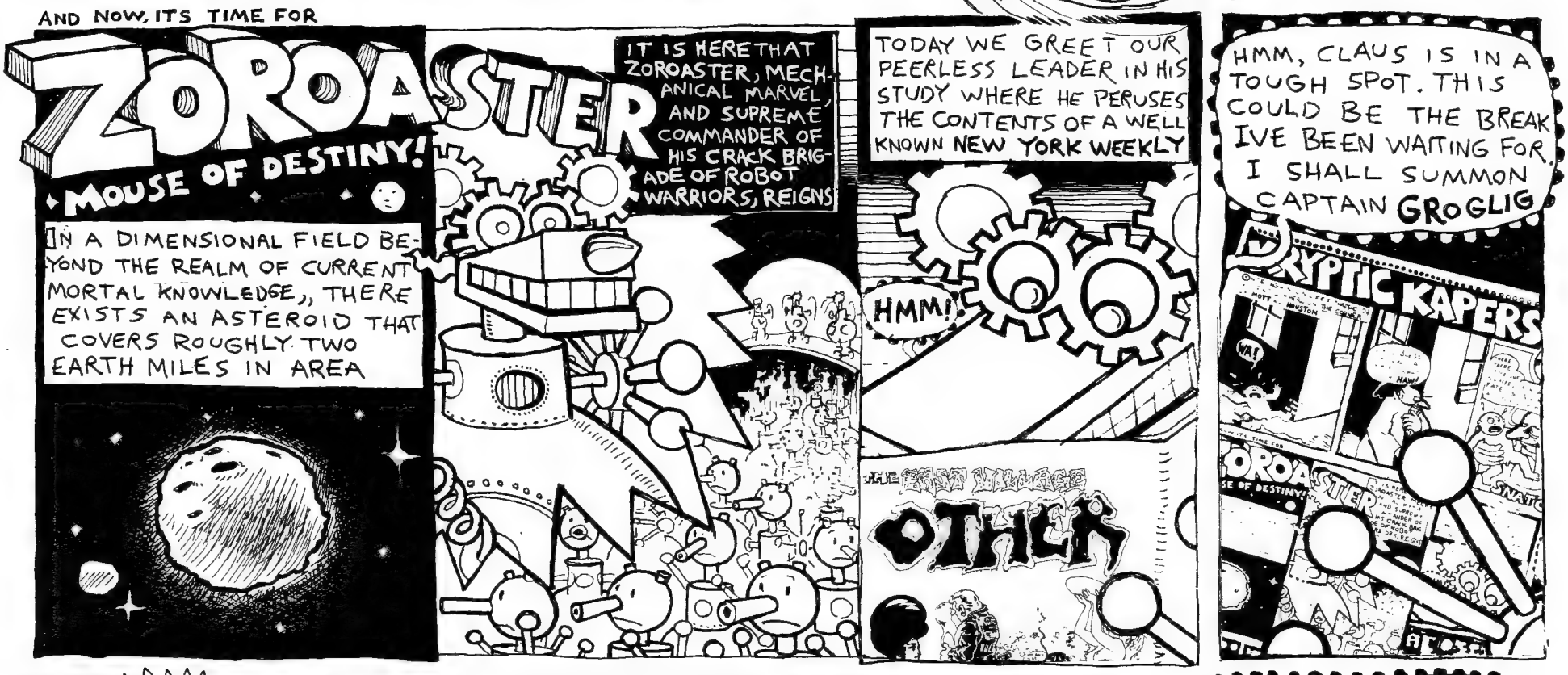
WE KIN PLAY HIDE AND SEEK N' LEAP FROG N' JEEPERS!
KISS ME IN THE BABY
I DON'T LIKE GIRLS ANYWAY
EEEE
KISS ME IN THE DARK BABY
HEY I'M SCARED!
YOW!
HELLO LITTLE MAN!
(HIC) OY VEY!
HELP THE NEEDY
KISS ME IN
WAAA!

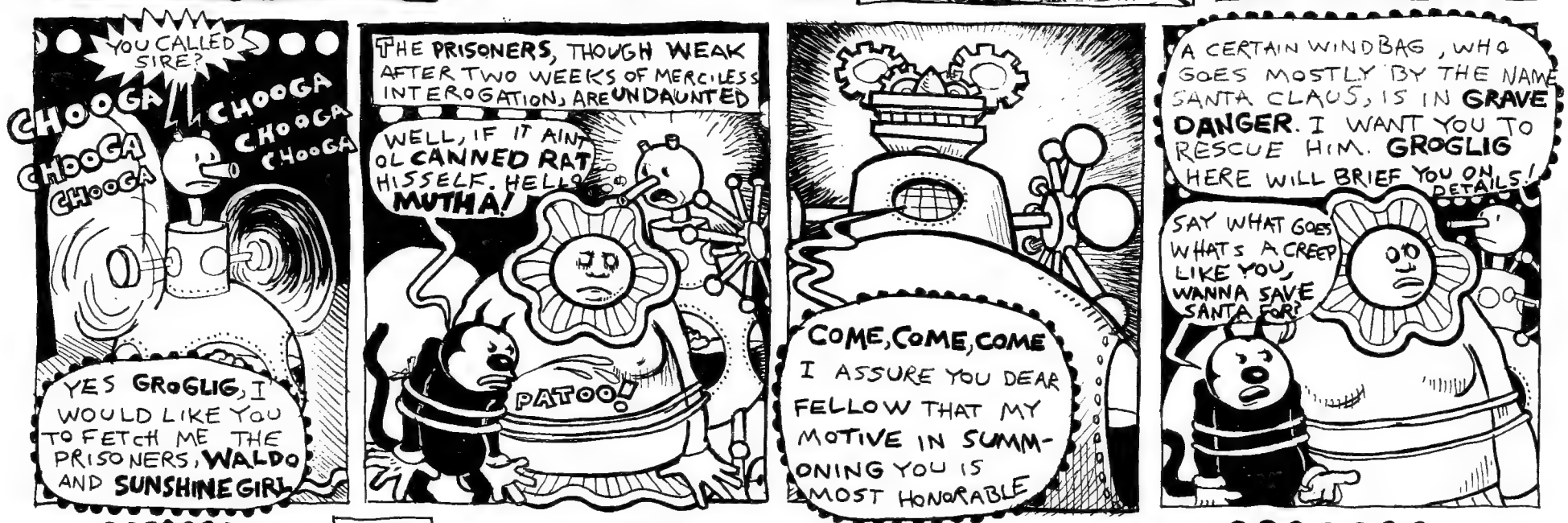
Kim Deitch 1968

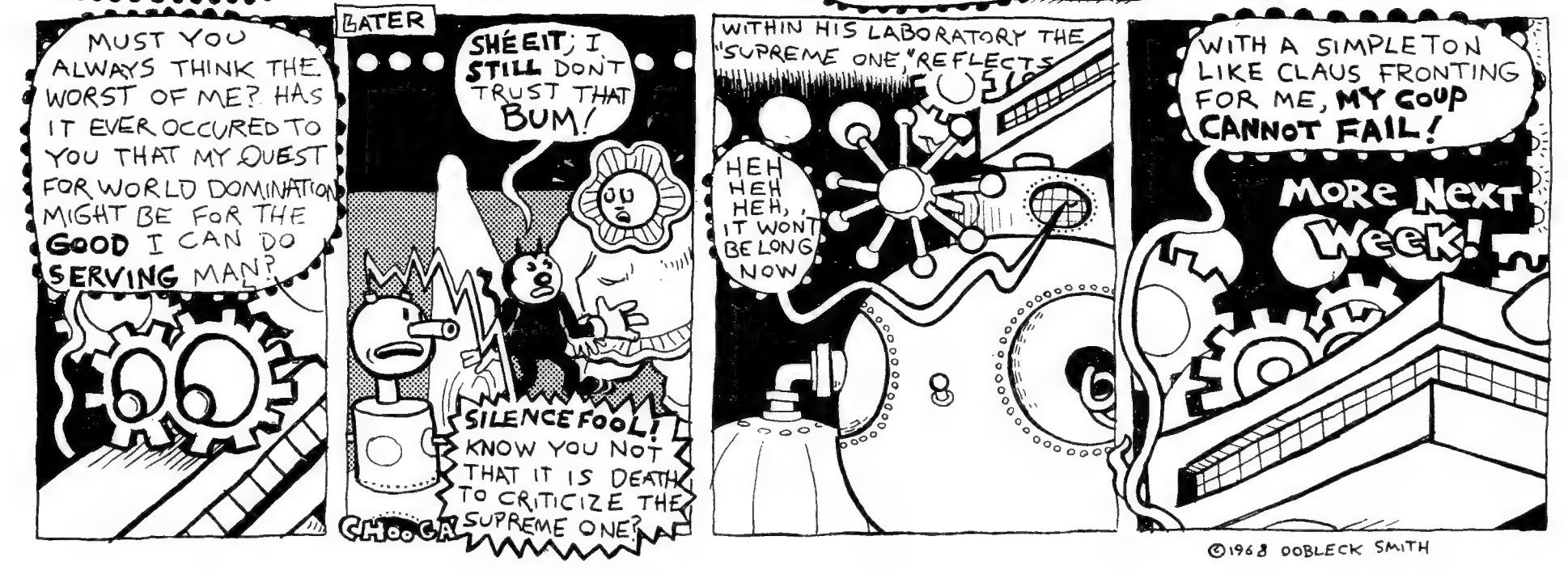
KRYPTIC KAPERS

BY KIM DEITCH

AND NOW, ITS TIME FOR







©1968 DOBLECK SMITH

KRYPTIC KAPERS

OUR COVERAGE OF THE CLAUS EXCLUSIVE CONTINUES; CLAUS, NOW A YOUTH SUPERNUMERARY HAS BEEN CAPTURED BY THE GREASY OF AN UPTOWN DEVIL CULT

THUS BEHIND THE INNOCENT FACADE OF A SEEMINGLY RESPECTABLE UPTOWN BROWNSTONE, WE ARE ABOUT TO BECOME PRIVILEGED INTIMATES TO A SELDOM DISCUSSED RITUAL

HAIL SPIRO

THE BLACK MASS!

THEN

SPAWN OF THE DARK ONE, I OFFER HUMBLE SALUTATIONS

NOW

I BRING THEE ALSO,...

CHOOGA CHOOGA

A SACRIFICIAL TID BIT!

MAMA!

I KNEW ALL THAT STUFF HE FED US ABOUT SANTA BEIN A KID AGAIN WAS BUNK

YIKE

Kim Deitch

ZOROASTER

HAROLD OF FATE

HURTLING TOWARD THE PLANET EARTH, AT THIS VERY MOMENT, COME AN UNSEEMLY THREE!

THE STRANGE CRAFT LANDS.....

YRROOOM

BE NOT SO HASTE.RIDDEN FELINE ONE, WE HAVE TIME ENOUGH. LET US FIRST PERUSE OUR IMMEDIATE LOCALE

CHOOGA CHOOGA

YER TH' BOSS!

I STILL SAY SUMTHINS MIGHTY FUNNY ABOUT THIS DEAL!

HOLD THY TOUNGUE RASH ONE, ITS TIME TO LAND

CHOOGA CHOOGA

CHOOGA CHOOGA

WELL, NOW WHAT?

HALF AN HOUR LATER

SIGH

HIC

HEY GANG, LISSEN TA THIS, HAW HAW...

OTHER

"WELL HUNG GERMAN SHEPHERD, WANTS TO MEET HIP JEWISH GIRL FOR STIMULATING EVENINGS CALL GR8-8640 ASK FOR PAL" HAR!

THE FIRST VILLAGE OTHER

BOY, THESE ADS ARE A SCR... HEY, LOOK!

THE FIRST VILLAGE OTHER

ZOROASTER

WELL I'LL BE!

!!

AH YES CAPTAIN GROGLIG, READ IT! READ IT AND WEEP!

CAPTAIN GROGLIG, IS SHOCKED BY THE PAPER'S GRAPHIC ACCOUNT OF ZOROASTER'S TREACHEROUS DEEDS!

I ASSURE YOU DEAR FELLOW THAT MY MOTIVE IN SUMMONING YOU IS MOST HONORABLE

WITH A SIMPLETON LIKE CLAUS FRONTING FOR ME, MY GOAL CANNOT FAIL!

MORE NEXT WEEK!

ZOROASTER

SEE, YOUR BOSS IS JUST A TIN HORN DEMAGOGUE

YIKE!

CHOOGA CHOOGA

A SACRIFICIAL TID BIT!

MAMA!

I KNEW ALL THAT STUFF HE FED US ABOUT SANTA BEIN A KID AGAIN WAS BUNK!

DONT SPEAK SO SOON WALDO!

WHILE SUNSHINE SWEEPS NEW YORK, BASIC GARDEN VARIETY "DOPE", REMAINS HARD TO COME BY. THEREFORE, BE ON THE LOOK OUT FOR BURN ARTISTS LIKE EDDIE THE ANIMAL, IMPECCABLY PLAYED BY THAT PRINCE AMONG PLAYERS WALDO THE FOLLOWING IS TYPICAL OF WHAT IM TALKING ABOUT

* DON'T YOU FORGET IT KDS!

THE CARACHTER "MOON DOG" IS COPYRIGHT BY SIMON DEITCH

PROLOGUE

AT ONE TIME OR ANOTHER, NEARLY ALL OF US HAVE BEEN POSSESED BY WHAT COULD BE CALLED, SORT OF A COSMIC NUDGE.

YOU KNOW, ITS WHEN YOU GET THAT FUNNY FEELING THAT YOUVE BEEN THROUGH ALL THIS BEFORE

ARE THEY THE FINITE FRAGMENTS OF MEMORIES? FOGGY GLIMPSES PERHAPS OF AN EARLIER INCARNATION? WHO REALLY KNOWS?

ONE SHORT MONTH AGO, **WALDO**, INTERNATIONAL ADVENTURER, WOULD HAVE CONSIDERED SUCH SPECULATION JUST SO MUCH HORSE DUNG: TODAY HE IS SADDER, ... ALBEIT WISER.

WA WA WA WA WA WA WA

BOY THESE PAPERS REALLY HAND ME A LAUGH

DAILY NOOZE

WALDO KO'S HOMUNCULI PLOT!

READ ON AS **WALDO** FINDS HIMSELF VICTIM OF AN EXPERIMENT WITH THE STRANGE PHENOMENON KNOWN AS .....

DEJA VU

I JUST HOPE WE'RE DOING THE RIGHT THING!

LET US HOPE SO SENATOR

DON'T WORRY GENTLEMEN, THE SITUATION WILL SOON BE UNDER CONTROL

ANY BODY ELSE HERE SAY I AINT THE REAL WALDO?

POW!

I DO!

IT ALL STARTED LAST WEEK, I WAS WATCHIN TV AND SUCKIN BEER. SUDDENLY THE DOOR BELL RANG.. .....

RING!

NOW WHO THE FUCK WOULD BE CALLIN AT 4 A.M!

IT WAS FROM UNCLE FELIX

WESTERN UNION

WALDO! THERE IS TROUBLE UPON THE LAND. COME AT ONCE. I AM AT THE N.Y. CIA OFFICE. FELIX

LOSING NO TIME, I MADE FOR THE ASSIGNED RENDEZVOUS

GOD, HOW COULD I FORGET THE THRILLS HE GAVE ME VIA THE SILVER SCREEN. WELL, I GUESS THIS IS THE PLACE.

TO THINK THAT **HE**, IDOL OF MY YOUTH, MOLDER OF MY VERY LIFE STYLE, WANTS TO SEE **ME!**

KNOCK KNOCK

COME IN!

GULP

CIA

UNCLE FELIX GREETED ME WITH OPEN ARMS

WALDO, WE MEET AT LAST!

I'VE BEEN FOL--LOWING YOUR EXPLOITS FOR SOME TIME YOU KNOW
GEE!
UHP
OH I DONT GO FOR ALL THE NIT WIT THINGS YOU KIDS DO, THE TURNIN ON AND LEWD BEHAVIOR! .... JUST THE SAME,
I LIKE YOUR STYLE KID
GOSH
SEE HERE! WHAT ARE WE RUNNING HERE, A HIGH LEVEL BRIEFING, OR A CHURCH SOCIAL?
I DON'T GET IT: WHAT DOES ANY OF THIS HAVE TO DO WITH ME?... AND WHO ARE THESE GUYS?
EASY LAD, SINCE I DUIT PICTURES, I'VE BEEN WORK--ING WITH THE CIA. ALLOW ME TO INTRODUCE MY COLLEAGUES
FIRST THERE'S GENERAL BIFF BARTWELL OF THE JOINT CHEIFS OF STAFF
I'VE HEARD GOOD THINGS ABOUT YOU LET'S HOPE THEYRE TRUE
NEXT WE HAVE PEARLWOOD SUSS, PRESIDENT NIXON'S PERSONAL ADVISER
WE MUST CLASP THE CHALICE OF OPPORTUNITY UNFLINCHINGLY...
AND FINALLY, WE HAVE OUR SCIENTIFIC AUTHOR--ITY, DR. HELMUT KEESLER
THE PLEASURE IS ALL MINE
LET ME BRIEF YOU ON THE CASE. BEING THE DIRECTOR OF THE PRESIDENT'S ORGANIC STUDY PROGRAM, I HAVE BEEN FOR YEARS INVOLVED WITH THE CON--CEPT OF CREATING SYNTHETIC LIFE!
I SHALL MAS--TER THE RID--DLE YOU HOLD!
OUR EARLY RESULTS WERE LITTLE MORE THAN THROBBING JELLY. THEY SELDOM SUR--VIVED A FORTNIGHT
LATER, IT WAS DISCOV--ERED THAT SMALL AMOUNTS OF HUMAN BLOOD, ADMINISTERED DAILY
RESULTED IN EVEN MORE IMPRESSIVE DEVELOPMENT
FROM THEN ON, OUR PROGRESS WAS SIMPLY AMAZING. IN WEEKS I HAD ALL MANNER OF SYNTHETIC BEASTY
SUCCESFULL THOUGH THE PROJECT WAS, IN MY HEART OF HEARTS, I YEARNED TO CREATE SOMETHING MORE THAN MERELY, A SYNTHETIC MENAGERIE!!
BY A PROJECT ADVANCED FAR BEYOND ANY THE GOV--ERNMENT HAD IN MIND
THUS MY NIGHTS WERE SOON ENGULFED
SOON MY BOY, SOON YOU SHALL LIVE!
NO LESS, IN FACT, THAN A SYN--THETIC IMPROVEMENT ON MAN HIMSELF.... MILO!
UP AGAINST THE WALL HUMANITY!
WHO IS THIS MILO, AND HOW WILL HE EFFECT WALDO! OR SHOULD I SAY WALDOS! FIND OUT NEXT TIME

DEJA VOO

BY KIM DEITCH

THE STORY THUS FAR,... WALDO, SUMMONED BY FELIX, AN AGING CIA OPERATIVE, HAS BEEN PREVAILED UPON BY A SPECIAL PRESIDENTIAL COMMISION, TO UNDERGO A BIZARRE MISSION

AS WE OPEN EPISODE TWO, DR. KEESLER CONTINUES HIS BRIEFING

IF I MAY CONTINUE GENTLEMEN

MILO'S PROGRESS WAS AMAZING! COUPLED WITH A THIRST FOR KNOWLEDGE COMPERABLE ONLY TO THE THIRST OF A BOWERY WINO,..... HIS INTELLECT WAS VASTLY MORE SOPHISTICATED THAN THAT OF ANY MAN./

ITS TIME FOR YOUR NOON PLASMA MILO

MILO

DO NOT DISTURB!

GODLESS THING THAT HE WAS, I SOON DETECTED A KIND OF FLAW IN THE MAKEUP OF HIS PERSONALITY; HE WAS DEVOID OF ANYTHING RESEMBLING HUMAN WARMTH!!

WELL HAVE GROGAN BRING IT IN HERE! CAN'T YOU SEE I'VE WORK TO DO?

BE THAT AS IT MAY, A TWINGE OF AFFECTION FOR THIS ERSATZ BRAINCHILD OF MINE, GREW WITHIN ME.

SIGH

NOW, WHERE WAS I? AH YES...

HIS NEED FOR BLOOD BECAME A COMPULSION! SOON IT WAS NEARLY LUST!

GLAGLE (GASP) GLARG

THE MORE HE DRANK, THE MORE GROTESQUE HIS MANNER BECAME

PANT PANT

I COULD SENSE SOMETHING WAS GOING TO GIVE!

MORE!

FINALLY IT HAPPENED. GROGAN, AN OLD FAMILY RETAINER, BROUGHT MILO HIS MORNING BLOOD ALLOTMENT..... NEARLY SEVEN PINTS!

YOUR PLASMA SIRE

MILO

MASTER MILO PLEASE!

CLICK

BANG!

OOOOOH...

IT WAS COLD BLOODED MURDER! ....OH, AND ANOTHER THING,

HUH?

THE AUTOPSY SHOWED THE BODY WAS TOTALLY DEVOID OF BLOOD!

WHOA!

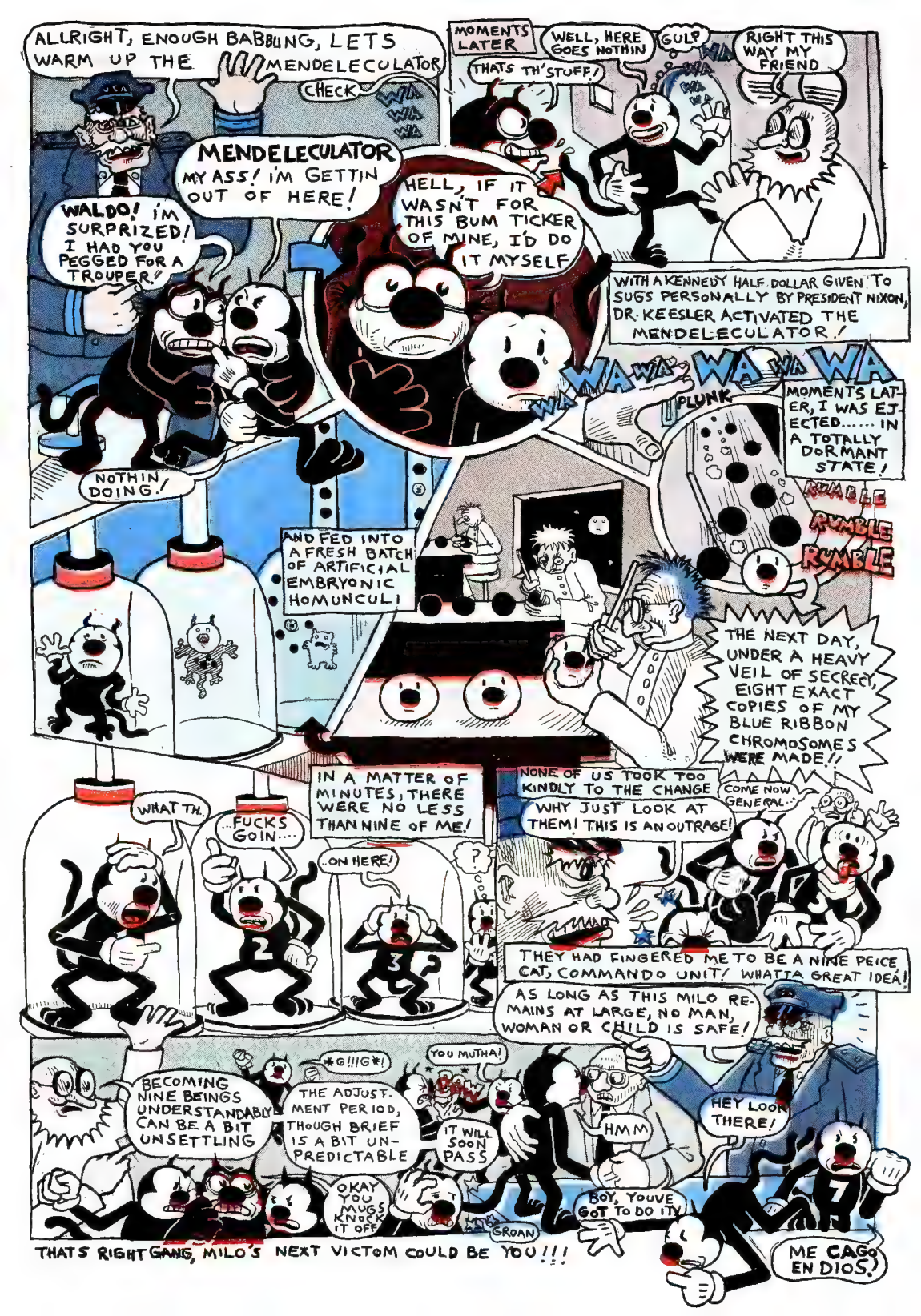
BUT I STILL DONT GET IT! WHERE DO I COME IN?

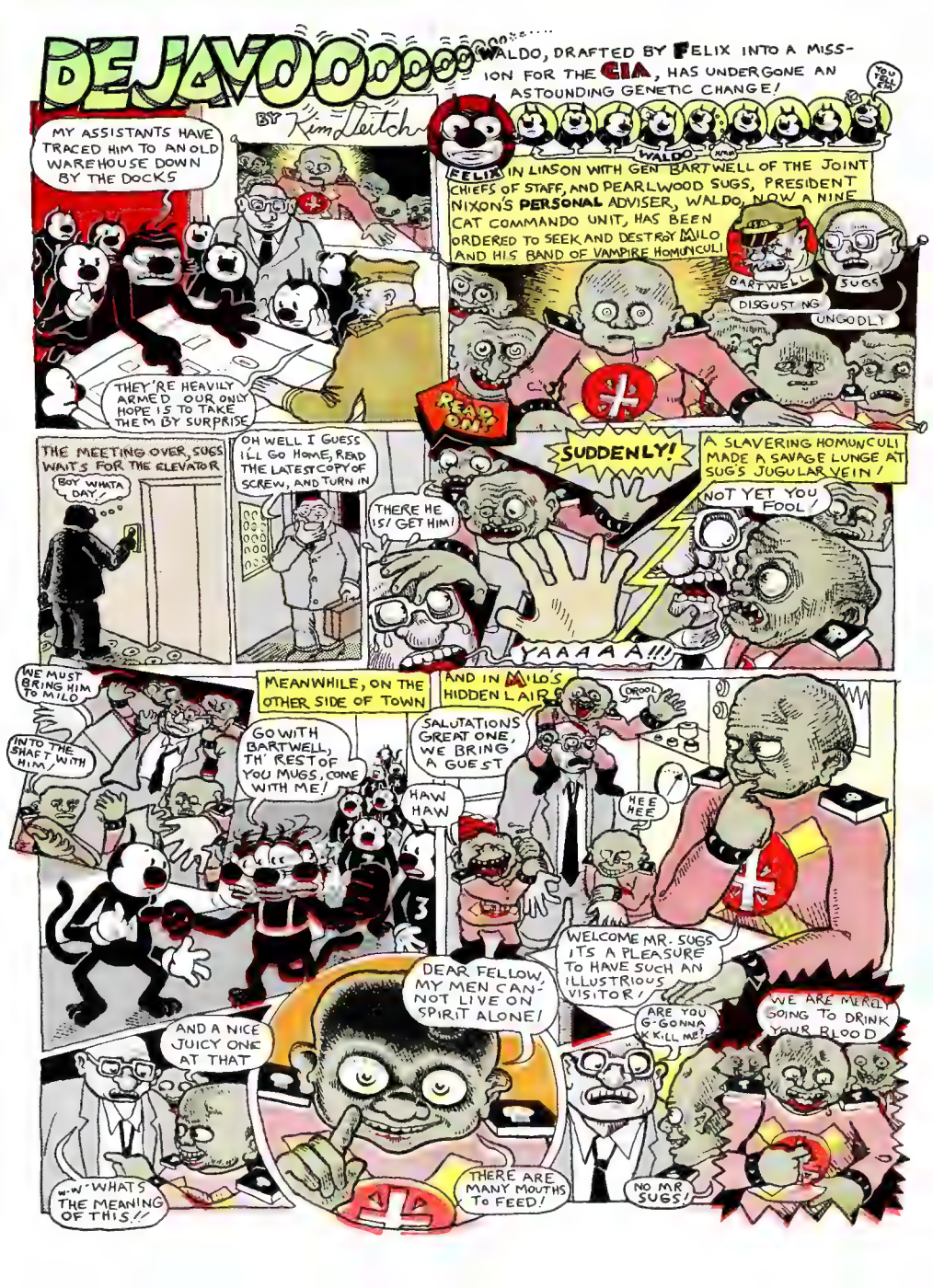
IT'S REALLY VERY SIMPLE

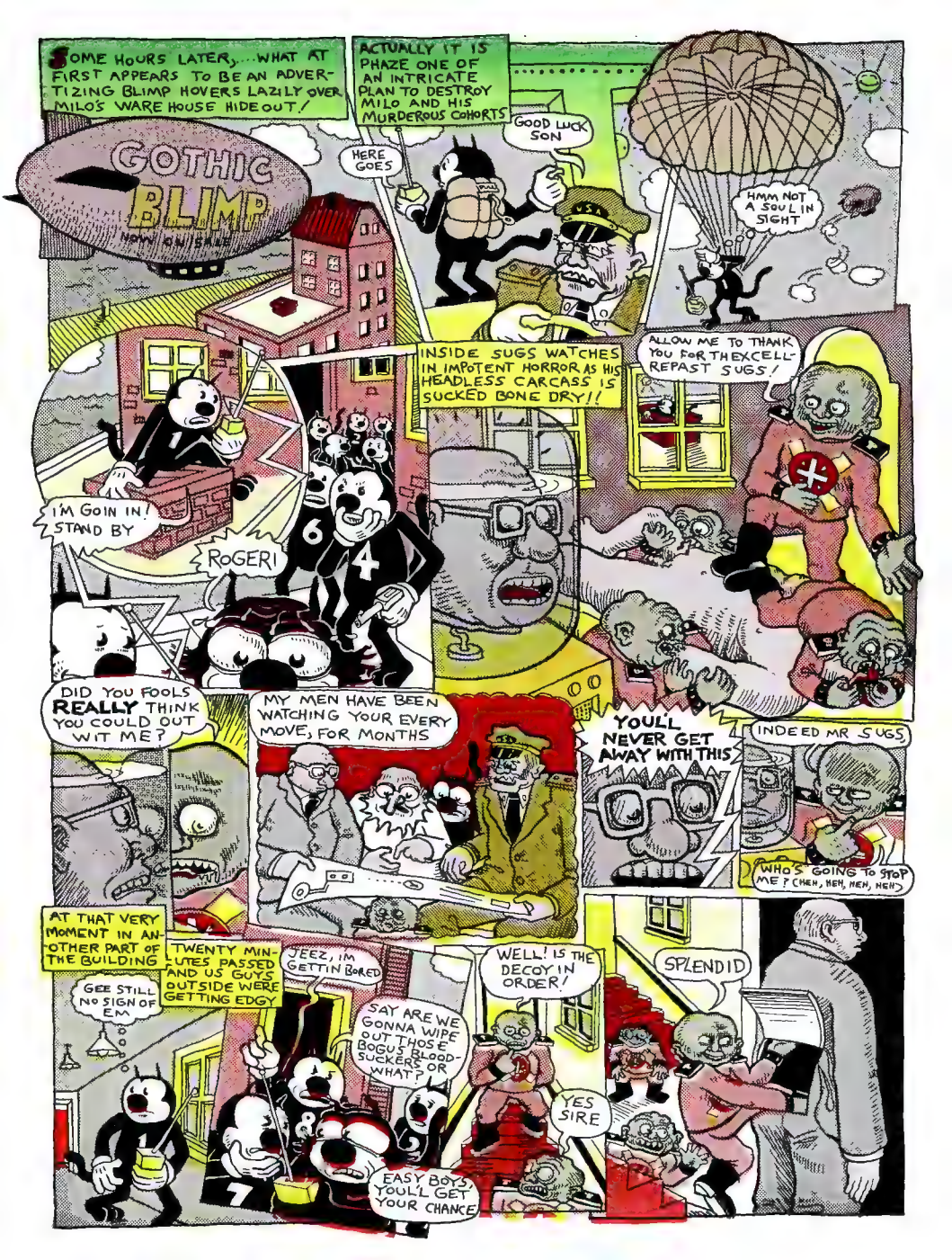
NINE LIFE... LAW OF CATS..... UNTO

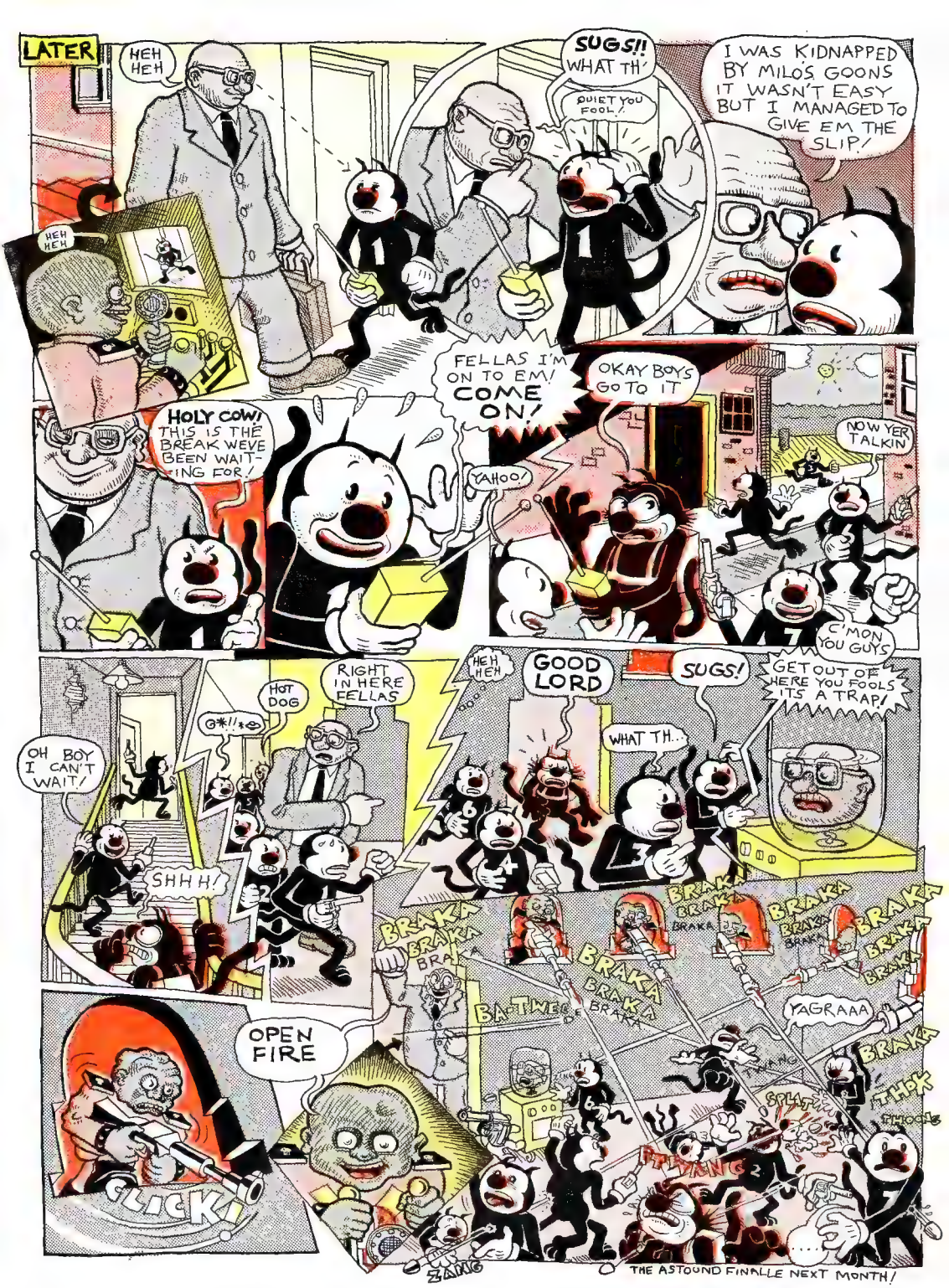
IT IS A MATTER OF RECORD MY FELINE FRIEND, THAT THE ONLY SPECIES TO HAVE A SURPLUS OF LIVES (NINE TO BE EXACT) IS THE COMMON CAT

COMMON!


ALLRIGHT, ENOUGH BABBLING, LETS WARM UP THE MENDELECULATOR
CHECK
WA WA WA
MENDELECULATOR MY ASS! I'M GETTIN OUT OF HERE!
WALDO! I'M SURPRIZED! I HAD YOU PEGGED FOR A TROUPER!
HELL, IF IT WASN'T FOR THIS BUM TICKER OF MINE, I'D DO IT MYSELF
NOTHIN DOING!
MOMENTS LATER
WELL, HERE GOES NOTHIN
GULP
THATS TH' STUFF!
RIGHT THIS WAY MY FRIEND
WITH A KENNEDY HALF DOLLAR GIVEN TO SUGS PERSONALLY BY PRESIDENT NIXON, DR. KEESLER ACTIVATED THE MENDELECULATOR!
WA WA WA WA WA WA
PLUNK
MOMENTS LATER, I WAS EJECTED..... IN A TOTALLY DORMANT STATE!
RUMBLE RUMBLE RUMBLE
AND FED INTO A FRESH BATCH OF ARTIFICIAL EMBRYONIC HOMUNCULI
THE NEXT DAY, UNDER A HEAVY VEIL OF SECRECY, EIGHT EXACT COPIES OF MY BLUE RIBBON CHROMOSOMES WERE MADE!!
WHAT TH..
..FUCKS GOIN....
..ON HERE!
IN A MATTER OF MINUTES, THERE WERE NO LESS THAN NINE OF ME!
NONE OF US TOOK TOO KINDLY TO THE CHANGE
WHY JUST LOOK AT THEM! THIS IS AN OUTRAGE!
COME NOW GENERAL..
THEY HAD FINGERED ME TO BE A NINE PEICE CAT, COMMANDO UNIT! WHATTA GREAT IDEA!
AS LONG AS THIS MILO REMAINS AT LARGE, NO MAN, WOMAN OR CHILD IS SAFE!
BECOMING NINE BEINGS UNDERSTANDABLY CAN BE A BIT UNSETTLING
G!!G!
THE ADJUSTMENT PERIOD, THOUGH BRIEF IS A BIT UNPREDICTABLE
YOU MUTHA!
IT WILL SOON PASS
HMM
HEY LOOK THERE!
OKAY YOU MUGS KNOCK IT OFF
GROAN
BOY, YOUVE GOT TO DO IT!
ME CAGO EN DIOS!
THATS RIGHT GANG, MILO'S NEXT VICTOM COULD BE YOU!!!

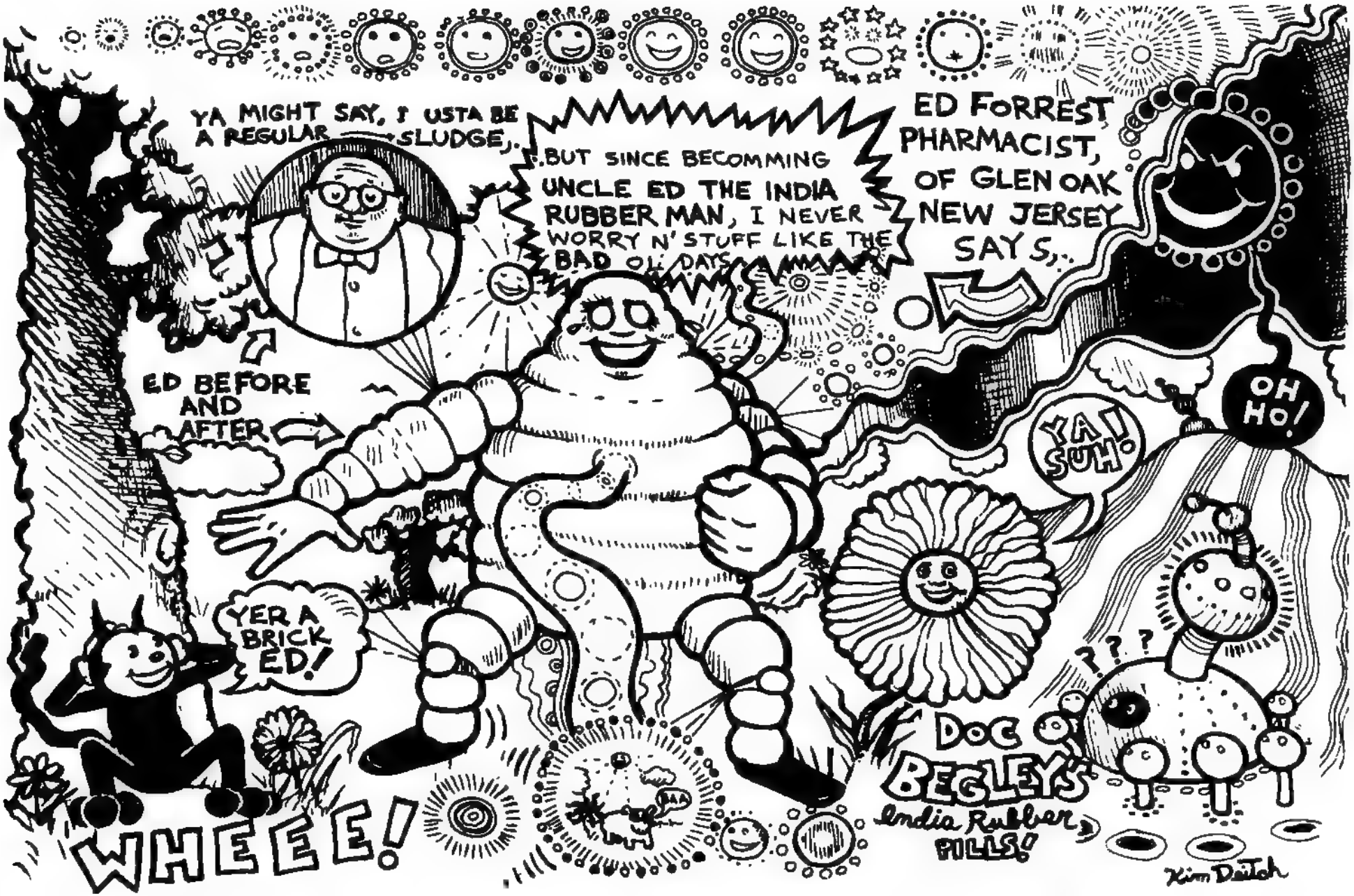

DEJAVOOOOOOOO
BY Kim Deitch
WALDO, DRAFTED BY FELIX INTO A MISSION FOR THE CIA, HAS UNDERGONE AN ASTOUNDING GENETIC CHANGE!
YOU FEEL
WALDO
FELIX IN LIASON WITH GEN BARTWELL OF THE JOINT CHIEFS OF STAFF, AND PEARLWOOD SUGS, PRESIDENT NIXON'S PERSONAL ADVISER, WALDO, NOW A NINE CAT COMMANDO UNIT, HAS BEEN ORDERED TO SEEK AND DESTROY MILO AND HIS BAND OF VAMPIRE HOMUNCULI
BARTWELL
SUGS
DISGUSTING
UNGODLY
READY ON
MY ASSISTANTS HAVE TRACED HIM TO AN OLD WAREHOUSE DOWN BY THE DOCKS
THEY'RE HEAVILY ARMED OUR ONLY HOPE IS TO TAKE THEM BY SURPRISE
THE MEETING OVER, SUGS WAITS FOR THE ELEVATOR
BOY WHATA DAY!
OH WELL I GUESS I'LL GO HOME, READ THE LATEST COPY OF SCREW, AND TURN IN
SUDDENLY!
A SLAVERING HOMUNCULI MADE A SAVAGE LUNGE AT SUG'S JUGULAR VEIN!
THERE HE IS! GET HIM!
NOT YET YOU FOOL!
YAAAAA!!!
WE MUST BRING HIM TO MILO
INTO THE SHAFT WITH HIM!
MEANWHILE, ON THE OTHER SIDE OF TOWN
GO WITH BARTWELL, TH' REST OF YOU MUGS, COME WITH ME!
AND IN MILO'S HIDDEN LAIR
SALUTATIONS GREAT ONE, WE BRING A GUEST
HAW HAW
CROOL
HEE HEE
WELCOME MR. SUGS ITS A PLEASURE TO HAVE SUCH AN ILLUSTRIOUS VISITOR!
DEAR FELLOW, MY MEN CANNOT LIVE ON SPIRIT ALONE!
ARE YOU G-GONNA K-KILL ME?
WE ARE MERELY GOING TO DRINK YOUR BLOOD
AND A NICE JUICY ONE AT THAT
W-W-WHAT'S THE MEANING OF THIS!!
THERE ARE MANY MOUTHS TO FEED!
NO MR SUGS!


SOME HOURS LATER,....WHAT AT FIRST APPEARS TO BE AN ADVERTIZING BLIMP HOVERS LAZILY OVER MILO'S WARE HOUSE HIDE OUT./
ACTUALLY IT IS PHAZE ONE OF AN INTRICATE PLAN TO DESTROY MILO AND HIS MURDEROUS COHORTS
GOTHIC BLIMP
HERE GOES
GOOD LUCK SON
HMM NOT A SOUL IN SIGHT
INSIDE SUGS WATCHES IN IMPOTENT HORROR AS HIS HEADLESS CARCASS IS SUCKED BONE DRY!!
ALLOW ME TO THANK YOU FOR THE EXCELL-REPAST SUGS!
I'M GOIN IN! STAND BY
ROGER!
DID YOU FOOLS REALLY THINK YOU COULD OUT WIT ME?
MY MEN HAVE BEEN WATCHING YOUR EVERY MOVE, FOR MONTHS
YOU'LL NEVER GET AWAY WITH THIS
INDEED MR SUGS
WHO'S GOING TO STOP ME? (HEH, HEH, HEH, HEH)
AT THAT VERY MOMENT IN ANOTHER PART OF THE BUILDING
TWENTY MINUTES PASSED AND US GUYS OUTSIDE WERE GETTING EDGY
GEE STILL NO SIGN OF EM
JEEZ, I'M GETTIN BORED
SAY ARE WE GONNA WIPE OUT THOSE BOGUS BLOOD-SUCKERS OR WHAT?
EASY BOYS YOU'L GET YOUR CHANCE
WELL! IS THE DECOY IN ORDER!
YES SIRE
SPLENDID


LATER
HEH HEH
SUGS!! WHAT TH'
QUIET YOU FOOL!
I WAS KIDNAPPED BY MILO'S GOONS IT WASN'T EASY BUT I MANAGED TO GIVE EM THE SLIP!
HEH HEH
FELLAS I'M ON TO EM! COME ON!
OKAY BOYS GO TO IT
HOLY COW! THIS IS THE BREAK WEVE BEEN WAITING FOR!
YAHOO!
NOW YER TALKIN'
C'MON YOU GUYS
OH BOY I CAN'T WAIT!
HOT DOG
RIGHT IN HERE FELLAS
SHHH!
HEH HEH
GOOD LORD
SUGS!
GET OUT OF HERE YOU FOOLS ITS A TRAP!
WHAT TH..
BRAKA
BATTLE
YAGRAAA
OPEN FIRE
CLICK
ZANG
THE ASTOUND FINALLE NEXT MONTH!

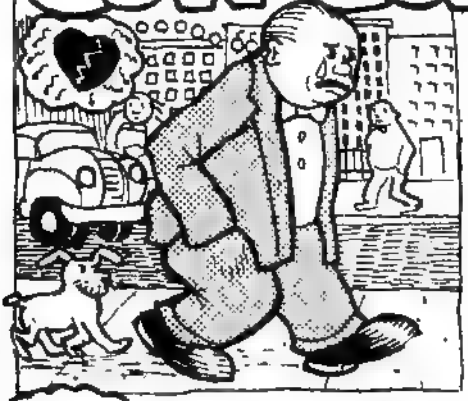
DEJAVOOOO...
BY Ken Dietch
IN THE HOMONCULI DEATH CHAMBER, PEARLWOOD SUGS, NOW NOTHING MORE THAN A LIVING JACK-O-LANTERN, OF COILS IN TERROR
HEH HEH
GASP!
AND RIGHT OUTSIDE, MILO, CLEVERLY DISGUISED AS SUGS, GLOATS AT THE GORY SPECTACLE
HAW HAW HAW
BUT WAIT! WHATS THIS?
GROOAN! OOH MY HEAD!
WHAT'S GOIN ON HERE?
GOOD LORD!!
FELIX! OH GOD, IT ALL COMES BACK!
QUICKLY! DO AS I SAY! WE HAVEN'T MUCH TIME
(COUGH) (COUGH) OPEN (COUGH) MY PACK, AND GIVE ME WHAT'S INSIDE (COUGH) (GASP)
MINUTES LATER
ALLRIGHT, GRAB UP SUGS, AND GET OUT OF HERE.. QUICK!
B-BUT
CAN THEM TEARS LAD, AND GET A MOVE ON!
DO AS HE SAYS BOY!
BOOM!
WATCH OUT DOLT, BEFORE YOU DROP ME!
THUS ALL THAT REMAINS OF MILO'S SYNTHETIC EMPIRE, IS A LIFELESS PILE OF CHARRED RUBBLE
WELL, ALMOST ALL.....
HEH HEH
CREAK
SO,...THEY THINK THEY'VE OUTSMARTED ME!.... (HEH HEH HEH) WELL, WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT!

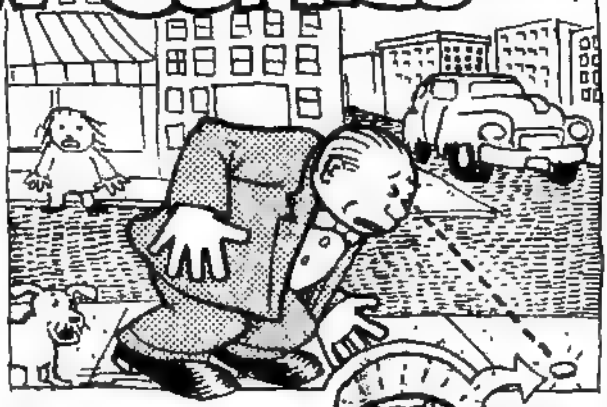
WELL, THEY GAVE ME THE WORKS, THE PAPERS WENT NUTS...
DAILY NUTCRACKER
WALDO KO'S HOMINICIDE PLOT
TICKER TAPE PARADES,
THEY EVEN THREW A BIG PARTY HONORING ME N' SUGS
AND FOR WEEKS MY NIGHTS WERE THINGS OF PAIN/
AND ITS A THEORY BY MUSELSKI, HOW ABOUT THAT?
USUALLY DURING THE DAY, I MANAGE TO TAKE MY MIND OFF IT
OTHER TIMES I BECOME SWEPT UP BY AN OVER POWERING URGE
AND ON THOSE DAYS, I PAY HOMAGE TO MY FALLEN BUDDIES I USUALLY DONT HANG AROUND TOO LONG ON RAINY DAYS. A GUY CAN CATCH HIS DEATH IN CHILLS & FEVER. WITH 8 LIVES SHOT TO HELL YOU JUST CANT BE TOO CAREFULL
WALDO
FELIX
SULLIVAN
EPILOGUE
SUGS, YOU NEED A REST
NOW WHAT DO YA SAY TO A NICE CUSHY AMBASADORSHIP?
WE COULD USE A GOOD MAN IN EAST JAVA (CHUCKLE)
JAVO OFFICE
GEE DICK, MAYBE YOU'RE RIGHT
The End

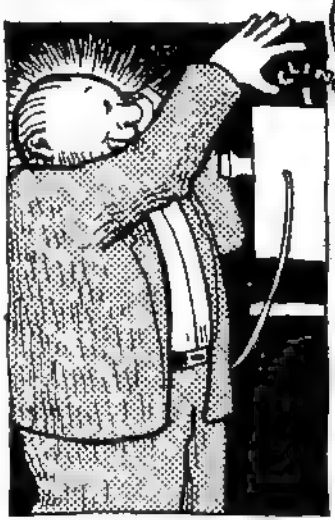

YA MIGHT SAY, I USTA BE A REGULAR SLUDGE,..
..BUT SINCE BECOMMING UNCLE ED THE INDIA RUBBER MAN, I NEVER WORRY N' STUFF LIKE THE BAD OL' DAYS
ED FORREST PHARMACIST, OF GLEN OAK NEW JERSEY SAYS,..
ED BEFORE AND AFTER
YER A BRICK ED!
YA! SUH!
OH HO!
???
WHEEE!
DOC BEGLEY'S India Rubber PILLS!
Kim Deitch

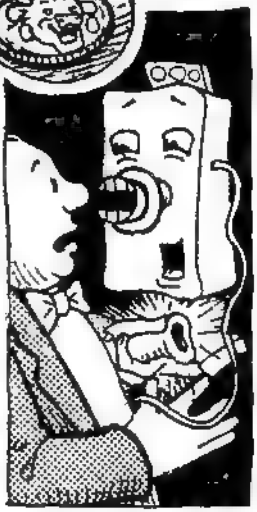
COW COW COMICS

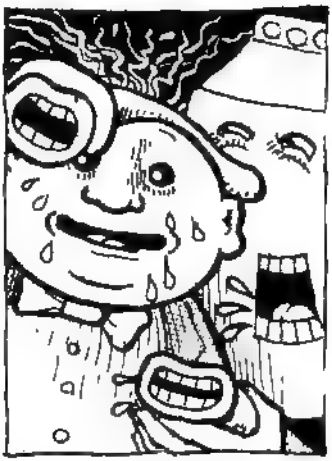
BY KIM DEITCH











KRYPTIC KAPERS

PREPARE TO DIE SMALL ONE!

TODAY: THE FOTO FINISH!

C'MON YOU GUYS, LETS GET TH' SCUM!

CHOOGA CHOOGA

WHOOO

HUH?

EEEAAAA!

GAK!

GR-R-R

THATS TH' STUFF!

CRUNCH

SPIRO, DEFILED CHILD OF THE NIGHT IS AWAKENED BY THE ENSUING ASSAULT

HNNG!!

HEY LOOKIT HERE

LOOKS LIKE WE GOT HERE JUST IN TIME HUH BABY?

GRAGROOO

AWK!

KRANK!

ACCOMPANIED BY THE SICKENING SMELL OF BURNING FLESH, SPIRO PERISHES AS HE WAS CREATED; BY FLAME!

YAGRAAA!

BACK AT YA SWEETHEART!

NIZE BABY

WRRRRR CHOOGA CHOOGA

I AINT NO KID SEE! SO CAN THAT BABY STUFF!

HEY YOU TWO

LETS GET A MOVE ON

WHAT TH'

...THIS PLACE IS GOING UP LIKE A TINDER BOX

YOW!

CHOOGA CHOOGA

PUT ME DOWN YA BIG BLIMP!

IMPUDENT UPSTART! I'LL CHANGE YOUR TUNE

CAN IT GROGLIG; PUT TH' MUG DOWN!

CLAUSY WAUSY HERE'S A BIG GUY! AINT YA PAL?

AW FUK OFF YA HAIRY CREEP!

I'M MY OWN MAN NOW!

WELL SEE ABOUT THAT. GET OVER HERE YOU WORM!

GOOD GRIEF! IT'S, ITS...

MY WIFE YAAAA!

JUST WAIT TILL I GET MY HANDS ON YOU!

YOK YOK YOK

HAW HAW

CHOOGA CHOOGA

EPILOGUE

AND, WHAT YOU ASK OF ZOROASTER? WELL.....

SO! THEY LAUGH DO THEY?

YOK YOK YOK

HAW HAW

I'LL FIX THAT!

CHOOGA CHOOGA

POP

CHOO....

WHY I'VE ONLY BEGUN TO...

CHOOGA CHOOGA

BEGUN TO BEGUN TO BEGUN TO BEGUN TO

12/30/68 Kim Deitch

ONE MORE MILE!!!

BIFF BRANIGAN, RETIRED, HUMAN PROJECTILE, WAS DRIVEN BY ONE SINGLE MANIA;

I FEEL FAINT

SINCE 1932, AT WHICH TIME HE WAS A ROBUST 86, HE HAS DEVOTED EVERY CONSCIOUS MOMENT.....

MY VISION DIMS. EVEN THE SUN IS TO ME LIKE A COIN SHINING UP FROM A SHALLOW LAKE

WRRRR

TO THE MISERABLE PERPETUATION OF HIS OWN EBBING GRIP ON EXISTENCE!

I FEAR THE TIME HAS COME,

WRRRR

FOR THE FINAL MISSION,.....

SANDS OF TIME

1 HR

15 MINS

OF THE NOTORIOUS PHANTOM PEGO!! I MUST MAKE HASTE!

I LIVE AGAIN

CRACK

I LIVE AGAIN

AHA!

WRRR

RIGADIGA DIGA

HEH HEH HEH

THOOM THOOM THOOM THOOM

DROOL

MY HEART!! NO NOT YET!!.....YARRGH!

BODEGA

RIGADIGADIGA

WRRRR

THOOM THOOM THOOM THOOM THOOM

RIGA DIGA DIGA DIGA

WRRRR

EEEEE!

WHAT HATH GOD WROUGHT?

Kim Deitch AIDED AND ABETED BY Simon Deitch ©1969

DEATH CLUB

WELL? WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR? MAKE YOUR PLAY!

NO LUCIFER! STOP!

SCREEECH!

SLASH

PLEASE PARDON MY CAT SIRE; IT'S YOUR VOICE. YOU MUST NOT RAISE IT SO. YOU SEE, IT MAKES HIM NERVOUS

GRRR

AS YOU WILL MILADY! ER SHALL WE PROCEED?

VERY WELL

RIP

I PLAY THE NINE OF KATZ!

HMM!

RIP

A WORTHY CARD SISTER; BUT IT CAN'T BEAT

THE BOILING SEA!

WOAH!

GURGLE GURGLE GURGLE

I BID THE GOLDEN ARGONAUT!

WHEW

GURGLE GURGLE

THE SEVEN SERPENTS OF SIENNA

HEEEELP

OH NO!

GULP

AH!

WHAA!

BONK

SAY,...WHO ARE YOU, AND WHAT AM I DOIN HERE?

I'M LADY LUCK

AND I'M AFRAID I JUST LOST YOU TO DR. MEPHISTO

HEH HEH HEH

COME MY FRIEND, TIS TIME FOR OUR JOURNEY ACROSS THE

YARGH!

RIVER STYX!

HELP!

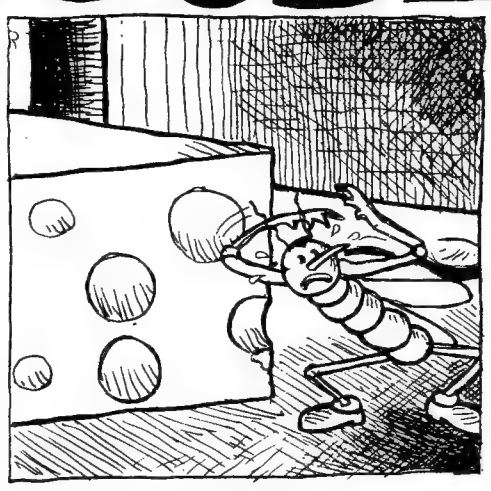
TSK TSK NO CLASS! A PITY

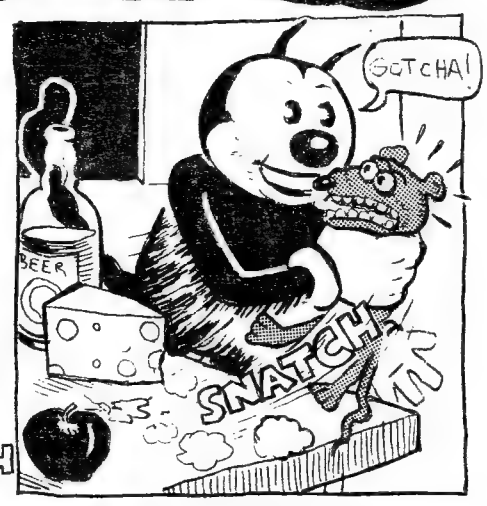
WE DESPIZE POOR LOSERS, DON'T WE LUCIFER?

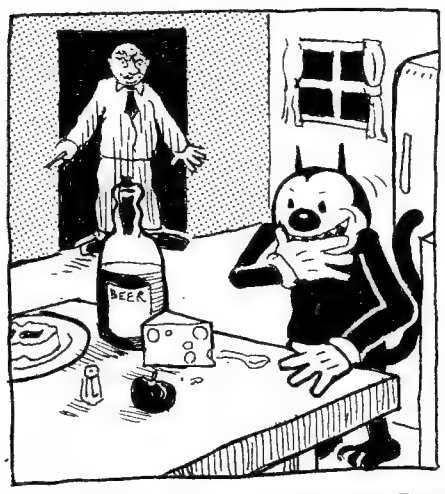
HELP

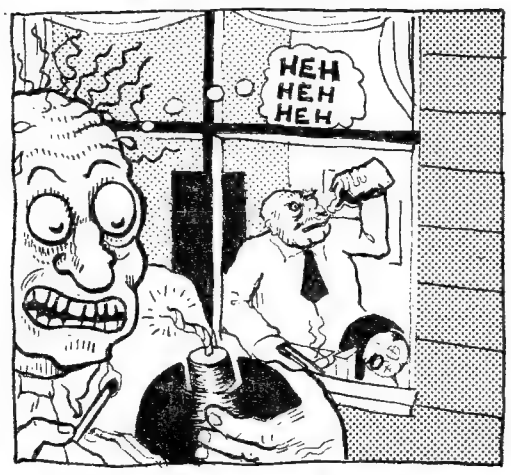
Kim Deitch 1/15/69

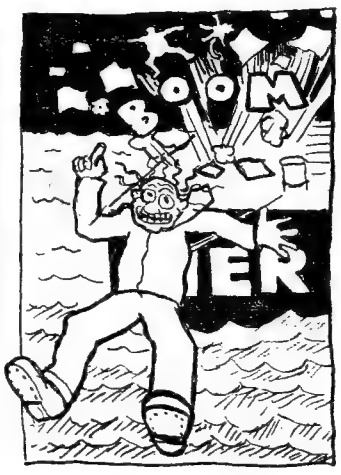
MILHOUSE COMICS

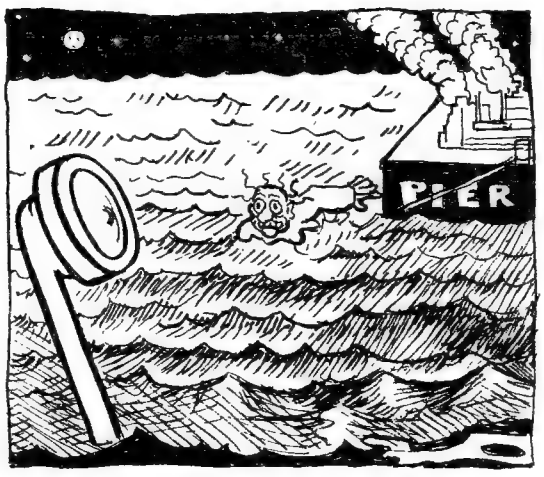


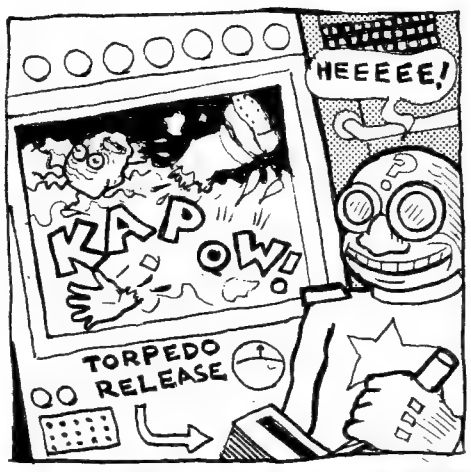


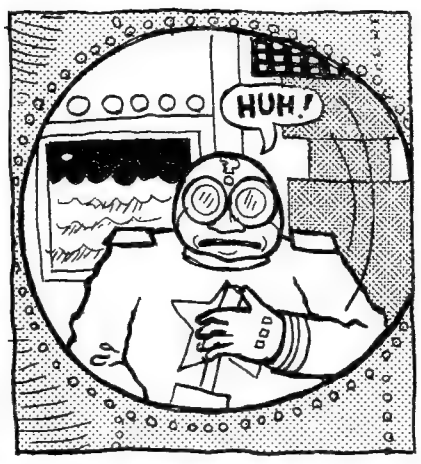


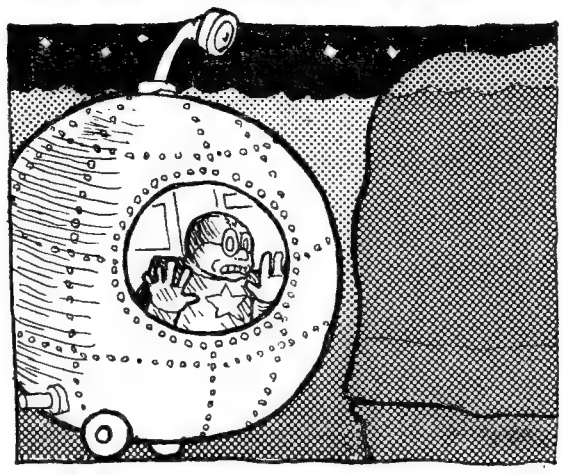


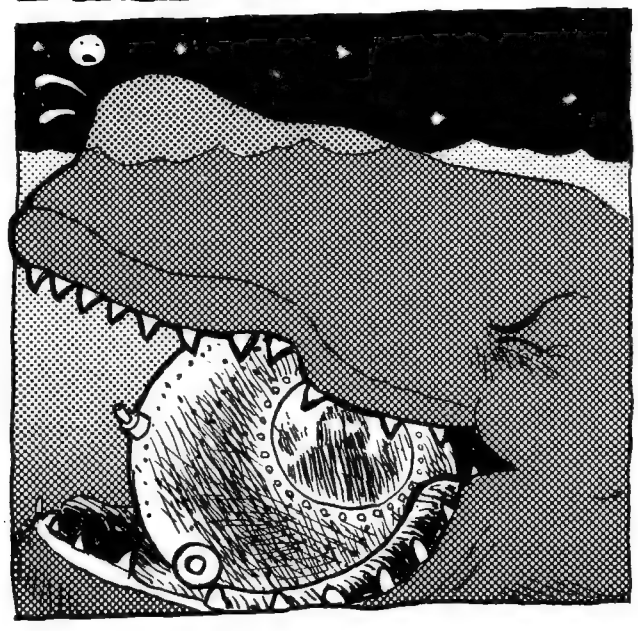


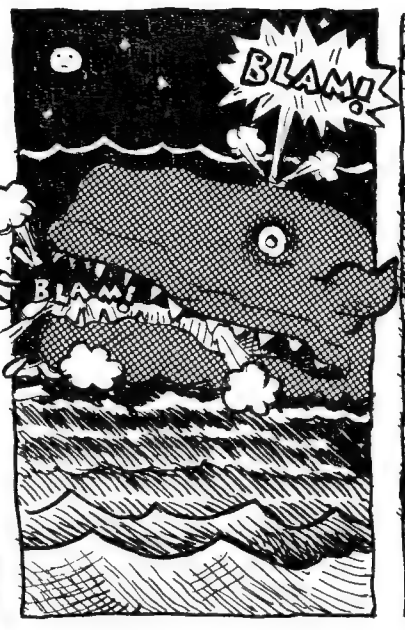


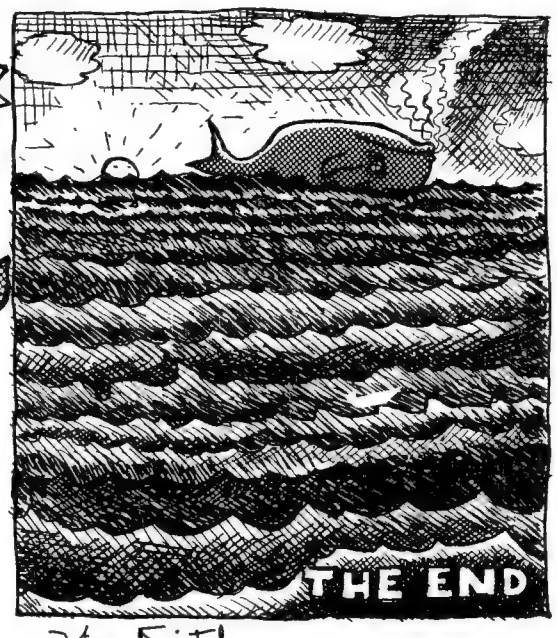












Kim Deitch

PiKaKomic

SIGH, I'M BORED AGAIN

EEK A NOTE!

THUD!

...SIGH...

Tania, You don't know me but long have I vicariously coveted your charms. To gaze just once into your limpid blue orbs is my flaming desire. Afterwhich I intend to kill myself. Being physically repulsive, I have little to live for. Please meet me at three today, down at the dock. Danton

I WILL GO TO HIM

OOH I MUST HURRY!

DANTON!

TANIA DEAREST!

I'M YOUR TANIA DANTON, YOURS NOW AND FOREVER

BUT

BUT I'M UGLY

I THINK YOUR CUTE

CUTE AM I?

OH!

DO YOU STILL FIND ME CUTE?

I..I'M SORRY, I HAD NO RIGHT TO DO THAT!

(SOB) NO, DON'T BE SORRY. LOOK INSTEAD....

AT ME!

GULP

WELL, WHAT ARE WE WAITING FOR?

(SIGH) PEACE AT LAST

FAREWELL FOUL WORLD

SPLASH

SPLASH

SHIT!

GOOD GRIEF

BEGORA

CARRUMBA

YETCH!

YIKES!

OY VEY!

EEK!

ARG!

GASP

GLUB

MADE IN JAPAN

L.S. Deitch

LIGHTNIN' Comics

starring ALEXANDER the boy with the RADIO eyes

ALEXANDER YOULLE NEVER GUESS WHAT...

PUD OLD MAN, YOUR JUST IN TIME

DZZT

HUH?

ITS ALL VERY SIMPLE UTILIZING MYSELF AS A RECEIVER I HAVE HARNEST MY PSYCHIC POWERS,

THUS WITH THE MERE FLICK OF A SWITCH,

SIZZLE POP

GOSH

I AM ABLE TO MAKE VISUAL PROJETIONS OF THINGS THAT HAVE YET TO TRANSPIRE BEHOLD!

PING!

YIKES

WELL, HOW ABOUT THAT... YOU OLD DOG?

ALEXANDER, YOU DONT REALLY THINK I WOULD WASTE MY TIME ON ANYTHING SO DEVOID OF MEANING AS MERE FORNICATION DO YOU?

ANYWAY, I GOTTA RUN. TODAYS THE DAY I GET BAPTIZED BY MY GURUS THE KAMIKAZI KIDS

IVE PUT MYSELF COMPLETELY IN THEIR HANDS.

MEANWHILE, DOWN BY THE LEVIE

BY HOLDING IN RELATIVE CONTEMPT

THE BINDING STRICTURES OF SO CALLED MODERN SCIENCE;

GEE I MADE IT JUST IN TIME

...BY TRANSCENDING THE LIMITS OF THE PSYSICAL SELF

..ONE BECOMES PART OF A SPIRITUL ELITE

BLESS YOU PUD

THATS FER ME!

FOUR HOURS LATER THE RANKS HAVE THINNED OUT. ONE BY ONE THE DESCIPLES.....

BOY AM I GETTING POOPED

ONWARD

DROPPED LIKE FLIES

HELP IM GOING DOWN!

HOLD ON MR. ILL SAVE YOU!

LEAVE HIM! WE HAVE NO TIME TO WASTE

WITH THOSE WHO FALL BEHIND!

GASP

GLUB

GEE, I WONDER HOW PUD'S GONNA MAKE OUT; HMM MABYE I SHOULD CHECK UP ON HIM

HOLY KRISMUS!

GASP GLUB

THERE HE IS NOW!

PUD! GRAB THE ROPE

THAT NIGHT

GEE I GUESS I'M REALLY KINDA COUNTER REVOLUTIONARY,

BUT I KNOW WHAT I LIKE

YOU TELL EM PUD

GIDYAP!

GRAWK

GLUB

GLUB

GLUB

ALEXANDER, GOD LOVE YA!

Kim Deitch 1969

FOR DAVID HALE + DEE

COUNTERREVOLUTIONARY COMIX

THERE IS NO DEN IN THE WIDE WORLD TO HIDE A ROGUE. **COMMIT A CRIME** AND THE WORLD IS MADE OF GLASS. **COMMIT A CRIME** AND IT IS AS THOUGH A COAT OF SNOW FELL ON THE GROUND REVEALING EVERY PARTRIDGE, FOX AND SQUIRREL.
RALPH WALDO EMERSON

HMM...

QUACK

THERE HE IS!!

ARE YOU SURE!!!

YEAH ITS HIM OKAY LETS CROAK DA SAP!

NOT SO FAST DUMMY

IT WAS **YOUR** CROAKIN THAT CAT GUARD THAT GOT US INTO THIS

LATER ON

GEE BOSS, I DON'T THINK

TAKE MY WORD FOR IT, **THIS** IS THE ONLY WAY

WELL! HOW'R YA DOIN?

KEEP YER SHIRT ON **OHARA**,..WE'RE GETTIN WARM, REAL WARM

WE GOTTA GET OUT OF HERE BOSS, THAT WALDO, HE'S MURDER.

STOP BLUBERING AND HELP ME WITH THIS TRUNK

CAT SUITS! WHAT TH,

DON'T WORRY, JUST LET **ME** DO TH' THINKIN FOR A CHANGE

GOODNESS CHAUNCY, LOOK! IT'S WALDO

WHO ME?

DEAR FELLOW, THERE'S NO NEED FOR SUCH MODESTY, WHY CHAUNCY AND I HAVE COME ALL THE WAY FROM HOBOKEN, THE CITY WITH A HEART, JUST TO GET YOUR AUTOGRAPH

WELL UH....

THERE, THERE, BE A **SPORT** AND PUT THAT GLORIOUS HANDLE, RIGHT,...

HUH?..

HERE! HAW HAW HAW!

KAPOW!

CRUNCH

FREEZE YOOZE GUYS, WE GOT YA COVERED

YIKES, IT'S 'TH COPS AND **WALDO!**

HELLO SUCKERS

HA! WHAT KIND OFA CHUMP DO YOU SAPS TAKE ME FOR?

B-BUT...IF THATS **WALDO**,...THEN WHO.....

HAR HAR

IT'S TH' **HOT SEAT** FOR YOU GUYS!!

HAW HAW HA

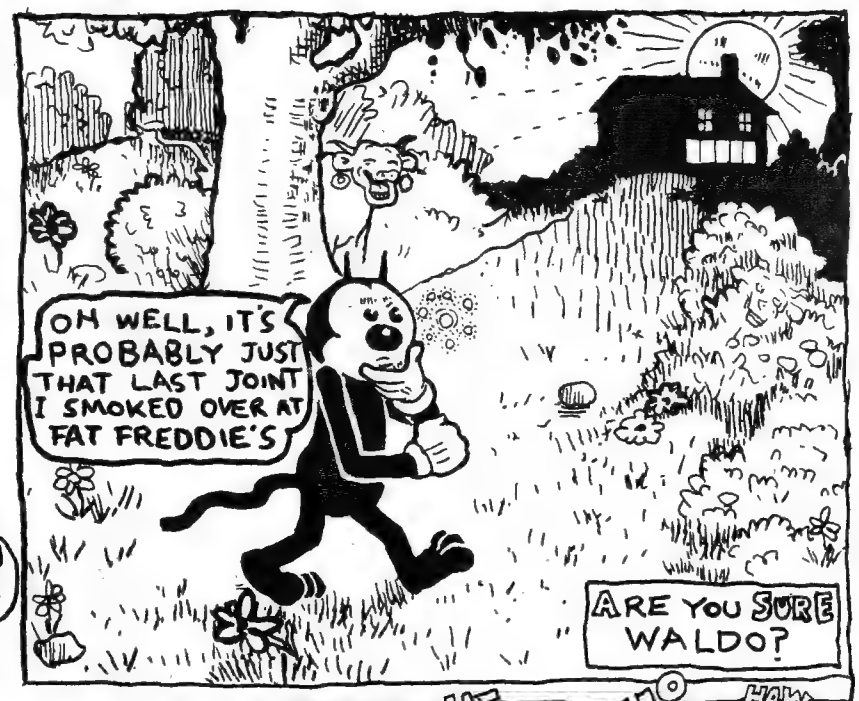
WHY THAT WAS OFFICER HANSON. YOU DIDN'T THINK WE WERE GONNA RISK THE **REAL** WALDO ON TWO CHEAP CROOKS LIKE YOU DID YA?

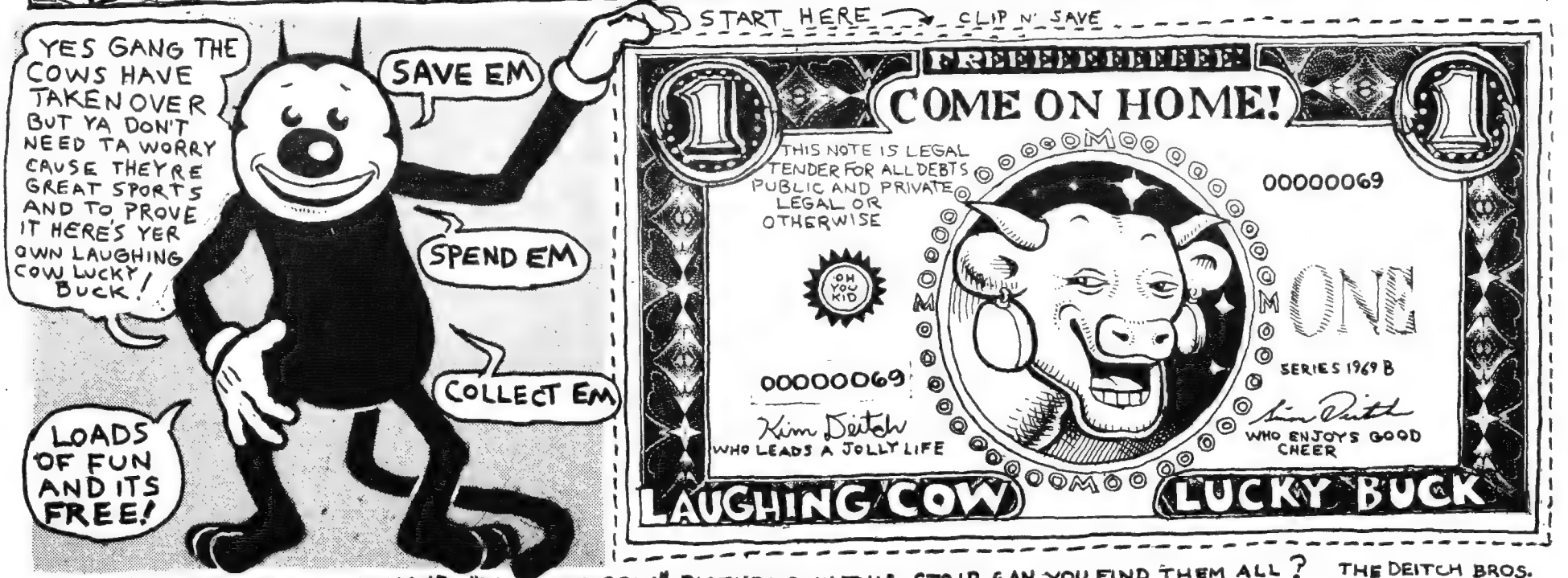
KOP KILLERS

SEE YA **NEXT** WEEK KIDS

DEITCH BROS. COMICS DELIVER!

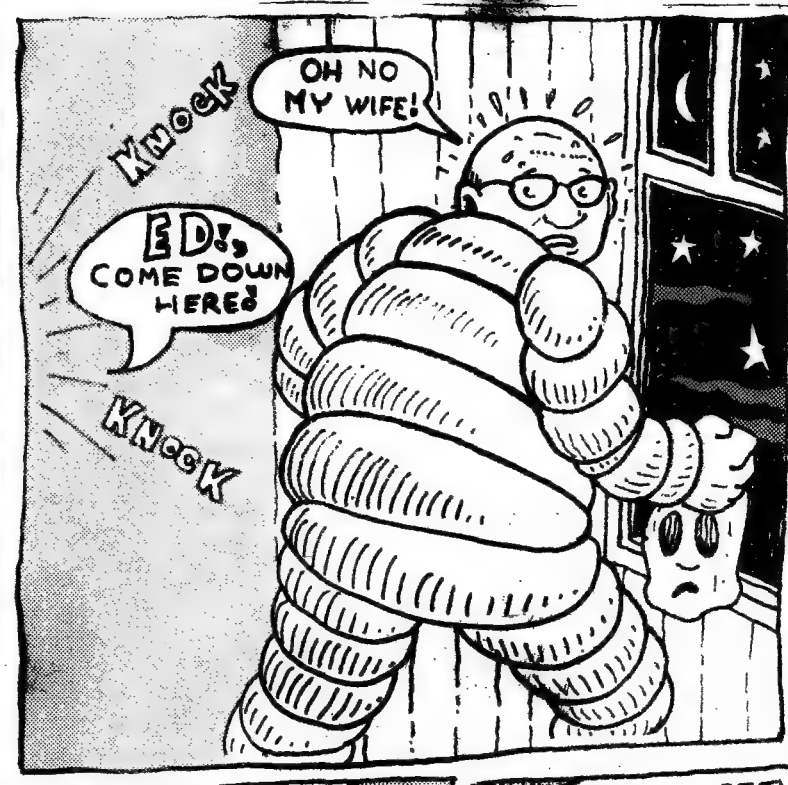
THE COWS CAME HOME

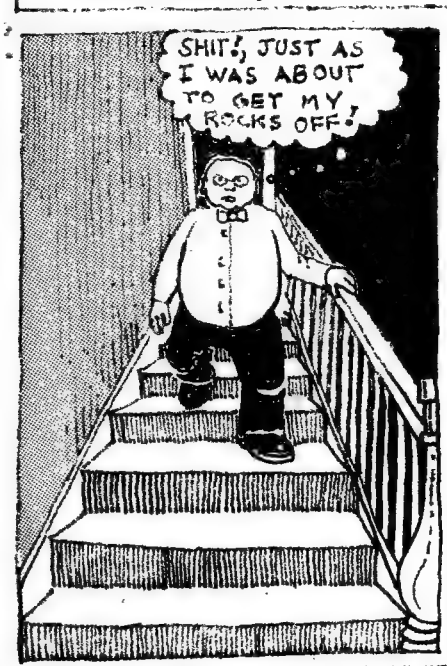


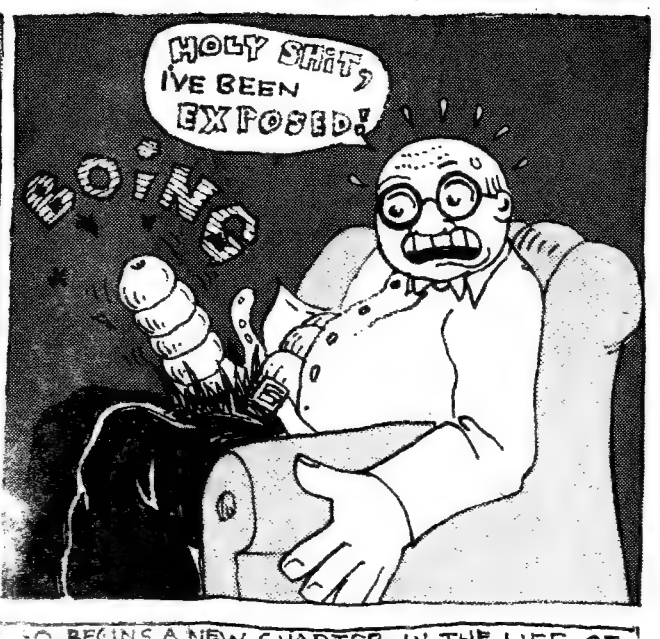


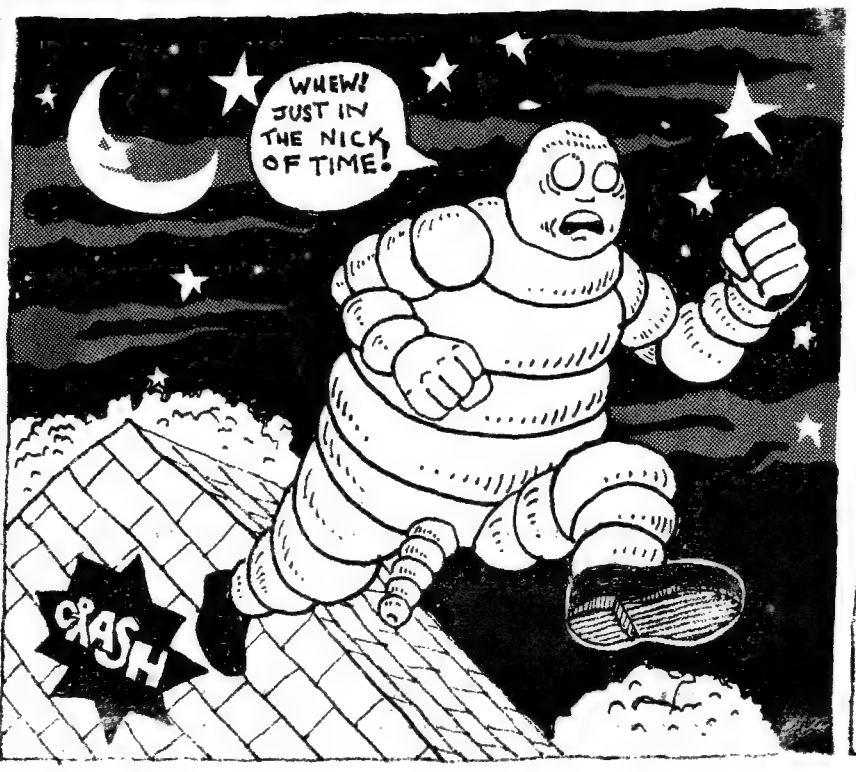
EXTRA! THERE WERE EXACTLY 15 "LAUGHING COW" PICTURES IN THIS STRIP, CAN YOU FIND THEM ALL? THE DEITCH BROS.

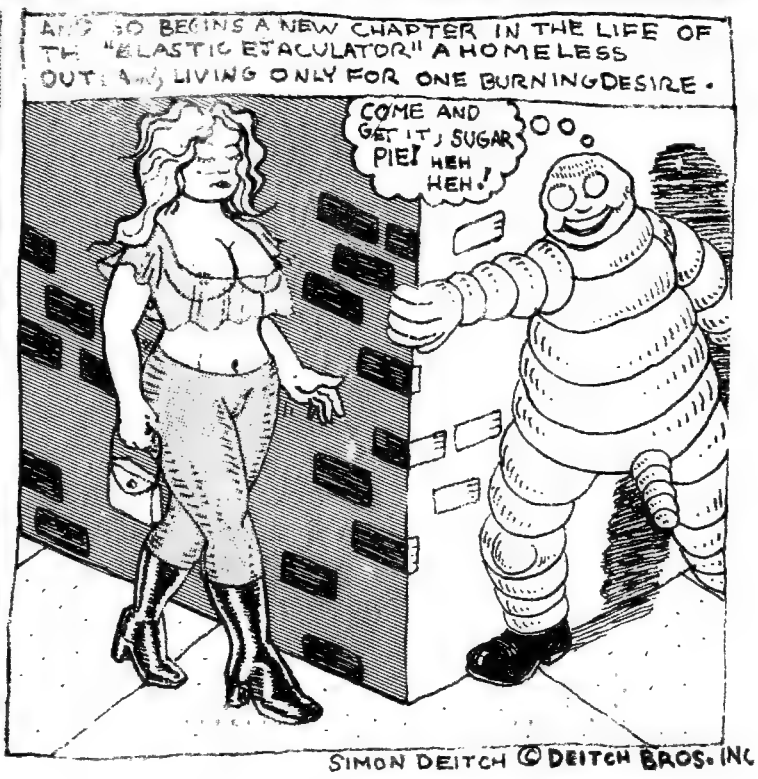
UNCLE ED "ON THE LAM"



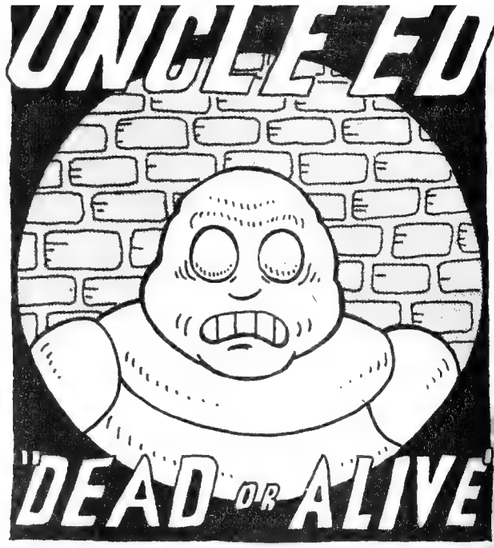


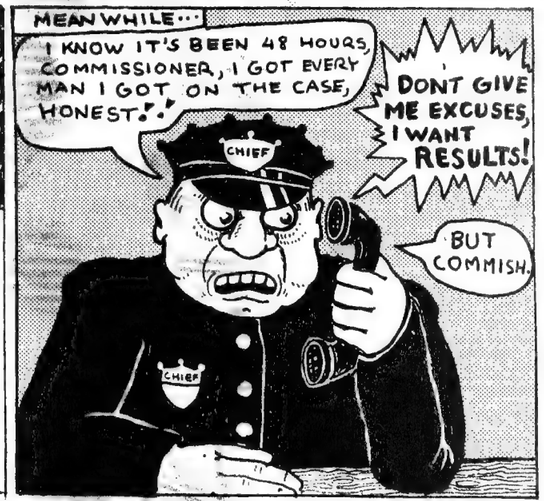


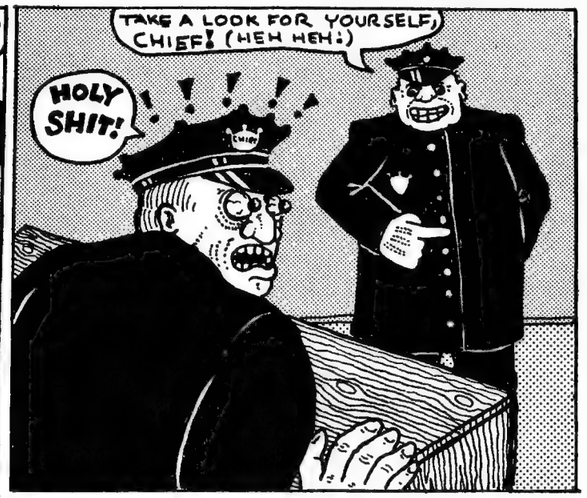


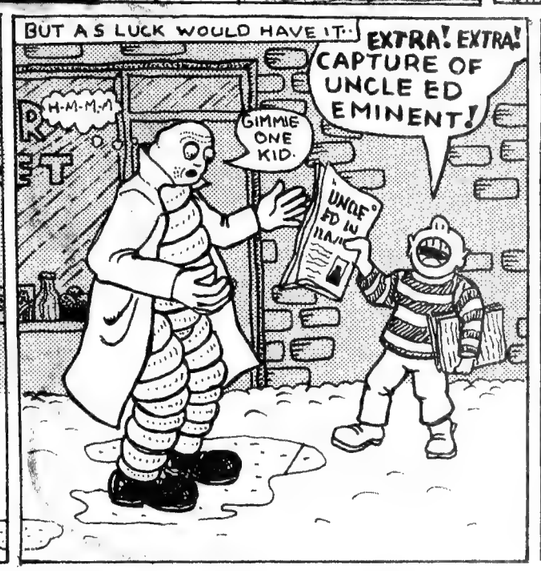


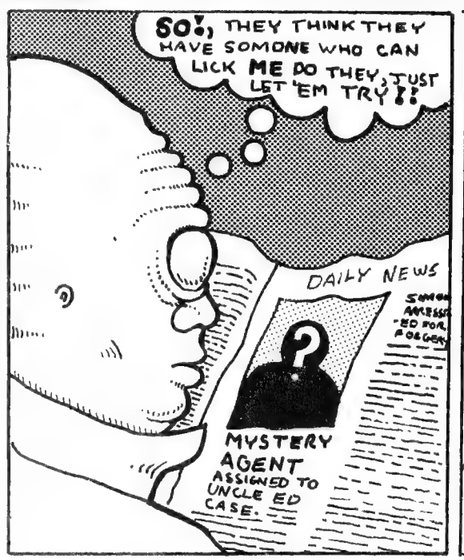
SIMON DEITCH © DEITCH BROS. INC





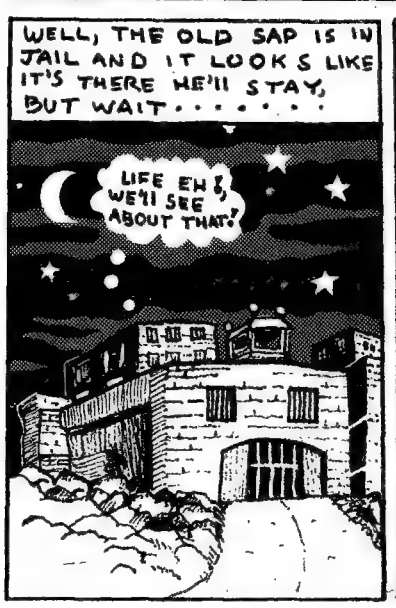


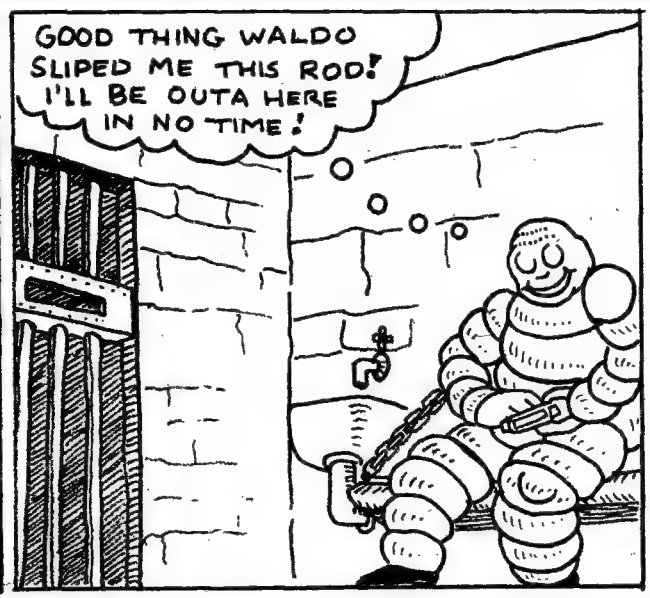


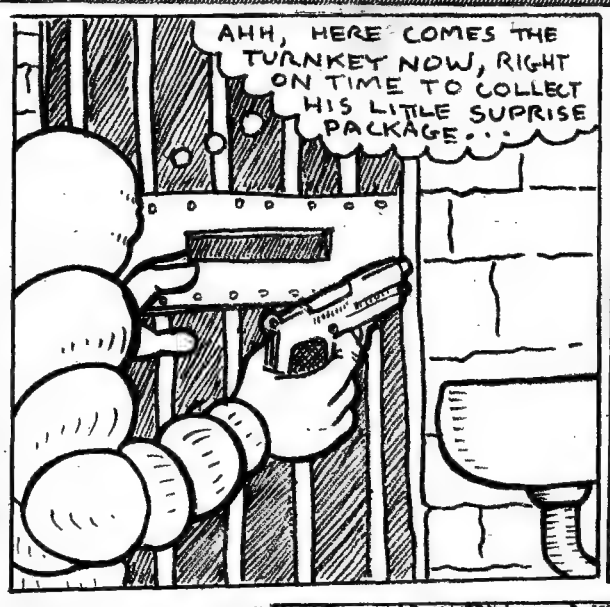


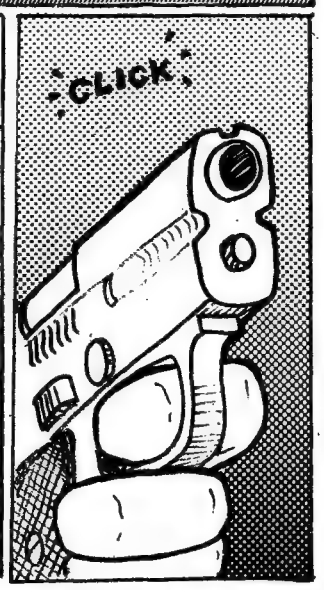
SIMON DEITCH © DEITCH BROS.

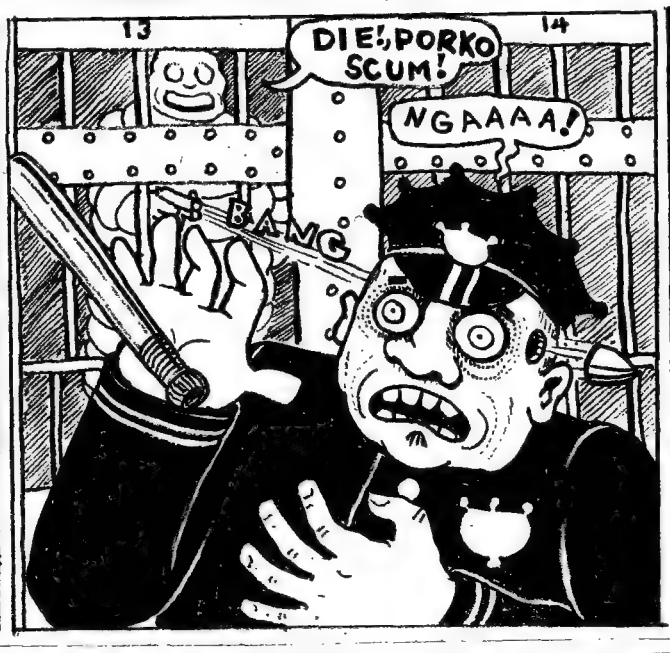
BREAKOUT IN CELL 13

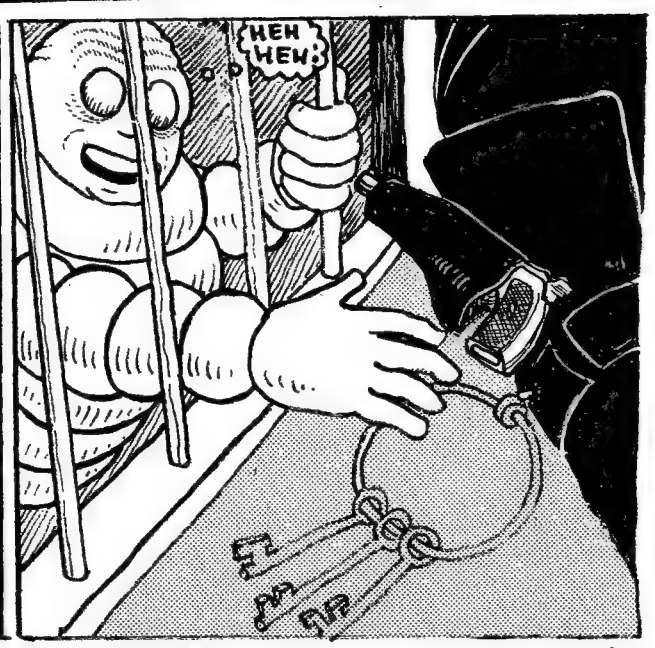


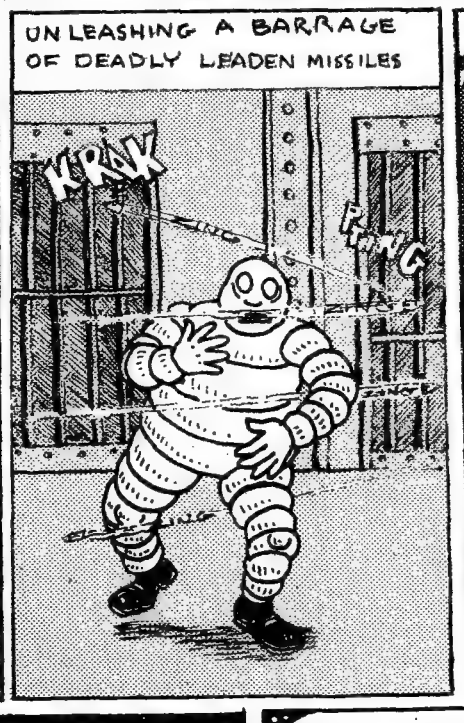








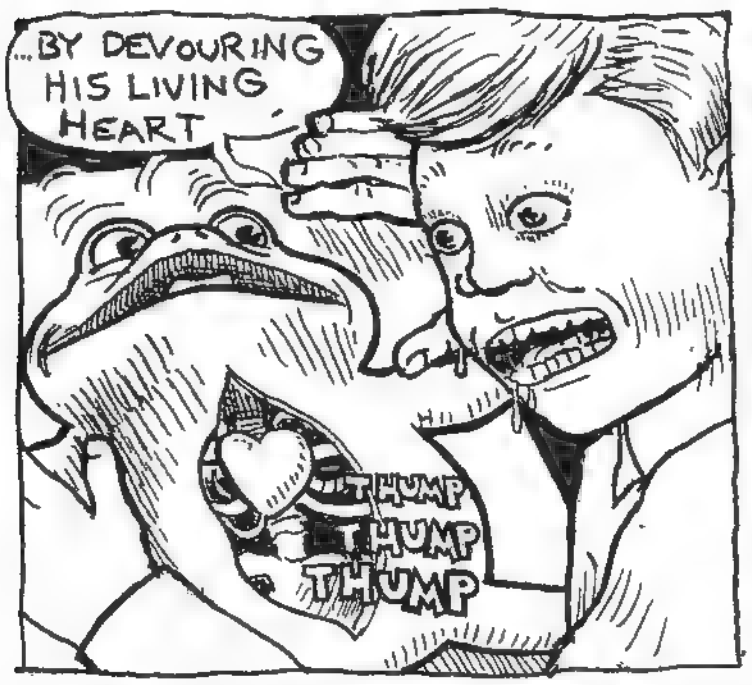




SIMON DEITCH © DEITCH BROS

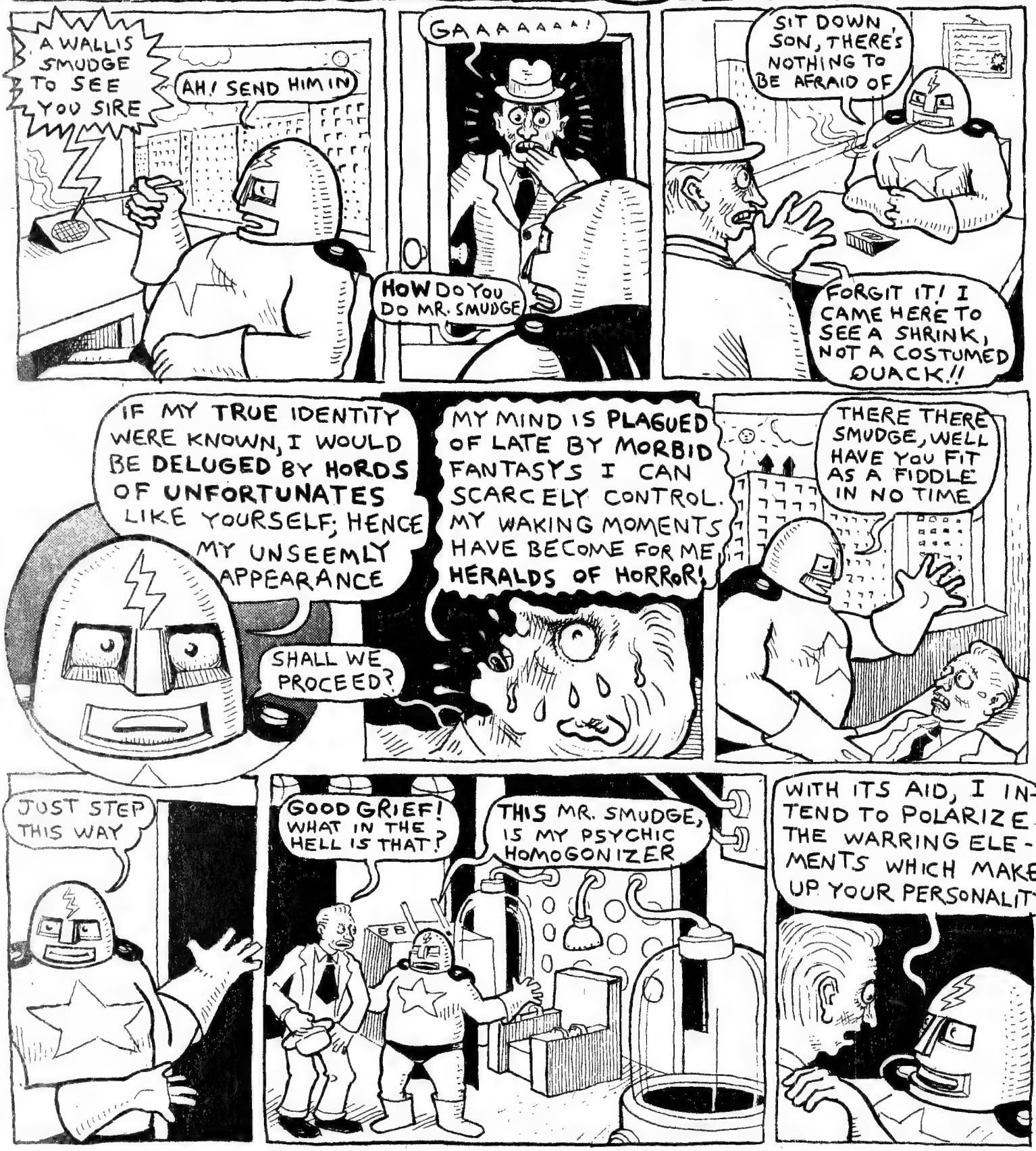
THE STRANGE CASE OF HECTOR PEREZ THE YOUNG VIVISECTIONIST

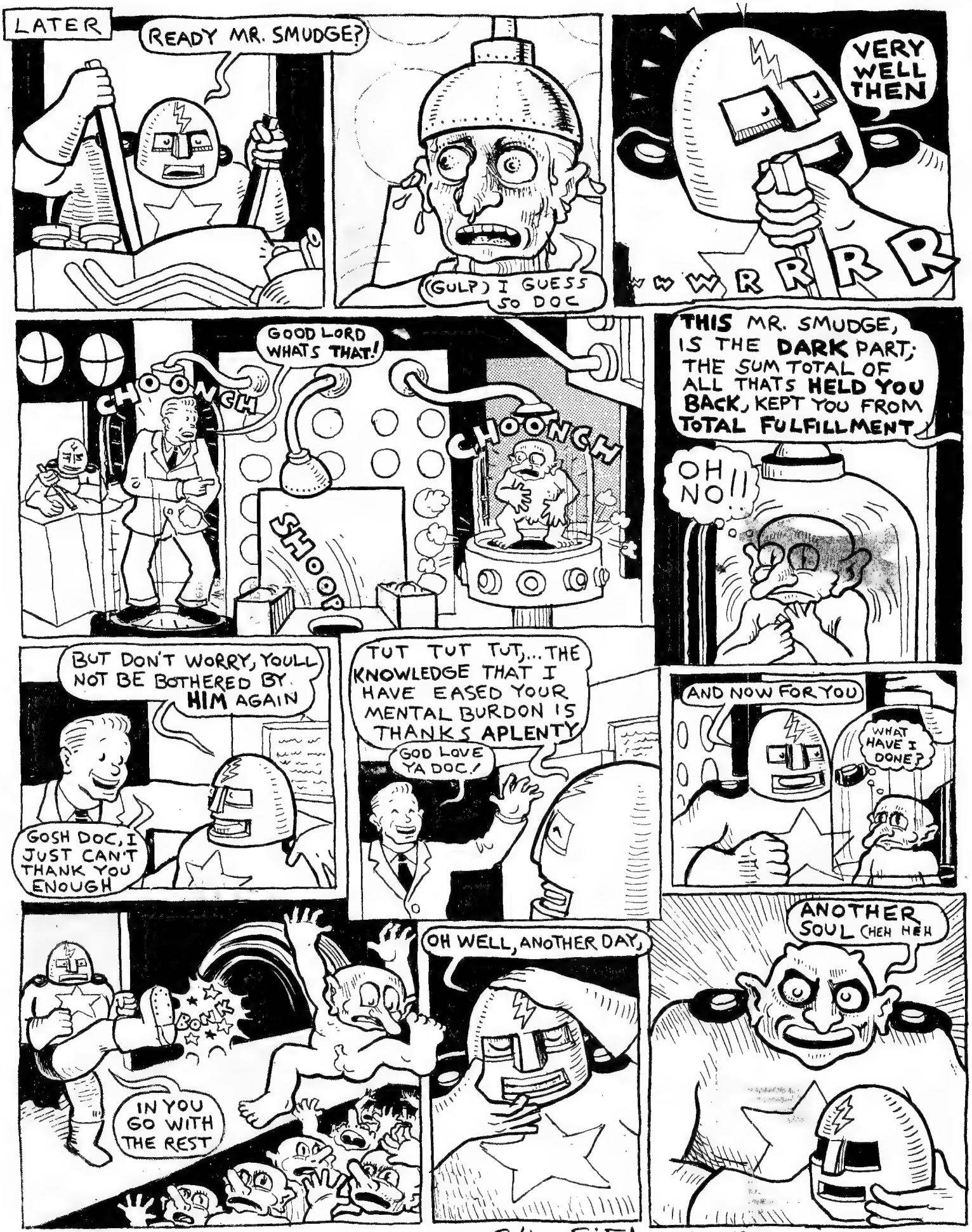
A CHILLING TALE OF TODAY!



Jim Deitch

DOC DESTINY


A WALLIS SMUDGE TO SEE YOU SIRE
AH! SEND HIM IN
GAAAAAAA!
HOW DO YOU DO MR. SMUDGE
SIT DOWN, SON, THERE'S NOTHING TO BE AFRAID OF
FORGIT IT! I CAME HERE TO SEE A SHRINK, NOT A COSTUMED QUACK!!
IF MY TRUE IDENTITY WERE KNOWN, I WOULD BE DELUGED BY HORDS OF UNFORTUNATES LIKE YOURSELF; HENCE MY UNSEEMLY APPEARANCE
SHALL WE PROCEED?
MY MIND IS PLAGUED OF LATE BY MORBID FANTASYS I CAN SCARCELY CONTROL. MY WAKING MOMENTS HAVE BECOME FOR ME HERALDS OF HORROR!
THERE THERE SMUDGE, WELL HAVE YOU FIT AS A FIDDLE IN NO TIME
JUST STEP THIS WAY
GOOD GRIEF! WHAT IN THE HELL IS THAT?
THIS MR. SMUDGE, IS MY PSYCHIC HOMOGONIZER
WITH ITS AID, I INTEND TO POLARIZE THE WARRING ELEMENTS WHICH MAKE UP YOUR PERSONALITY



Kim Deitch APRIL 69

EIGHTY-FOUR

OUR STORY TAKES PLACE IN THE "WESLEY HOME FOR THE AGED" . . . . . .
84 WESLEY HOME FOR THE AGED

HAPPY BIRTHDAY GRANNY!
WHY THANK YOU MR. TWEEDLE!

I'M 84 TODAY YOU KNOW, TEE HEE!

84 ARE YA?, WHY I THOUGHT YA WAS 30, I WAS GONNA ASK YA TO GO TO THE PICTURES WITH ME SATURDAY NIGHT!
AW GOWAN WITH YA NOW!

MR. TWEEDLE?, THEY SAID I'D BE A' LEAVIN' THIS PLACE WHEN I BECAME 84, IS IT TRUE?
SURE IT IS, GRANNY!, THAT'S WHY I COME TA GETCHYA!

OH GOOD!, I KNEW THAT SON OF MINE COULDN'T KEEP ME HERE FOREVER, HEE HEE!

WELL GRANNY!, HERES WHERE WE SAY GOODBY!
WHY MR. TWEEDLE!, WHATEVER DO YOU MEAN????
INCINERATION PIT #376284

THIS, OLD GIRL!
EE

AH YES . . . IT IS TO A BETER PLACE THAT I HAVE SENT YOU . . . . I NEED NOT ASK YOUR FORGIVNESS . . .
"CRAKLE"
"SIZZLE"
"POP"

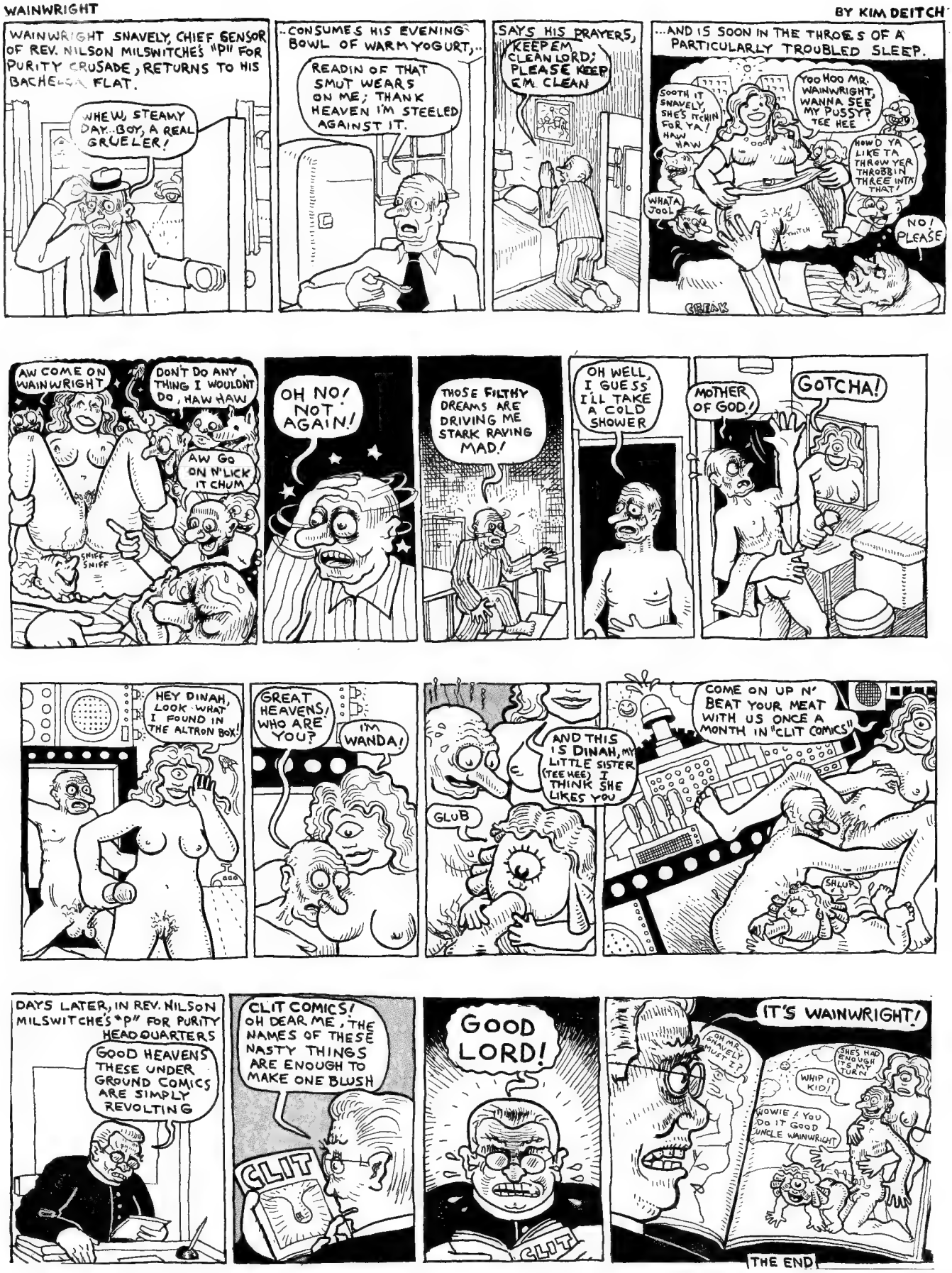
LET ME SEE NOW . . . . AH YES . . . MAWD GRIBSLEY!

HAPPY BIRTHDAY MAWD!
WHY THANK YOU, I'M 84 TODAY AND YOU KNOW WHAT THAT MEANS!

I CERTAINLY DO, MY DEAR, I CERTAINLY DO! (HEH HEH)

WAINWRIGHT

BY KIM DEITCH



APOCALYPSE

AS WE GET DEEPLY SUCKED INTO THE WORLD OF TOMMOROW, THERE IS INCREASINGLY LESS MAN CANNOT MASTER

THERE IT GOES GROGAN, AINT SHE A BEAUT?

BUT, AS IN ALL HUMAN QUESTS, BI-PRODUCTS OF ORGANIC WASTE ARE INEVITABLE.

CAPTAIN FULLER THE TEL-STAR HOOK UP IS READY

IM UH HAVING TROUBLE WITH THE REOSTAT ...MIGHT TAKE A MINUTE

MOST OF THIS WASTE WILL PRESUMABLY BE DUMPED IN AREAS DEVOID OF LIVING MATTER

FLUSH

OR WILL IT? CORTILIA, A PLANET OF MICROCOSMIC DIMENSIONS, MAKES ITS AEONIC ORBIT THROUGH JUST SUCH AN AREA

THE EFFECTS OF SUCH A MISHAP COULD BE CATACLYSMIC

MAMA

GENTLEMEN THE DAYS OF THIS REPUBLIC ARE NUMBERED

THIS VILE SUBSTANCE, WHAT EVER IT BE IS ENGULFING THE PLANET! AS YOUR PRESIDENT I AM ORDERING

MISSIONARY UNITS TO FIND AN INHABITABLE HOMELAND

ONCE WE HAVE FOUND A TRULY SUITABLE TERRAIN, THE DISPOSAL OF ITS NATIVES (IF ANY) SHOULD BE CHILDS PLAY

AHA!

AINT IT A NIFTY ONE? HUH!

WOW!

ONCE WE HAVE FOUND A TRULY SUITABLE TERRAIN, THE DISPOSAL OF ITS NATIVES (IF ANY) SHOULD BE CHILDS PLAY

BUT UNCA DONALD

ITS NOT JUNK

SO YOURE READING THAT JUNK AGAIN ARE YOU?

IT TELLS US ABOUT THE FUTURE

SCARY

FUTURE MY FOOT! IF I SEE THIS TRASH IN THE HOUSE AGAIN ILL TAN YOUR HIDES

(GULP) YES UNCA DONALD

SCARY STUFF

HEH HEH, GUESS I NIPPED THAT IN THE BUD

MEANWHILE, ...ON THE EDGE OF EARTH'S GRAVITATIONAL SPHERE

WELL, WERE ALMOST THERE

IT'S A GOOD THING TOO... WITH DWINDLING FOOD RATIONS WE COULDN'T HAVE LASTED MUCH LONGER

AND HOW I'M FAMISHED

BEEP BEEP BEEP

WHOOSH

WELL BLESS MY SOUL!

SSSS

THE CORTILIAN SHIP RESPONDED BY SENDING A CHARGE OF 5000 VOLTS INTO THE EARTHINGS SKULL.. KILLING HIM INSTANTLY

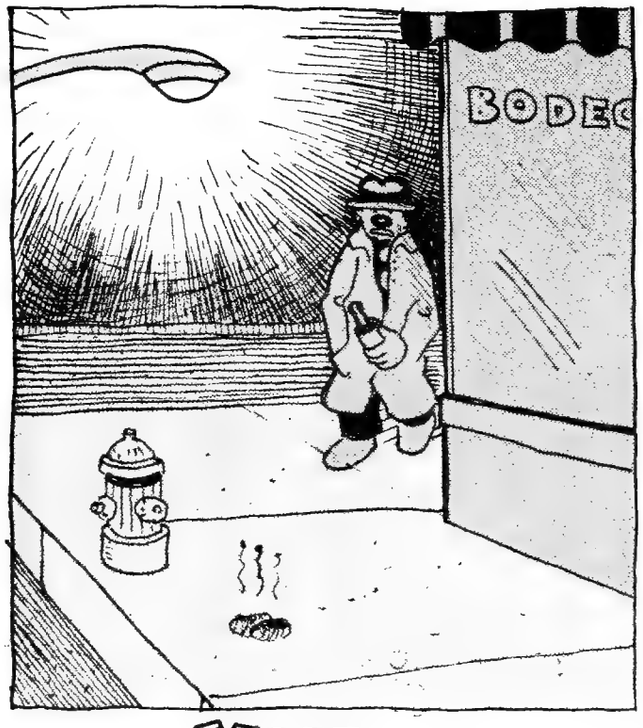
DONALD'S LIFELESS VISAGE SERVES AS THE MORBID BACKDROP OF OUR CLOSING ACT....

WHO KNOWS IT COULD BE THE HUMBLE BEGINNING OF ALIEN DOMINATION

HECK HE'LL KEEP US IN FOOD FOR A WEEK

THATS FOR ME LETS CUT OFF A CHUNK RIGHT NOW!

OUT OF THE MURKY NIGHT, ONE OF SECOND AVENUE'S NUMBERLESS FORGOTTEN MEN, SHUFFLES INTO VIEW.....



AS HE MUMBLES A SOMNAMBULISTIC PLEA FOR ALMS, OUR COLLETIVE EYES SUDDENLY PERCEIVE A FAINT FAMILIARNESS ABOUT **THIS** SHODDY SOUL.....

COULD IT BE? **OF COURSE!** ITS **KOKO THE CLOWN**, ALL BUT FORGOTTON STAR OF YESTERYEAR!

WHO COULD EVER FORGET THOSE HALCYON DAYS OF YORE, WHEN HE GAMBOLED 'CROSS THE SILVER SCREEN?

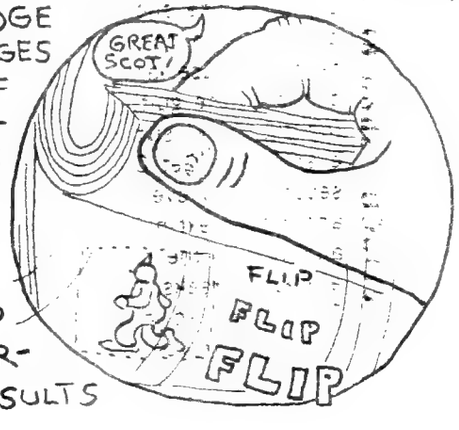
NOW YOU CAN RELIVE

ONE OF THOSE

MAGIC MOMENTS

SIMPLY CUT OUT THESE **30** ACTION POSES OF **KOKO THE CLOWN!** AND PASTE EM EVENLY,... IN ORDER,..

ON THE EDGE OF THE PAGES OF ONE OF YOUR SCH-OOL BOOKS AND **FLIP!** YOU'LE BE AMAZED BY THE THR-ILLING RESULTS

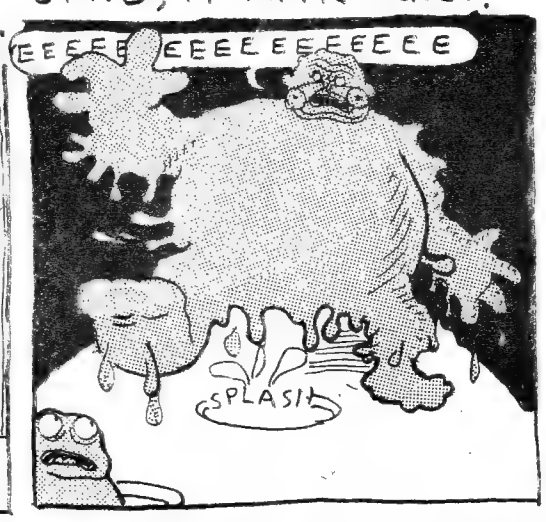


... JUST **CUT** ALONG THE DOTTED LINES

THE BIG GOBBLE

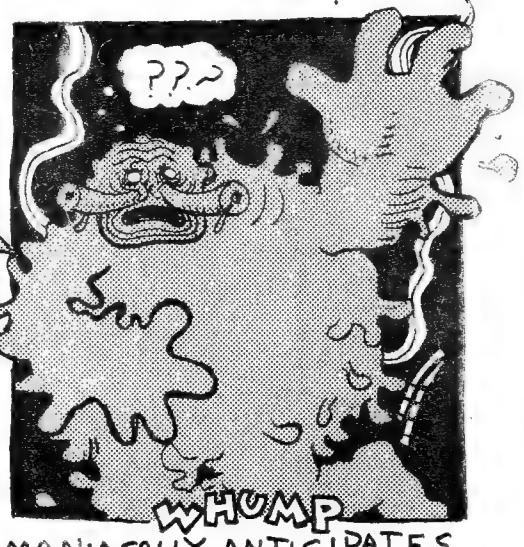
SCREAMING MONOTONOUSLY AS IT STUMBLES DOWN A CLAMMY CORRIDOR,

CRAZED WITH THE UNREASONING MANIA OF A THING DYING, IT APPROACHES!



GRUNGY AND STINKING, IT IS A RUSTING GOLEM, BLOATED AND PIG-LIKE IN APPEARANCE.

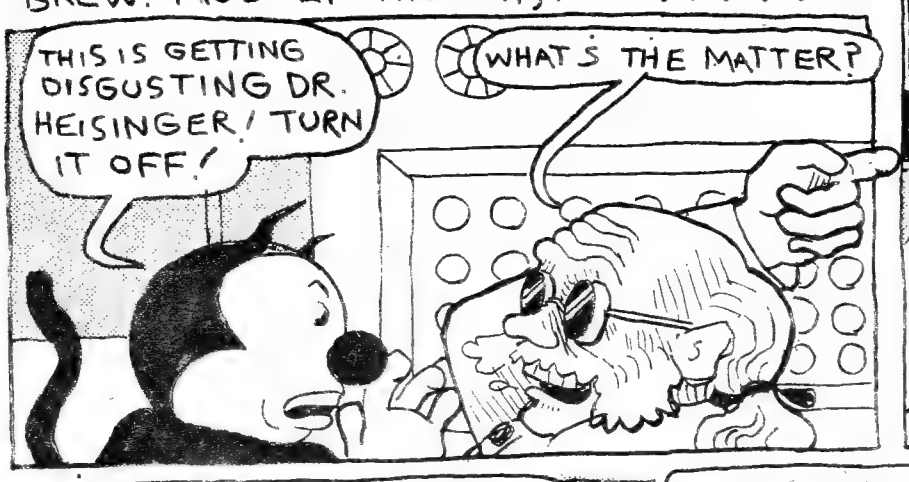
SUDDENLY IT IS ON ITS KNEES!

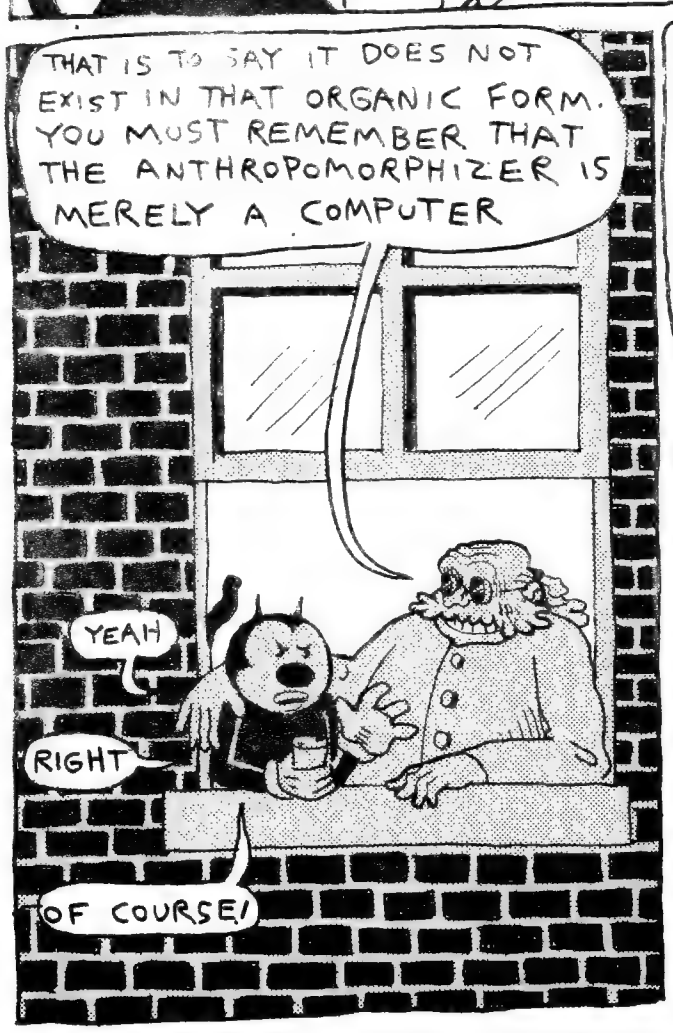


TO ITS BLIND EYES, CANCEROUS AND CORRUPTED, BY GREED AND GLUTTONY, COME AN OMINOUS AND UNNATURAL GLINT....

READYING ITSELF FOR A SUICIDAL LAST STAND, IT MANIACALLY ANTICIPATES

SINCE HIS T.V. BROKE DOWN, WALDO HAS BEEN SPENDING MOST OF HIS EVENINGS IN THE APARTMENT OF HIS NEIGHBOR DR. LUDWIG HEISINGER, FORMERLY OF THE VIENNA INSTITUTE OF PSYCHIC STUDIES. YOU CAN FIND EM THERE MOST ANY EVENING SMOKIN DOPE AND DRINKIN A LITTLE BREW. MOSTLY THOUGH,.....





Kim Deitch

"BETTER TO LOVE AMISS THAN TO HAVE NOTHING TO LOVE" CRABBE

OFF TH' WALL

SOMEWHERE IN KEY BISCAYNE.....

SATURDAY NIGHT: THE LADY OF THE HOUSE DAINTILY ATTENDS TO HER TOILETTE BEFORE RETIRING...

YES, FOLKS! IT'S ANOTHER SESSION OF FUN AND FOOLERY...YET ANOTHER ADVENTURE IN SHEER BOREDOM AND COMMONPLACENESS, AN UNFORGETTABLE EVENING WITH THOSE PARAGONS OF RANK DOMESTICITY....

DICK N' PAT

Y' KNOW? SOMETIMES I WONDER...

AT EASE BY DWIGHT D. EISENHOWER

TAFT MEMORIAL BIDET

RICHARD DARLING... COME TO BED NOW- LAWRENCE WELK IS ON.....

RICHARD!

COME, PAT... AND SIP FROM THE CHALICE OF OPPORTUNITY! (SNICKER)

I'M FED UP WITH POUNDING MY PUD AT THE LENNON SISTERS, PAT! I WANT THE REAL STUFF!

BUT DICK... WE HAVEN'T DONE THAT SINCE IKE'S THIRD HEART ATTACK!

IT'S HIGH TIME SOMEBODY SHOWED SOME BACKBONE AROUND HERE!

DICK! OOOOH!

NOW I WANT TO CLARIFY ONE THING HERE...

HOTCHA!

SMACK

SMACK

NOW TO PROCEED WITH THE DEMONSTRATION!

BUT DICK, THINK OF CHECKERS!

CHECKERS? IF YOU THOUGHT CHECKERS WAS GOOD, YOU HAVEN'T TRIED THE NEW NIXON!

HERE'S A LITTLE SOMETHING I LEARNED FROM SPIRO!

ERK!

LIKE ARI SAID TO ME LAST MONTH... WHO NEEDS THE PILL?

MOAN...

SOCK IT TO ME...AS WE SAY ON LAUGH-IN!

WHAT'S GOIN' ON HERE?

GOOD LORD! IT'S UNCLE ED!

HUH?

SO LONG, SAP!

LATER

FACE IT, DICK... THERE ARE SOME THINGS EVEN GOD HAS PUT BEYOND OUR REACH...

HA! THEY'LL NEVER GET ME ALIVE!

OOOH BABY!! RING MY CHIMES!!

PHONY RUBBER SUIT (EXHIBIT A)

BAH!

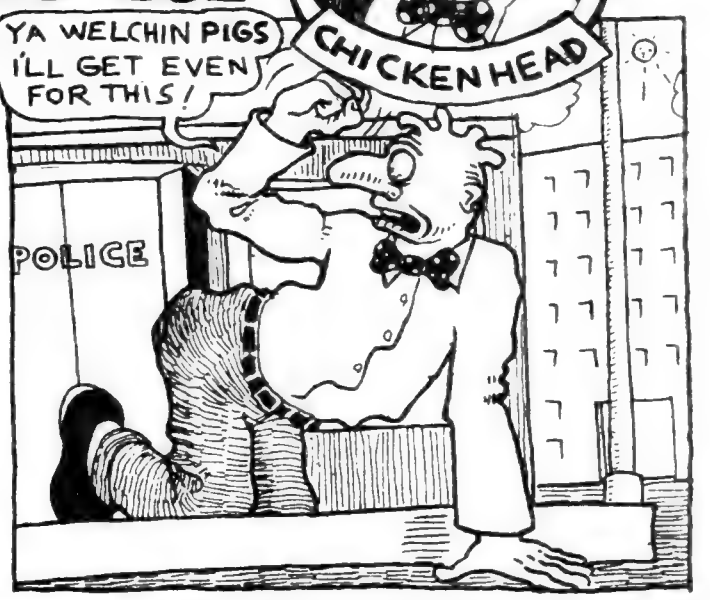
Dean, Kim N' bhob

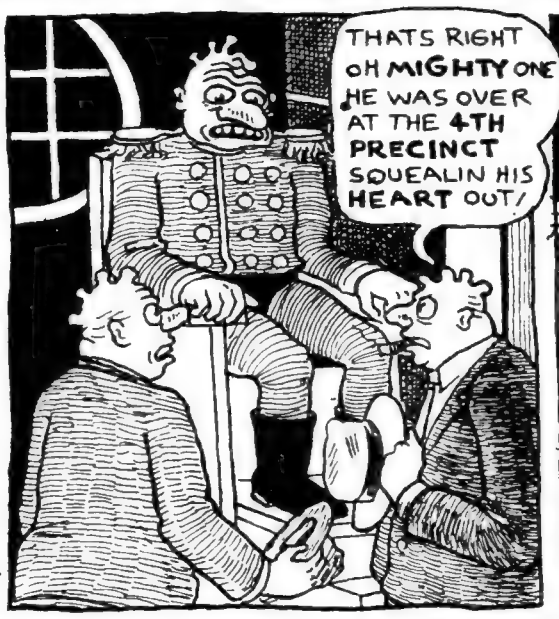
THANX AND A TIP OF THE TUMESCENT TIT TO WILLY MURPHY.....WHEREVER HE IS...

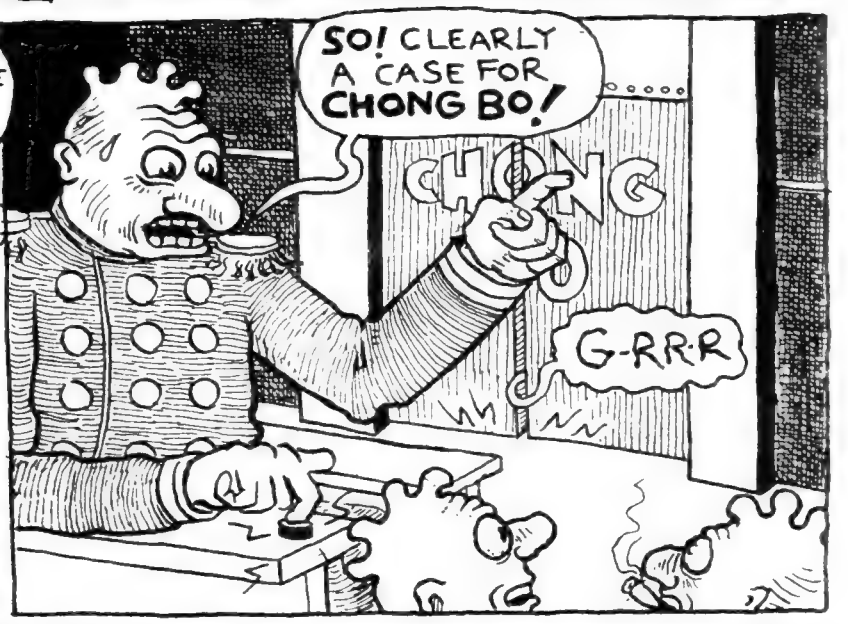
BACK BY POPULAR DEMAND!
UNCLE ED REWRITIN TH' Unwritten Law
CHUCKLE
AND INTRODUCING BLIND OWL
MRS. CORNELIAS, YOU HAVE REAL STYLE!
GLUB
SO GILDA, MY WORST FEARS ARE CONFIRMED!
GASP
GEORGE!
ED! WHAT ARE WE GONNA DO? HE'S A DEAD SHOT!
LEAVE IT TO ME
I'M SORRY MY FRIEND, BUT YOUR RASH BEHAVIOR FORCES ME TO EXTREME MEASURES
CRASH
RIGHT ON!
YA AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA..!!!
BELCH
HERE'S A RAT FOR DESSERT
OLD BLIND OWL NEVER LETS ME DOWN
Kim Deitch

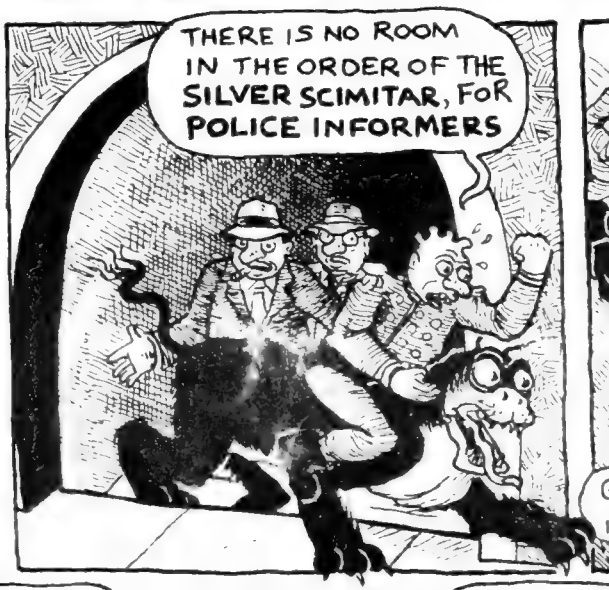
Silver Scimitar Comics

STARRING CHICKEN HEAD









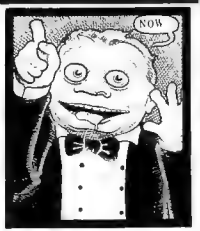
Kim Deitch

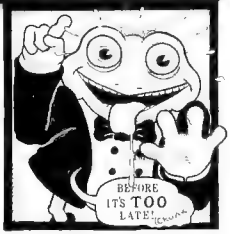
ERMONETTE

HALLO! DO YOU MEAN THAT YOU'LL GO OUT THE WINDOW FOR US TO GET SOME BEER?
WELL?

HOW DO YOU ?
WELL?

REFORM


NOW


BEFORE ITS TOO LATE!

HI GANG, WELCOME TO OUR LITTLE DRAMA ANOTHER CHAPTER IN THE CONTINUING TRAGEDY OF **MAN** WITH YOUR **HIDEOUS HOST, ME** THE **CONQUEROR WORM** (HEH HEH HEH)

TODAY'S EPISODE,...A LITTLE DITTY WE CALL

IT ALL CAME OUT IN THE WASH!

THERE WAS NOTHING **OLD MAN ST. CLAIR** LIKED BETTER THAN WATCHING **T.V.**

HEE HEE HEE

ESPECIALLY THOSE **GREAT OLD CARTOONS** THEY WOULD RUN IN THE MORNINGS

HAR HAR

WHEN **DEATH** FINALLY TOOK HIM, HE **DIED** WITH A **CHUCKLE** IN HIS **THROAT**

TH' **OLD COOT'S DEAD** AS A **DOORNAIL**

MEANWHILE,...IN ANOTHER DIMENSION

HEY LOOK! **OLD MAN ST. CLAIR** JUST **CROAKED**

GRAB HIS LEGS

YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO! **GO TO IT!!**

CHEEP CHEEP

WHAT IN TARNATION!

YANK

CHEEP CHEEP **CHEEEEP!**

OH HO! **NOW** I UNDERSTAND

LOSING NO TIME I **BEGAN** TO **BURROW DEEP** INTO THE **EARTH'S BOWELS**

GNNNHH

THROUGH ITS **VERY CORE** AND **OUT AGAIN**

PUFF PUFF

MILE UPON **SOIL CAKED MILE**, UNTIL **AT LAST** I CAME UPON MY **QUEST**

SNIF

THE **MORTAL REMAINS** OF **OLD MAN ST. CLAIR**

EUREAKA!

NOW DONT ALL YOU KIDS BE GETTIN TH WRONG IDEA. IM **NOT** A **BAD GUY!**

LOOK AT HIM! THE **OLD COOT** HAD HIS **PLAY!** AND **BESIDES,**

THERE ARE **MANY MOUTHS** TO FEED

ME FIRST

NO ME

ME

ME

ME!

Kim Deitch

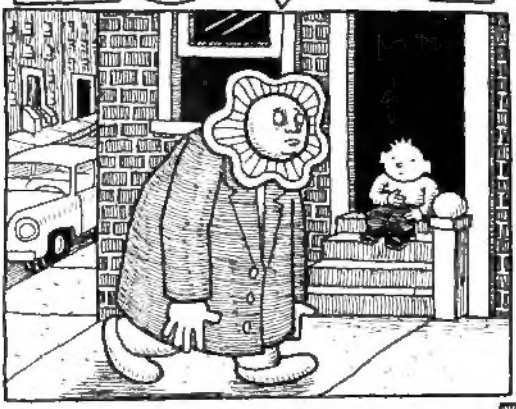
HEY THAT'S FOR ME!
UNCLE ED MEETS VANIA THE VELVET SWEETHEART
WHEN HE TANGLES WITH THE UPTOWN DECADENT SCENE
IN
COMMAND PERFORMANCE
HELLO THERE, HIGH, HARD AND HANDSOME
AFTER A HARD DAY IN THE CITY, ED FORREST SHLUMPS HOME
BOY, WHAT A DAY!
FORREST
I'VE JUST GOTTA HAVE A FEW LAUGHS
JUST A COUPLE OF QUICK KNEE SLAPPERS
...TO SNAP ME OUT OF THIS MOOD
ON
OFF
LAUGHING GAS
SHORTLY
HA HO HAR
HEE
HO HAR
HEE HEH
HA HA
HA
MEANWHILE UPTOWN ONDY WALLER PREPARES TO START SHOOTING HIS LASTEST UNDERGROUND EPIC
IN JUST A FEW SECONDS, WE WILL HAVE OUR STAR, THE INFAMOUS UNCLE ED

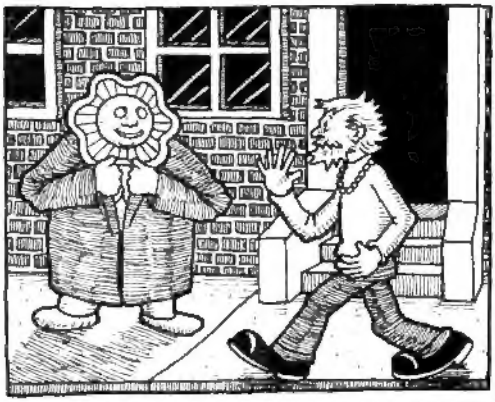
THE SWITCH IS TURNED AND THERE IS A BLINDING FLASH!
10 20 30 40 50
UNCLE ED MY ASS HAW HAW HAW
NOT WASTING A SECOND, ED FORREST REACHES INTO HIS SHOE.....
ILL SHOW THOSE WISE ASSES!
REMOVES A SHRUNKEN RUBBER SUIT....
AND DEFTLY INFLATES IT
FWAP!
NOW TO STRAIGHTEN OUT A FEW THINGS
EEEAA!
I'LL TEACH YOU TO MOUTH OFF YA FUKIN MARY!
WHAM
ED DAHLING WE MEET AT LAST
HUH?
I THINK HE'S SOFTENING
SAY WHO ARE YOU?
I AM VANIA THE VELVET SWEETHEART LETS FUCK
ARE YOU KIDDING?

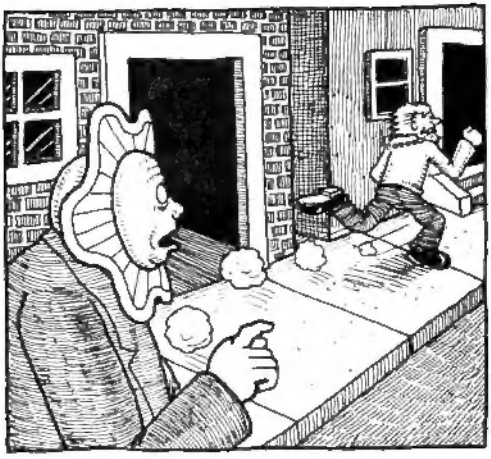
WALDO GETS THE YELLOW DOG BLUES

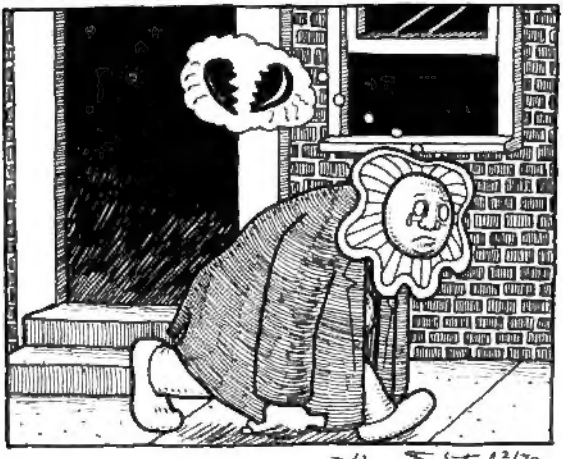
HO HUM
WOW!
HOLD EVERYTHING!
HELLO SUGAR
NUTSY DON'T DO IT!
HUH?
THIS ONE'S VAMPIN YA SHE IS,..... SURER 'N SHIT!
ONE SIDE PAL LET ME HANDLE THIS!
HYA BIG BOOBS, WHAT'S COOKIN?
HEH HEH HEH
YOU ARE SWEETY!
(GULP!)
(SIGH) THE GROTESKERY OF IT ALL,...I JUST HATE IT
BUT, ON THE OTHER HAND....
HURRY UP WALDO TH' SKINS COMIN OFF TH' BONES,... IT'S GUMBO TIME!
...I JUST LOVE RABBIT SOUP!
YEW TELL EM BOY!
Kim Deitch 3/15/69

LUV 4 SALE





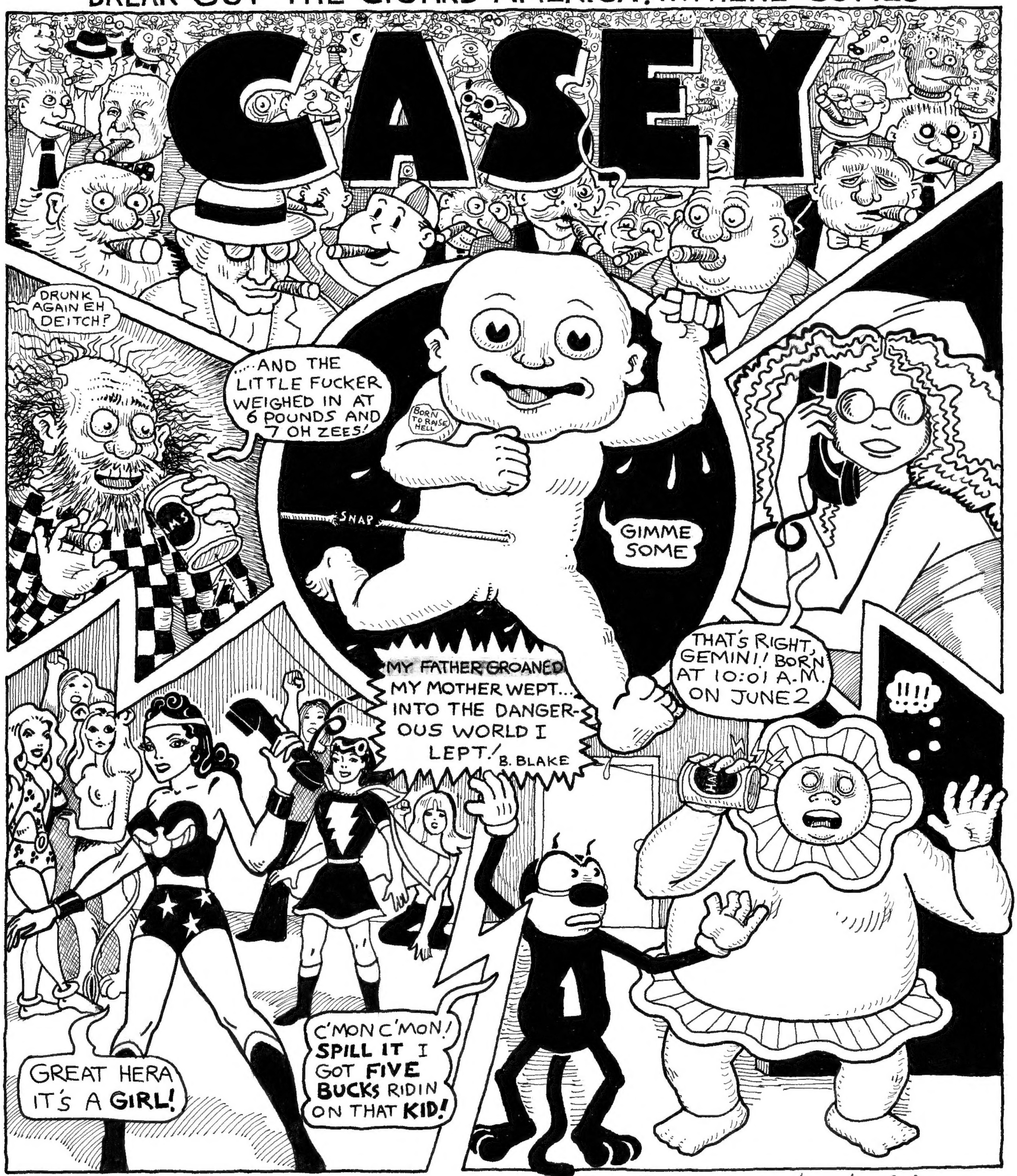




Kim Deitch 2/70

BREAK OUT THE CIGARS AMERICA!.... HERE COMES

CASEY



Kim 'n Trina